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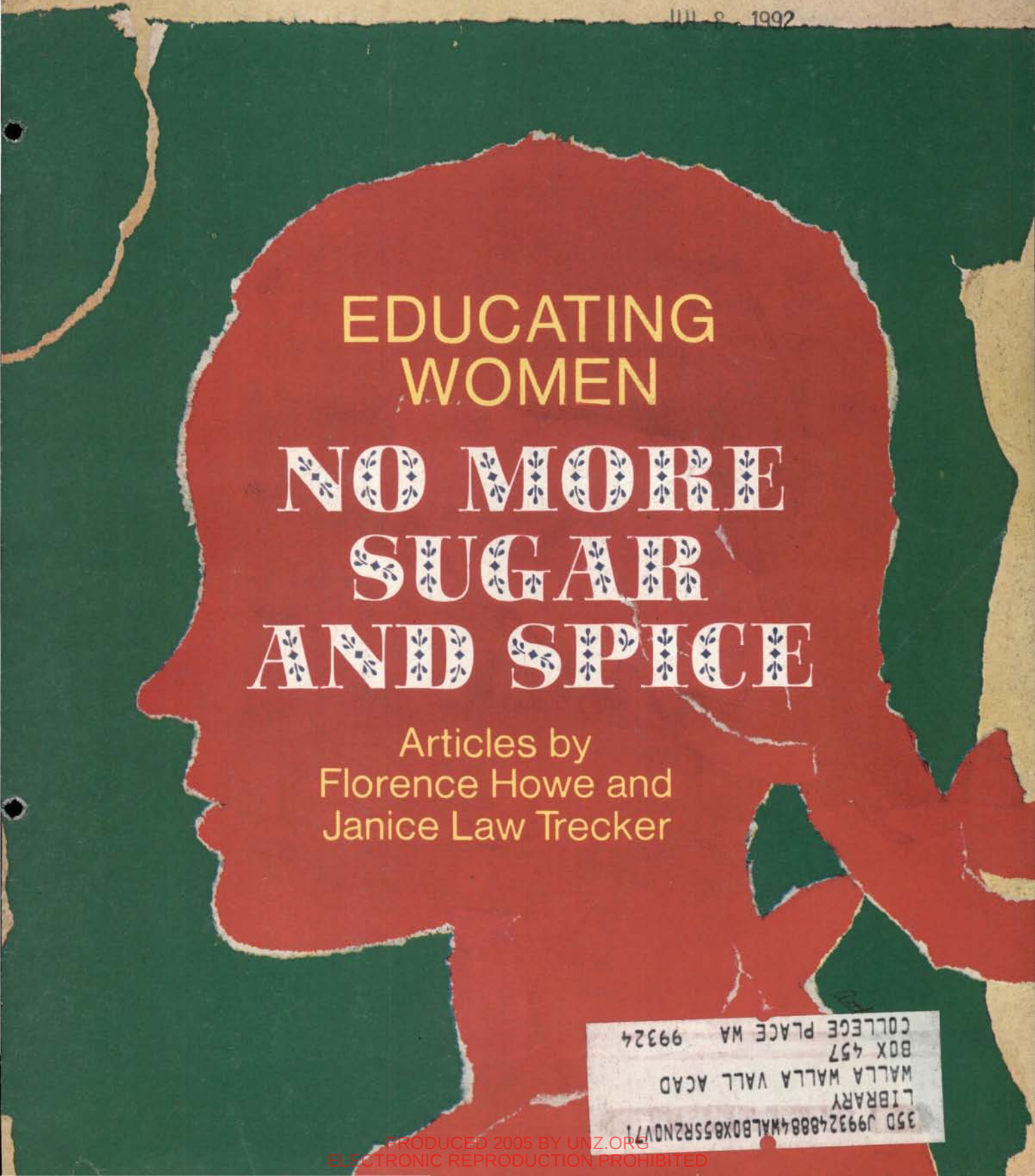

EDUCATING WOMEN

NO MORE SUGAR AND SPICE

Articles by
Florence Howe and
Janice Law Trecker

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Ronrico. The Super Rum.

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Is there any good reason to buy network radio?

There are several.

If you have a national product, and a tight budget, consider network radio for some excellent reasons.

For example, when you want to:

Add valuable frequency to your television schedule.
(Examine Colgate)

Become a household word in 12 weeks.
(Check Terminex)

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(Survey Campbell's Soups)

"Own" a major event like Apollo 15.
(Refer to World Book Encyclopedia)

Talk to on-the-move weekend buyers.
(Hear from Dairy Queen)

Get a surprisingly big payoff from a tiny budget.
(Ask Vise-Grip Wrenches)

Find a non-print way to reach men.
(Probe Mercury Outboard Motors)

Take on an exclusive personal salesman.
(Look at Lipton)

Add aural color to your visual ads.
(Scrutinize Pittsburgh Paints)

Motivate your sales force.
(Call Sun Life of Canada)

Discover a big reach medium.
(Take Di-Gel)

Reach men with money.
(Sound out any Auto Maker)

Network radio.

Maybe you should look into it.

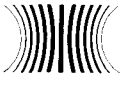
After taking a good look, more companies advertise more brands on the CBS Radio Network than any other. Every year.

If you'd like to investigate our medium, we have a new brochure titled (by an odd coincidence) "Is There Any Good Reason To Buy Network Radio?" It contains some eye-opening media comparisons, among other helpful data.

For your copy, call or write Mr. Ben Lochridge, 51 West 52 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-4321.*

You'll find it a very reasoned story.

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK



*Or any of these CBS Radio Network sales offices—
CHICAGO: Si Smith, 630 North McClurg Court (312) 944-6000
DETROIT: Dick Charlton, 932 Fisher Building (313) 872-5500
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AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.

It makes a big difference in what happens after you buy a car.

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WE KNOW WHAT'S BEEN BUGGING YOU.

For more than a year now, we've been talking to car owners all over the country.

From all that we've heard, what bothers them most is the frustration of getting a car that isn't right in the first place. Plus the inconvenience and expense of getting it fixed.

This year, we're changing all that.

IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH ONE OF OUR '72'S, WE'LL FIX IT FREE. ANYTHING.

For years, car warranties have been filled with so much legal mumbo-jumbo that the car owner couldn't tell exactly what he was getting.

Then when something went wrong, he had to go through a hassle about who was going to pay for what.

This year, American Motors and its dealers are backing their '72's with a strong guarantee in plain English.

It covers the cost of parts and labor for 12 months or 12,000 miles.

Except for tires, it's good for everything we put on the car.

Simply put, this means that, except for gas, oil and oil filters, you shouldn't have to pay for anything the first year you own one of our '72's.

And if something we did goes wrong, we promise there'll be no hassling and quibbling about getting it fixed.

Because the whole idea of American Motors Buyer Protection Plan is to make our customers the most satisfied customers in the automobile business.

When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

WE'VE PAID TO HAVE YOUR '72 CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED.

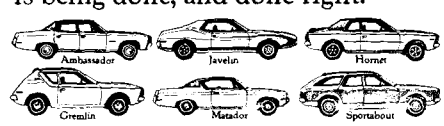
This year, we've spent a lot of time and money making sure our '72's are as perfect as man and machine can make them before they leave the factory.

But that's not all.

At the dealers, every single car (not just one of 50, one of 5, every one) is checked, double-checked and road-tested before it's delivered.

Then the man who tested the car signs his name to a 32-item checklist and puts it right on the car where you can see it.

We're paying the dealer for his time and labor, so we know this job is being done, and done right.



A LOANER CAR WHEN YOU NEED IT. FREE.

Along with our dealers, we've set up a system to back up our guarantee without inconveniencing you.

If you have to leave your '72 overnight for guarantee repairs, over 1900 dealers will loan you a nice, clean, well-equipped car in good condition.

At no cost to you.

No other company works with its dealers to give you this kind of service.

YOU HAVE A DIRECT LINE TO DETROIT. TOLL-FREE.

These days, a lot of car companies are asking you to write them, but we're the only car company offering you a chance to call us direct.

When you buy a '72, you get a name and number of a person in Detroit to call if you have a problem.

And you don't pay for the call.

If you call, we promise you you'll get results. And fast.

We've got too much at stake to let it happen any other way.

DOES ALL THIS MAKE OUR CARS COST MORE?

No.

It takes a lot of time, men and money to make American Motors Buyer Protection Plan work.

But the way we figure it, since nobody in the business does all this for you after you buy a car, you have a better reason to buy from us than you ever had before.

So we should sell more cars than we've ever sold before.

American Motors

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Saturday Review

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Educating Women: No More Sugar and Spice

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I have always admired the title Senator Fulbright used for one of his books: *Old Myths and New Realities*. It says a good deal to me about current brain-crunching problems that are so refractory. While entangled in the old myths, we are unable to attack the new realities. Nowhere is this so apparent as it is in education. We may talk about new methods in the classroom, but the *idea* of the classroom remains inviolate.

Everett Reimer is one of those few, like Ivan Illich and John Holt, who have been able to escape the old myth. He has written a fascinating, thought-provoking book called SCHOOL IS DEAD: *Alternatives in Education*. Reimer is against traditional schools, which he feels impede true learning. He argues for universal access to knowledge, ways for children to learn without the deadening influence of an arbitrary and graded curriculum. And he suggests a number of new approaches that shook me out of my Calvinist notion that a structured school is the only desirable one. SCHOOL IS DEAD has made me see that there are many effective ways to get an education, and that the antiquated system we now employ may be the least productive and most expensive of those ways.

We have some interesting advance comments on SCHOOL IS DEAD. Jonathan Kozol, author of *Death at an Early Age*, wrote us: "Reimer has composed a revolutionary statement but his voice remains the calm and steadfast voice of scholar, humanist, man of reason." John Holt said: "Reimer points out how the worldwide institution of universal schooling both cuts men off from the society they live in, and makes them helpless and dependent within it." And an 11th grade student I know at New York's Dalton School said that "SCHOOL IS DEAD deals with problems of education that have been stifling students and teachers as long as I have been going to school."

Some of Reimer's ideas have been discussed in the pages of this magazine. Reading the whole argument, pondering the alternatives, is a different and exciting way to raise your consciousness—and your children's too.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

SCHOOL IS DEAD ($5.95), by Everett Reimer is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Blvd., Clayton, Missouri 63105.

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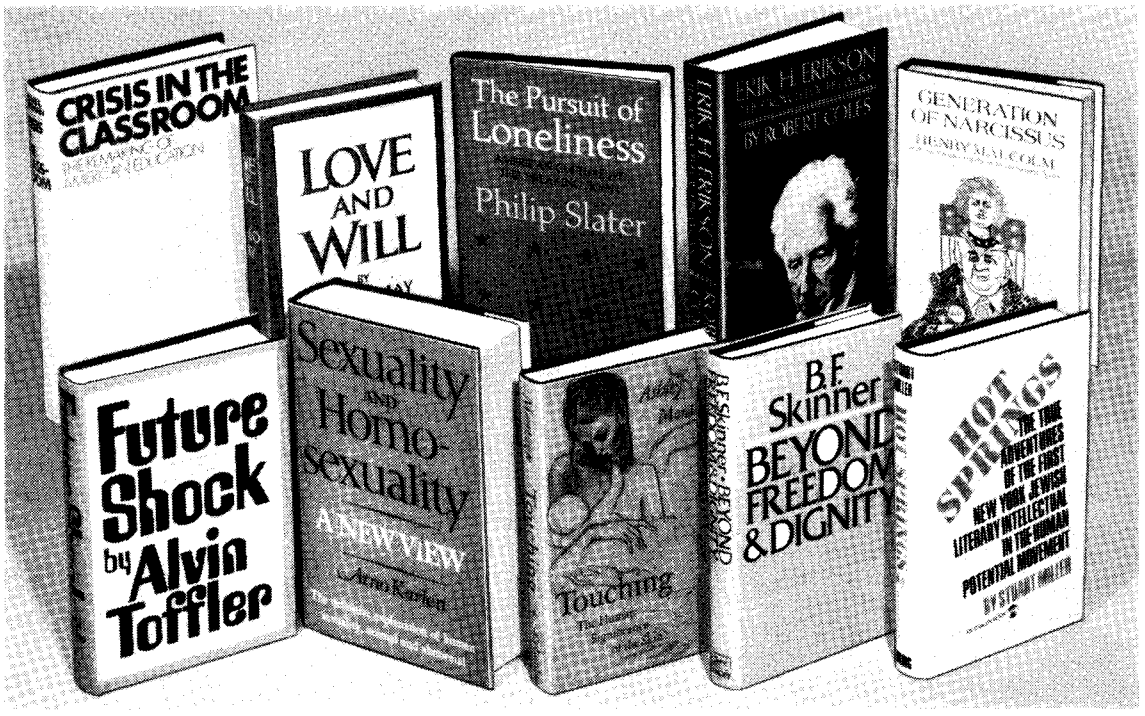

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Mini-People, Inc.?

LAST SPRING, officials of the Chicago and Southern Airlines of Peoria, Illinois, broadcast a call for stewardesses no taller than four feet, ten inches. Reason: Cabin ceilings in their commuter craft are only five feet high. This long overdue recognition of the need for new people to fit new machines opens exciting vistas of a Brave Little World of Tomorrow.

There is nothing new about the concept of rebuilding living organisms to keep pace with technology. Turkeys are bred to fit refrigerators; fruit trees, corn, and tomatoes to fit harvesting machines; and mini-poodles for mini-apartments. Now we must boldly brush aside the cluttered cobwebs of tradition and apply the new genetic discoveries to the far more pressing problem of human size.

The groundwork for such a development has already been laid. Recent findings, scientists tell us, appear to indicate that Man no longer need accept the badly designed body in which Nature confines him, that medical alchemists will soon have the tools to reshape his corpus into a more efficient, if not more stately, mansion. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last December this matter was carefully weighed, with special attention to the impact on society of any program to reconstruct Homo sapiens. Since then, the hormone that controls bodily growth has been synthesized in the laboratory, paving the way for many possible techniques in the guidance of physical development.

The literature of human mini-genetics is fragmentary and obscure. In an indirect approach some thirty years ago, Dr. Lionel Marks of Harvard examined the anatomy of traditional angels as represented in art and concluded that they were aerodynamically impractical. He proposed greatly enlarged arm and chest musculature and legs shrunken to bird-like claws to save weight. Nothing was ever done about getting this proposal off the ground.

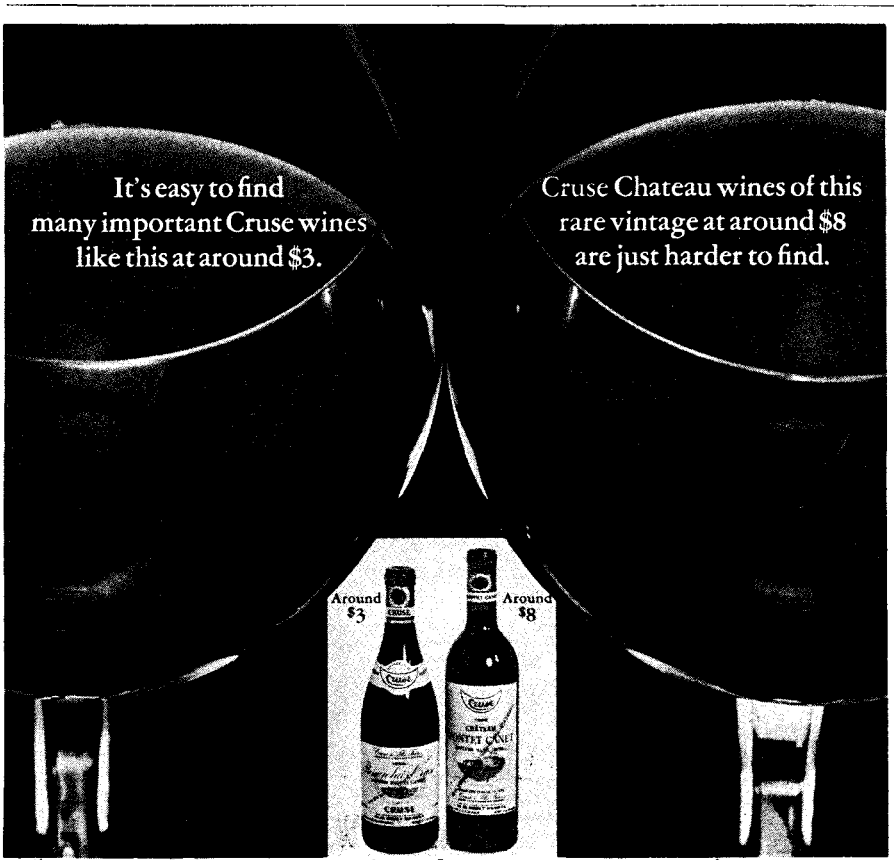
About five years ago, things began to warm up when Nobel Prize winner Joshua Lederberg suggested that control of human evolution might come about "within a few years." If he was right, Fate is breathing down our necks, and it is high time we made up our minds what sort of people we want to be.

Two young members of the MIT faculty were quick to see the implications of Lederberg's paper. "Is There a Better Human Size?" asked Professors Robert J. Hansen and Myle J. Holley, Jr., as the title of their paper in *Technology Review*, July 1967. The authors proposed an inquiry into the effects of reducing the size of human beings by genetic manipulation. As civil engineers, they suggested that such shrinkage might have a profound impact on housing and transportation and on the production of food and other essentials. The MIT team did not set an optimum size but proposed a gradual shrinkage program—say, not more than 5 to 25 per cent per decade. To look the Mini-people program squarely in the teeth, this transition period might be a bit awkward, comparable to that period when new cars came out with four-wheel brakes, but history indicates that American industry is equal to the challenge.

Although the Hansen-Holley plan has gone virtually unnoticed by Big Science and Government, even a brief look at the promise of a future mini-world staggers the mind. Write the authors: "Smaller men could mean smaller vehicles, either smaller highway rights-of-way or greater capacity for existing highways, easier provision for off-street parking, and so on." Carried out logically, the mini-car program could double our people-moving systems with no more trouble than the painting of new highway lane dividers and the installation of kiddy seats in buses. All those defunct storefronts in our cities could be converted into integrated day-care centers for midget foreign sports cars. At roadside stands, one could see mini-clad mini-carhops toddling about with hot puppies and demitasses.

Per-capita food consumption would be drastically reduced, and with world-wide adoption of the plan, the grim wolf of famine could be muzzled for centuries. Little people could use little rooms, little beds, little toothbrushes, and so on ad infinitum. A sharp reduction in trash and garbage would give city fathers a long breathing spell.

Consider also the military aspects of smallness. At first it might seem that an army of six-footers could easily whip a force of Lilliputians, but a little thought reveals the fallacy of this notion. Modern wars are fought with brains, not broadswords. Little men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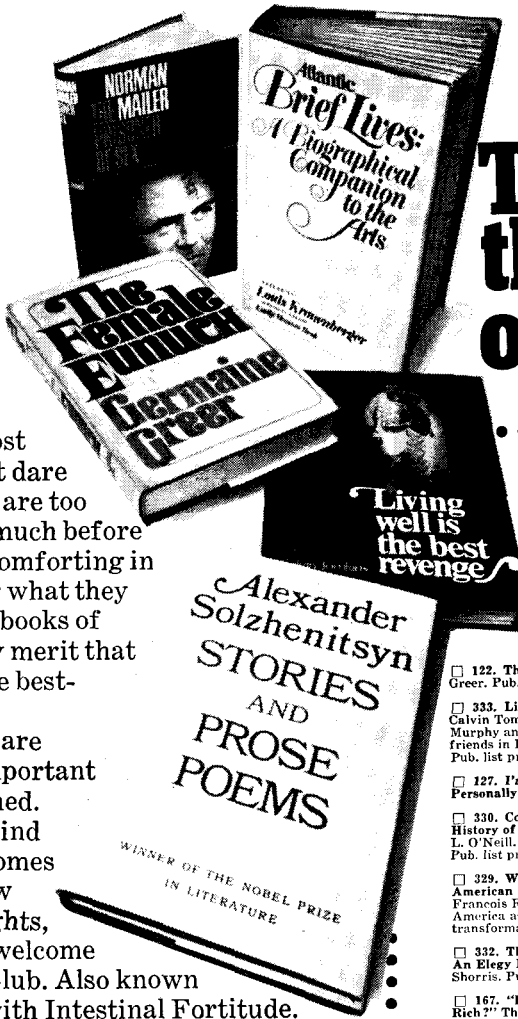
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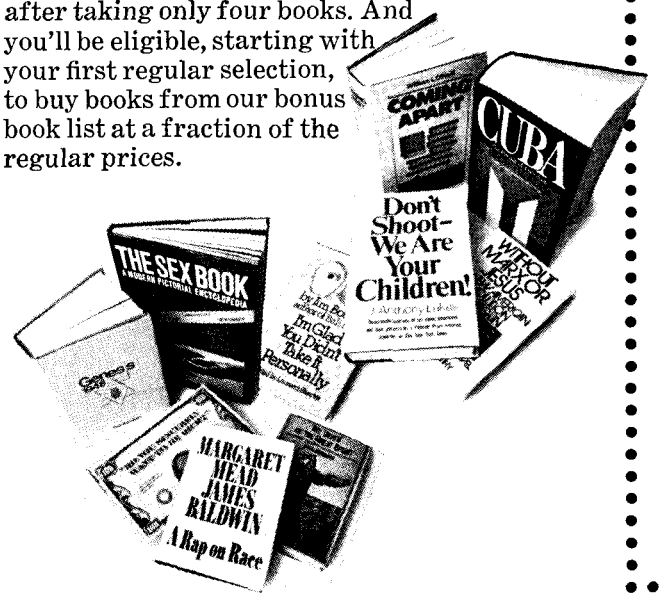

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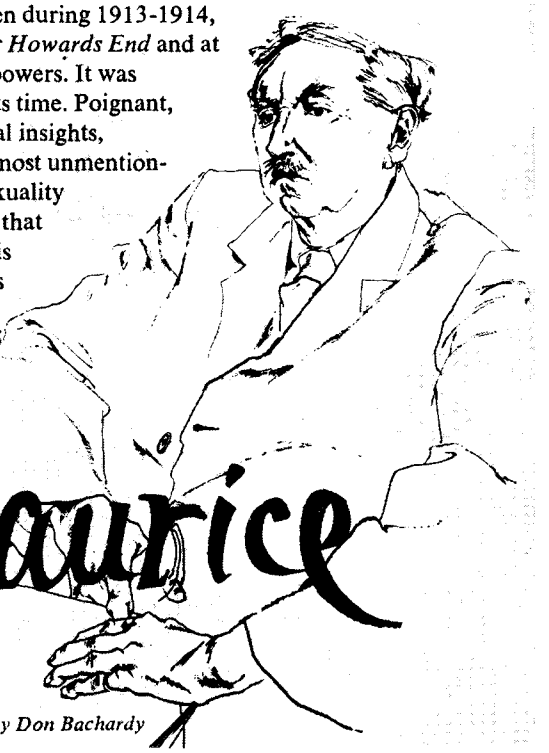

Maurice

Drawing of E. M. Forster from life by Don Bachardy

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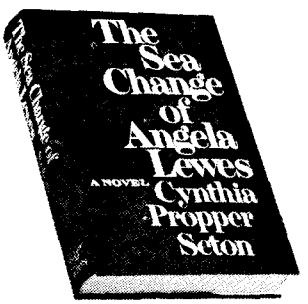

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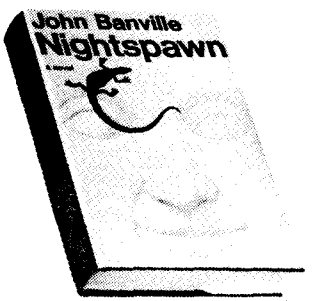
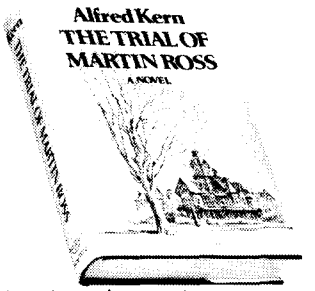


A cast of "players" as demonic as they are fascinating, involved in a hallucinatory chess game of revolution in modern Greece. Powerful and frightening and brilliantly written. $5.95



"A lively, intelligent novel about the perennial generation gap, written from the point of view of a father . . . It is uncommonly perceptive."
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton

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with equalizers may prevail. Little men make smaller targets for bullets. As for nuclear wars, it has been demonstrated in an irradiated forest at the Brookhaven National Laboratory that insects, because of their low profile, survive gamma-ray assaults that destroy mammals. Mini-people would enjoy the same comparative safety.

As it often happens, the first suggestion of mini-troops, made during World War II, passed with little notice. Masking his genius with jocosity, the unknown inventor proposed dehydrated marines, who could be shipped cheaply in bulk and be reconstituted with rum. As for logistics, a country that could manage to pack 1,000 forty-pound soldiers into a transport plane would have a tactical edge over a foe of lumbering Brobdingnagians. If the enemy had no mini-men, they would have to invent them.

Priceless innovations in space travel should follow human size reduction. Pre-shrunk astronauts, with resultant payload cuts in food, fuel, and oxygen, could lop billions from NASA's budget. Dreams of manned space laboratories would come true, and one may envision lunar pogo-stick resorts with mini-Hiltons and Avis, Jrs.

No time should be lost in the conceptualization and implementation of a multidisciplinary, government-subsidized agency, on the order of Comsat, to initiate and coordinate a massive research and development program. Such a group—to be called, perhaps, Mini-people, Inc., and to be headed, ideally, by Dr. Buckminster Fuller—might best put the show on the road.

Anthropology may yield tips. Elves and leprechauns may not be entirely legendary, and there are, of course, pygmies. The miniature Mayans of Yucatan deserve study. Visitors are impressed with the tiny cab horses in Mérida. One Carlos, a Cal Tech dropout who drives such a rig, treasures a battered copy of *The Origin of Species* and has a theory. Little horses came first, he says. Then, through natural selection, came little horse thieves. Then came little sheriffs. Pretty soon, everyone was little. A likely story, indeed, but one must sift all data in the great drive toward mass-produced mini-humanity.

—HARLAND MANCHESTER.

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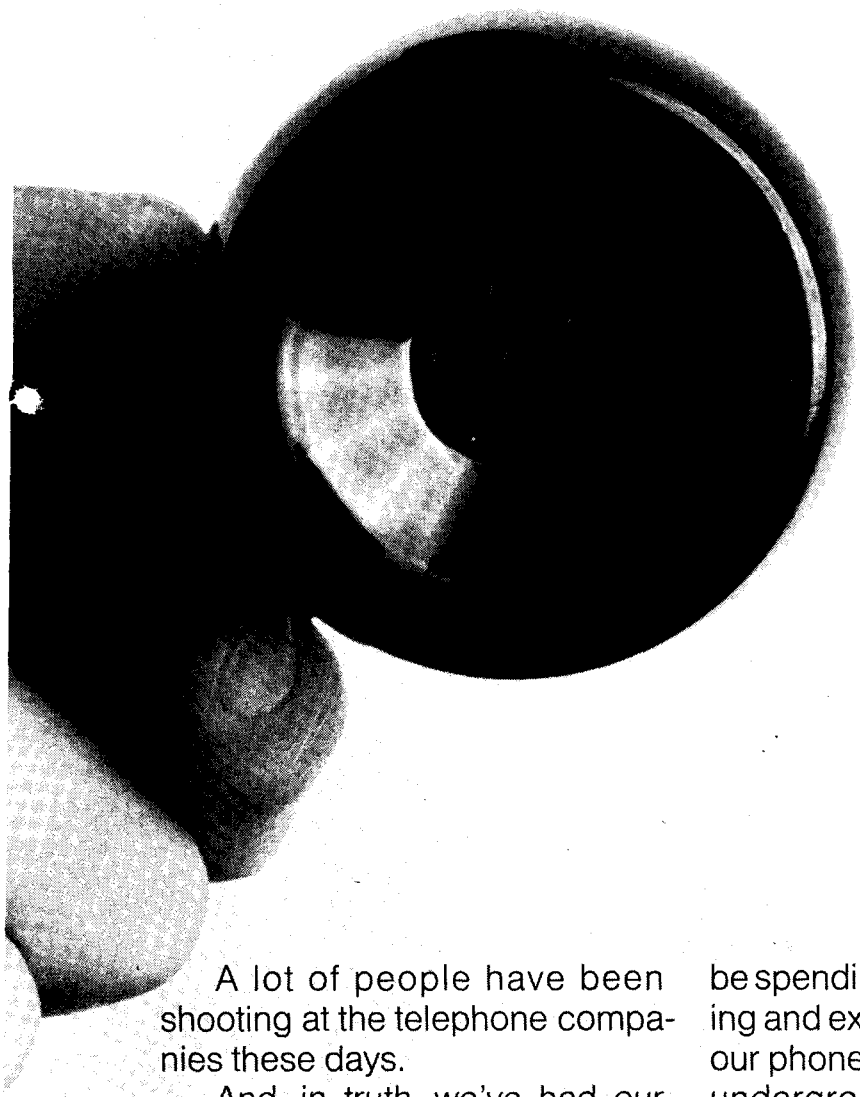

A lot of people have been shooting at the telephone companies these days.

And, in truth, we've had our hands full keeping up with the zooming demand for increased phone service.

But General Telephone and, in all fairness, the other phone companies haven't been sitting around counting dimes.

For some time now, we've been paying a healthy "phone bill" ourselves trying to make our service do everything you expect of it. And a few things you don't expect.

During the next five years we'll be spending over $6 billion upgrading and expanding every phase of our phone operation. From laying underground cables (an important, if invisible area) to customer contact service (an equally important but highly visible area).

But no matter how much we spend on equipment and expansion, it's what we do for you in your home or business that counts.

Ladies and gentlemen, we're working as fast as brains, manpower and money can combine to make our service as efficient as possible.

As for the results—we'll let that $6 billion do the talking.

GTE

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Letter of the Week—from Jim Atkins of Alexandria, Virginia:

Dear Mr. Amory,
I finally found out why Nixon is spending so much time on anti-pollution programs to clean up our lakes and streams. He wants to make them perfectly clear.

That's what we've always said spreads Potomac Fever—muddy thinking. Meanwhile, Lois Conn of Goucher College favored us with our Want Ad of the Week—from *The Advertisers*:

FOR SALE: Bedroom Set, 5 piece, no bed.

Better count 'em again, just in case. As if this weren't enough, Mrs. Peter Swanson, Jr., of Tonawanda, New York, came upon the following note, in the Tonawanda *News*, about the Extended Care Center of the DeGraff Memorial Hospital:

The center will offer nursing care to adult patients of all ages who are recuperating from illness or injury, but who no longer require the cute care offered in the main hospital.

We get it—no *pie* beds.

Anyway, Mrs. S. Krems of Ann Arbor found another Want Ad—in the *Ann Arbor News*:

ACCURATE TYPIST
Manuscript typing in small hostile office with new ceilings.

Just the same, we'd like to know what happened to the *old* ceilings. Elsewhere, John Makar of Natchitoches, Louisiana, sent us the most baffling News Story of the Week—from the Los Angeles Times News Service:

BUENOS AIRES—You can't name your son William in Argentina nor your daughter Elizabeth. But you can give them the Spanish equivalent for either: Guillermo or Isabel.

Rules of civil registry limit the range of names that can be given to children born in this country. All biblical and saints' names are acceptable as are all names for which there are Spanish counterparts—and it's the Spanish equivalent that goes on the birth certificate.

The rule applies to all children born here regardless of the nationality—or wishes—of their parents.

This makes it a bit hard on some parents but it does avoid what happened in Venezuela some years back when the government dedicated a highway bridge across the narrows of a lake that separates the petroleum center of Maracaibo from the rest of the country.

Bleeped it, apparently. Finally, Ann Guscio, a teacher of English literature at St. Pius X High School in Atlanta, Georgia, asked her class if they had any stereotyped pictures of a typical "Englishman." The results:

"He wouldn't be very friendly and would wear a hat."

"A gentleman in Old England with the suit and large hat carrying a can."

"A thin, pale, has round glasses and pasty looking, thinning hair."

"He is a medium sized guy with a mustache. He wears dark suits, derby hats, white shirt and dark tie. He carries a cane wherever he goes. The cane is really an umbrella. His overcoat is a light-colored trench coat and hat."

"A typical Englishman to me is a kind of ferry."

Well, there goes the English-Speaking Union.

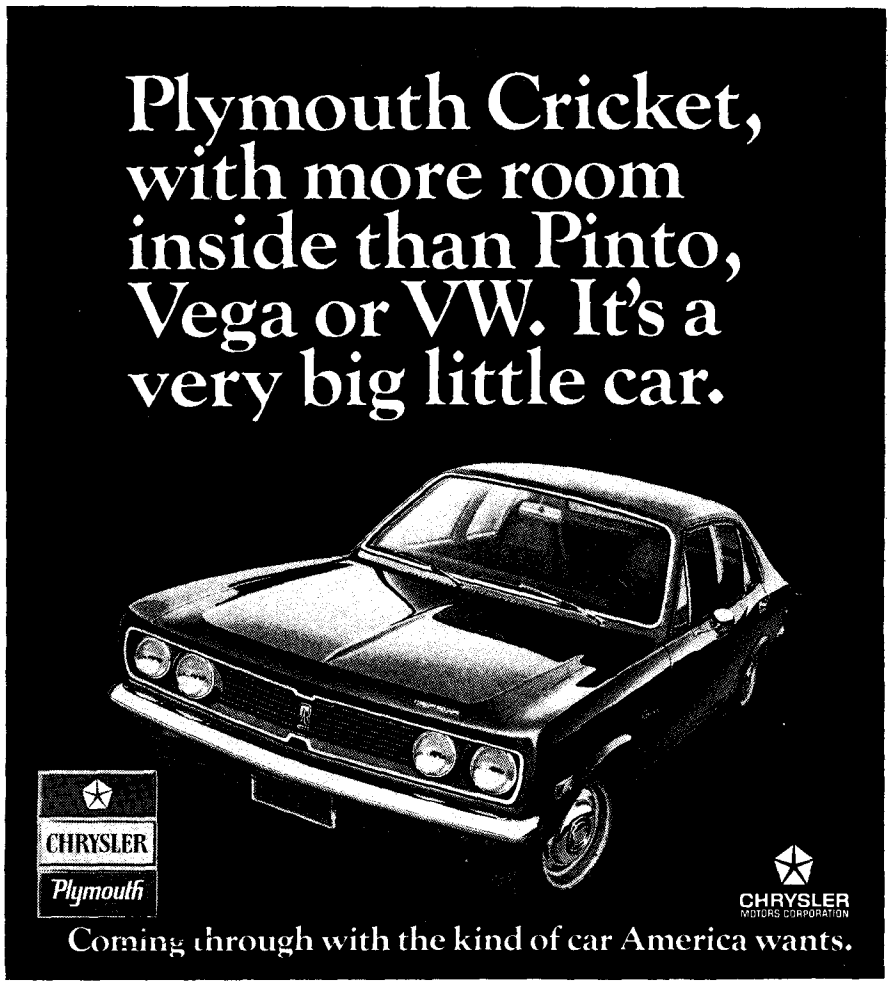
Up in Boston, we had tea at the Ritz with that peerless artist of the portrait photograph Mr. Yousuf Karsh. Mr. Karsh is the author of *Faces of Our Times* (Toronto), and though his studio is in Ottawa, he started his career in Boston.

"I spent three years," he told us, "in the Boylston Street studio of Garo. John Garo was a Mark Twain character, with a flowing mustache. He stopped working every day at four o'clock—when the light stopped. Then he would hold court. My job was not only mixing the chemicals for the photography but also for the drinks."

Through Garo, Karsh met Koussevitzky, Mary Garden, and a host of Boston greats—all of whom he served, during prohibition, cocktails poured from bottles inscribed "nitric acid," "sulphuric acid," etc.

"Garo was a great photographer," Karsh continued. "But he did not enjoy the kind of wide, geographical dissemination of reputation that is possible today. I would observe. If you cannot learn by observing, you cannot be a photographer. One day it was snowing. Garo looked at it and spoke of the pattern the wind made on the snow. He asked me if I too saw it. I had to

(Continued on page 20)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5. **A psychologist analyzes why we win *or* lose at poker.** (Trans-action)
6. **Paul Goodman dissects the failure of mass higher education in America.** (New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative)
7. **Two leading genetics authorities discuss the future of egg transplantation . . . and test-tube babies.** (Science Journal)
8. **Aldous Huxley describes his early experimentation with drugs.** (Letters of Aldous Huxley)
9. **Two leading physicists talk about "black holes" in space with the power to obliterate matter.** (Physics Today)
10. ***Kenneth Clark tells why he opposes black studies programs.*** (Antioch Review)
11. **An observer explains why the Soviet worker is more concerned with materialism than with civil rights.** (The New Leader)
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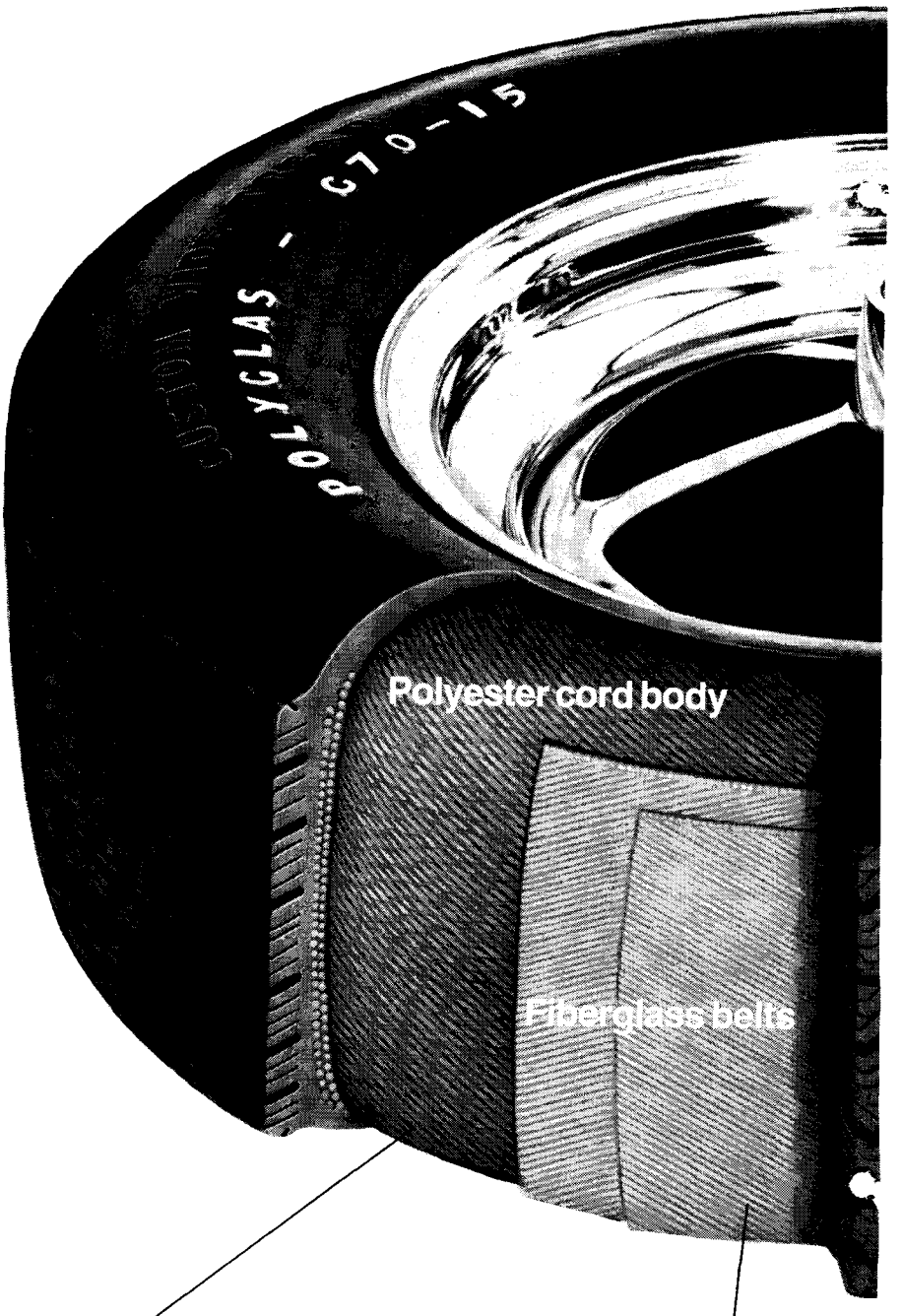

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You see it here—it's the very heart of this *Custom Wide Tread Polyglas* tire.

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In this Goodyear Polyglas tire, we've securely bonded the polyester cord body to two tough fiberglass cord belts—using a special polyester adhesive system known only to Goodyear. These belts help hold the wide tread firm on the road for positive traction and long wear.

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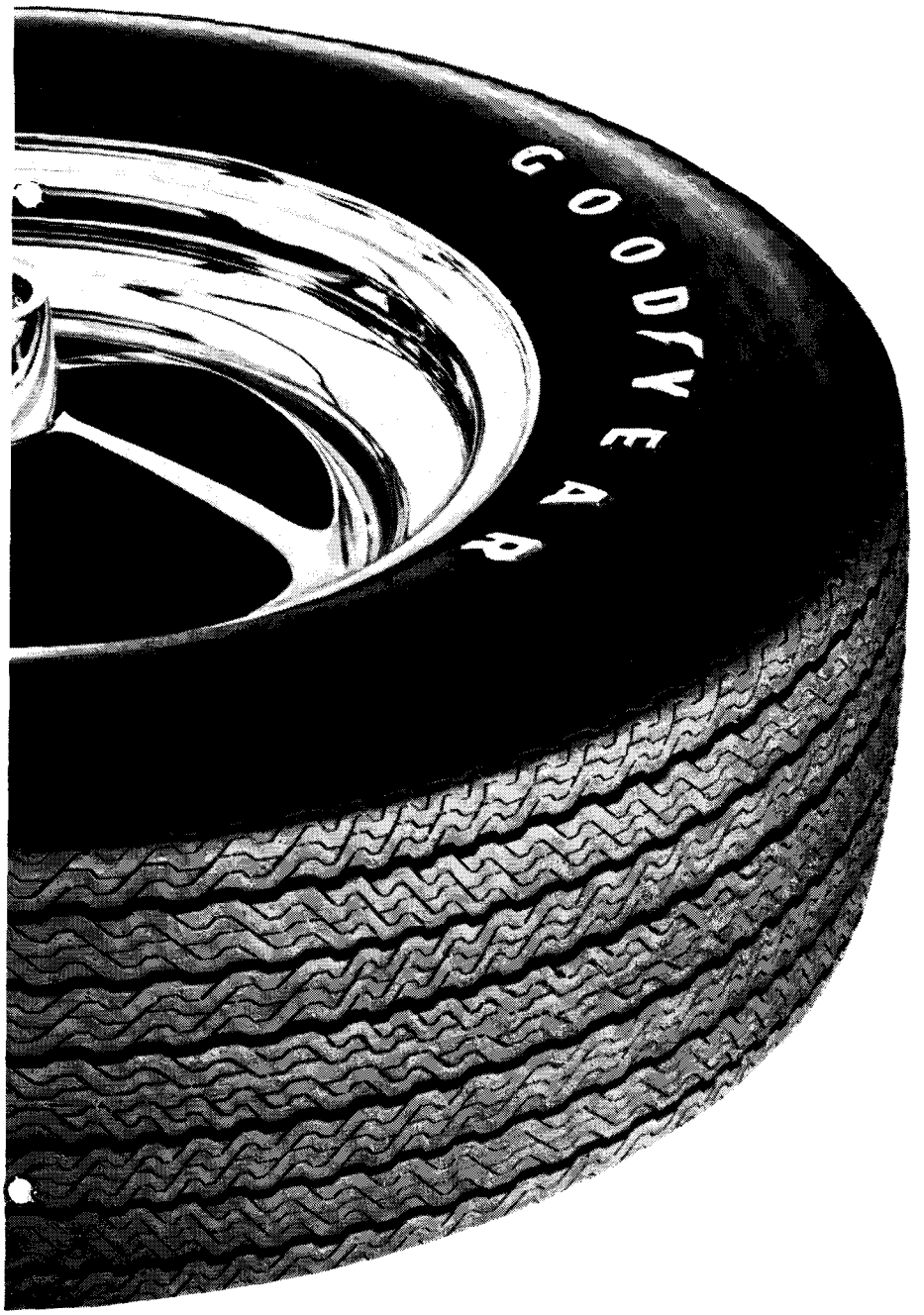

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"Defoliation," by Thomas Whiteside;
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No other magazine is as daringly satirical, witty, and often utterly nonsensical. Among our humorists: Woody Allen, Roger Angell, George Price, Charles Addams, William Steig, S. J. Perelman, Ed Koren.

No other magazine publishes more foreign correspondence, more facts that go beyond the skeleton of the news. Probably no journalist is as informed on Southeast Asia as Robert Shaplen.

No other magazine is so attuned to the arts: books, films, theatre. Like Pauline Kael, film critic, our critics are more than critics. They are social commentators, innovators.

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(Continued from page 14)

tell him I didn't. 'I am glad,' he said. 'No two people ever see the same. If you saw what I see, you would only copy me and you would be nothing.'"

Karsh was born in Armenia in 1908 and grew up during the massacres in which the Turks killed more than two million Armenians. "It was a nightmare," he says. "Even on the way to and from school, we Armenian children would be stoned by the Moslem children." When he was a teen-ager, his family found sanctuary, and he himself was sent to America. "I arrived in Halifax," he told us, "after twenty-eight days in steerage. When I arrived, I came with good manners and nothing else. I spoke literally two English words—'God' and 'dog'—and I didn't know the difference between them.

"I landed in Halifax on New Year's Eve. I was sixteen—but they put me in the fourth grade—with little children. At recess the children let me play marbles with them. They not only let me play, they let me win. It was the first kindness I had ever known, and it began my love affair with Canada.

"When I opened my own studio I was concerned with pleasing the people I photographed. Now I am only concerned with pleasing myself. And there is another thing. Now I am known for pictures of men—but up to my Churchill portrait, I was doing ninety per cent women."

Mr. Karsh's list of portraits of famous authors includes Cocteau, Malraux, Maugham, Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Tennessee Williams, but his own favorite is of François Mauriac. "I arrived at Mauriac's studio late in the afternoon," he said. "The light was failing and for some reason there was no electricity available. So I shot him sitting by the window, and I used an ordinary bedsheet for a light reflector. But I think it is one of my best."

Married to his present wife for more than nine years, Mr. Karsh has no children. "If I keep making good photographs," he said quietly, "they will be my children."

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(THE) RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE

Both Ivan the Terrible and Stalin feared their own subjects, and each sought to forestall attempts against his own life and political system by the pre-emptive slaughter of all potential opponents. Under neither despot was the serious investigation of treachery a major consideration.

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IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everbody's trying to sell his own product.

Cyrano could have used a larger glass. Or a smaller nose.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

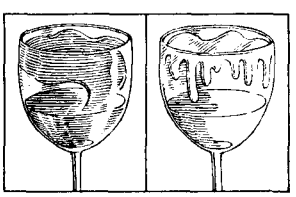
We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.



Heavy wine forms "sheets." Light wine forms "legs."

Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.

Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART	
White	**Red**
White Pinot	Gamay Rosé
Pinot Chardonnay	Gamay Beaujolais
Grey Riesling	Pinot Noir
Sylvaner Riesling	Zinfandel
Johannisberg Riesling	Gamay
Chenin Blanc	Charbono
Dry Semillon	Cabernet Sauvignon

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Right Thinker

IT WAS a hundred years ago that Washington Irving, journalist, author, and satirist, said, "The Almighty Dollar—the great object of universal devotion."

It was yesterday that Irving Washington (shoes shined 50 cents, halfsoles and rubber heels) said, "The measly dollar—it's nowhere today, man."

These days you don't hear many quoting Washington Irving on the almighty dollar, but the Irving Washington quote is recited by wives at the dinner tables in every household across the land: "I'm sorry, dear, I know you like jumbo asparagus tips, but at our supermarket the measly dollar is nowhere today, man."

That's not nice, ladies. Isn't anyone listening to our President, who has said again and again, "It's about time we started saying what is right about America"? And your carping that the American dollar doesn't buy what it used to is the kind of talk he resents. He doesn't deny it; he only resents it. And doesn't he have enough other problems without worrying about your jumbo asparagus tips? Or the hollandaise?

The least we can do to cooperate with our President is to stop putting down the American dollar. He's not asking you to love it, only to like it. Neither does he expect you to salute the dollar. He wants us to remember that these are the times when we must start saying what is right about America. And what is more American than the American dollar? Except, of course, apple pie.

Now just a darned minute. I heard some muttering out there that the American dollar today won't buy an American apple pie. That's defeatism. That's the wrong thinking the President was talking about.

Think, rather, that what is right about America is our apple pie. And just think what it would be like if you went to your supermarket and bought an apple pie stamped "Made in Japan." Ych! So count your blessings! Right on!

Excuse me if I am given to overreacting when I hear the dollar denigrated and the President's advice so flagrantly unheeded. It's bad enough what our foreign so-called friends are saying about it without all that complaining at the dinner table that you can't buy jumbo asparagus tips because our dollar is sick and needs your patriotic fervor to restore it to health.

Surely you don't want the President to think you're just "fair weather friends." Or, if you will forgive it, "supper patriots." OK, then don't forgive it. I'm only trying to make it crystal-clear that asparagus tips don't have to be all that jumbo.

And while you're complaining at the dinner table that the American dollar doesn't maintain you, do you ever consider what it costs our government to maintain a dollar bill? OK, I'll tell you. The people have the right to know.

For openers, you don't see many dirty, crumpled bills these days, do you? No, sir. Because they are laundered, cleaned, and pressed before they are sent from the Treasury to the banks. That costs a pretty penny. Often they are pressed so tightly that you make the mistake of giving two bills instead of one. So what? A small price for having the cleanest dollar bill in the world. Doesn't neatness count for anything anymore?

Of course, our government could do something about improving the dollar's image. Mint green is OK, but one can take only so much mint green. For a change, how about a different color? Nowadays, even the banks are printing their checks adorned with flowers in gay and multicolored profusion. They figure that even if the dollar has gone to seed, their checks are still in bloom.

And even G. Washington has served his country well and could be retired with dignity. Perhaps a picture of Martha to replace him. Martha Washington, that is, not the current Washington Martha. But that's not very likely under our present administration, because Martha has often been heard to say she is a Democrat. Even if she has been lately known to cross party lines. On the telephone, that is.

The TV networks could cooperate by saying what is right about America. The President must be especially disturbed when a newscaster tells us how much less the dollar buys today, while on the screen is an enlarged dollar bill with the upper left-hand corner shredded away to dramatize its decline.

Shredding a dollar bill is not right thinking. Would you shred a broad stripe from our flag or tear a star from its field of blue? Never. The almighty, unshredded dollar bill must always be, as Washington Irving put it, "the object of universal devotion." My dollar—right or 72 cents—my dollar!

"If Trend-Dec, Inc., will propose a two-for-one split, knock three times."

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OCTOBER 1971

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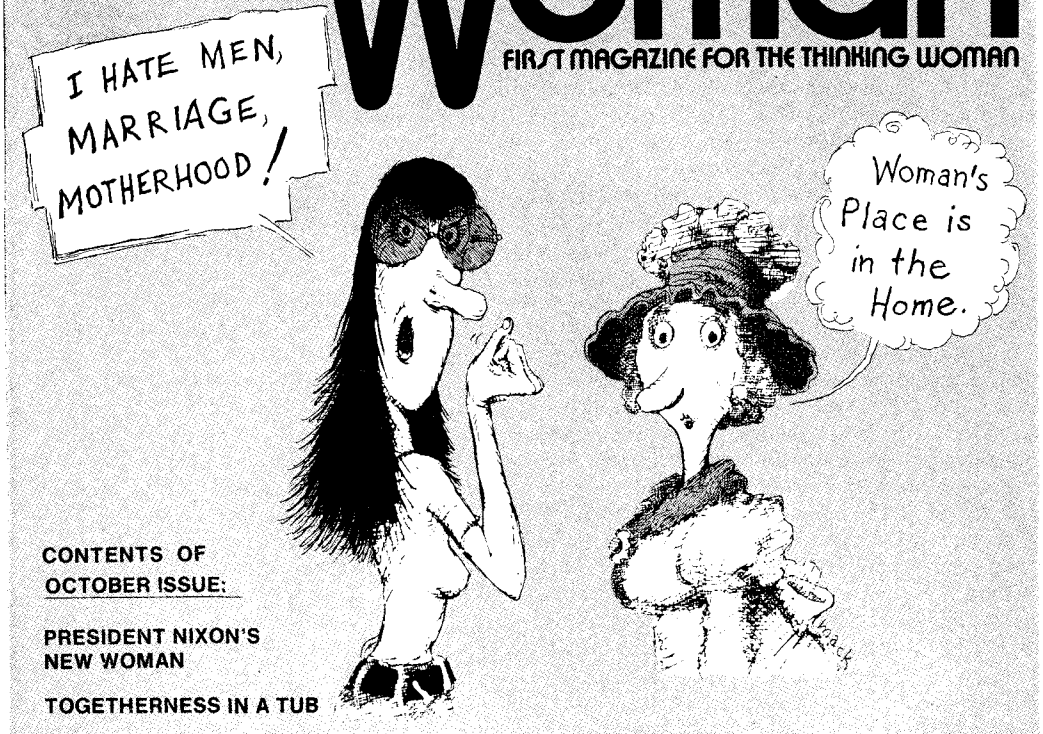

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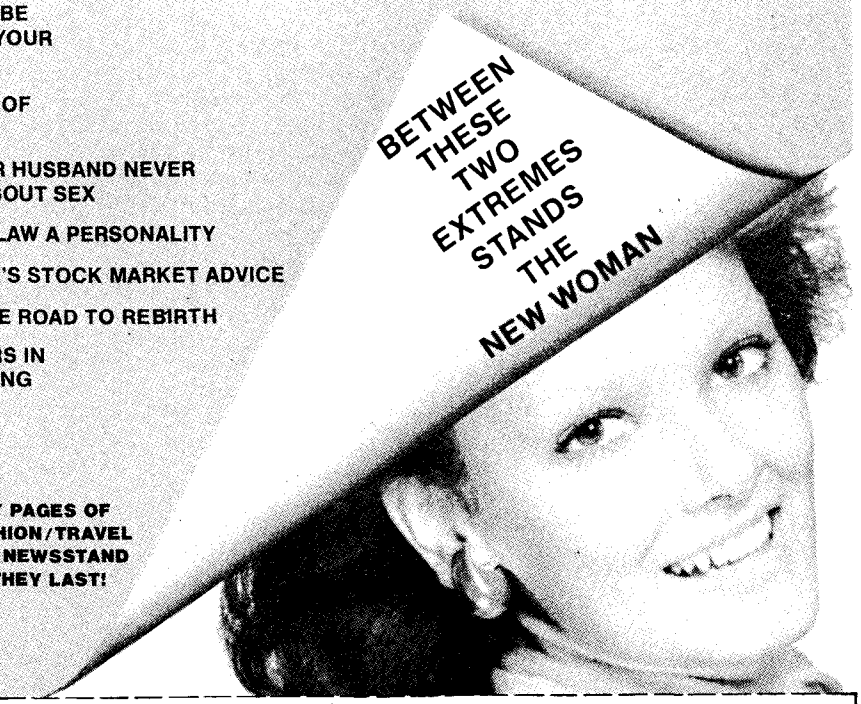

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

End of Summer

I BOTCHED it again. I had had my plans made for some serious gardening this summer, but I had to be in California through the best of the planting season. By the night before plane time, I had managed to get in some tomato plants and a few rows of beans, peas, cucumbers, and gourds. I had seeds for the marvelous sour salad green Italians call *rughetta* and the red Verona *cicoria.* I left instructions for planting and watering, but when I got back almost a month later, no seed had gone down, the patch had not been watered, and only the tomatoes, the weeds, the gourds, and one bean plant had come up. I have the dark feeling this must be the first time in the history of non-desert areas that string beans have refused to germinate. I keep looking at my thumb and thinking I see brown spots, the brand of the blighted gardener.

I tell myself it really is the brand of the father of the hard-rock son. My flower-child had been wheedling for an electric guitar and amplifier. With his birthday coming up, I covered him with $100 bills, and he had his homemade boiler factory on condition that he put in the seed, water the patch, and finish sowing the bare spot in the lawn.

Last year I had a chance to buy endless yards of good topsoil for that bad spot, and I spread and fed it ready for spring sowing, but it turned out to be a wet spring, and mud won't be worked. By the time I had to leave, only half the spot had been planted. The electric guitar and amp bought me a promise that the rest of it would be taken care of by the time I got back, but playing the thing left my child no time to put in any work toward earning it. Fathers have to settle for what they can get. I can't quarrel with a boy who can't tear himself away from his music. It comes unbearably loud and for unbearable hours at a stretch—for he has formed a combo, and they practice in our rumpus room down in the cellar—but bless me if he isn't getting good at it, which ought to be reason enough to justify a bare patch in the lawn for one more year.

I should be working at that patch now, but it has rained for at least twelve days in the last three weeks, leaving the grass and weeds halfway to hay with standing water up the first inch of the stalks. I used Manhattan Rye, a grass developed in Central Park (or so I am told), for the half I did get planted, and I have another forty pounds of seed ready to go in, but it begins to look as if I will have to wait until next spring. If the second half does as well as the first, I'll settle for that.

I was hoping the giant dahlias would be blazing by now. I had set out a row of them, but a whole busload of fifth-graders came out from Bedford-Stuyvesant in July and romped through the forming stalks. The plants lay down and have managed to squeeze out only a few measly blooms, and that will have to be it for this time around. The bulbs will come up soon to start over next spring. We had too good a time with the kids to begrudge them a few dahlias. A romp is at least as good a thing as a flower.

I scold myself for having let the summer slip away without having treated the rhododendrons, the azaleas, and the mountain laurel. I have had the acid for months, but day after day went by, and one trip after another, and I never got to spraying it on. Nor did I get around to feeding the tomatoes, though they keep coming up to feed us. I even found two volunteers in a flower bed where I had mulched in some rotten fruit last year, and they are bearing heavily. Indolence can be its own reward as far as tomatoes are concerned, but those broad leaves are doing badly. I promise to get to them as soon as it clears. I had actually started to do it today, but it rained again, and I have come indoors to write about what I am not doing.

Is all writing in place of doing? Necessarily, I suppose, but it is something else, too. Among other things it's a way of remembering. What I remember most of this summer is the lilies. I began setting out lily bulbs for the first time two years ago after settling into this new (to us) house. I see a gardener's feast coming. I have a crate of bulbs on order for delivery soon and another crate in mind for next year.

For I am a lazy gardener, and the lily is the lazy gardener's way out. Dahlia bulbs must be dug up, treated, and replanted, and dahlias insist on attracting that black bud blight that must be treated with nauseous sprays. Glads, too, have to be dug up, stored, and replanted, though they are worth the little work they demand. But the lily—all hundred or so varieties of it—is the queen of weeds. It asks for nothing, will thank you for even a little, and gives back profusion. Put the bulbs in a hole with a little plant food and forget them. The foliage doesn't bleach out as the iris's does, and it grows so thickly that weeds don't make it through. Mix in enough kinds, and you are in full garden from early spring till first frost. A non-lazy gardener will want to dig them up, thin them, and replant them every three years or so, but the garden book tells me I can let them go for five or six years, and I accept every permission to be lazy as long as a flowering is promised along with the permission.

For I don't really like to garden. I think I hate my sweaty days at it. What I buy in exchange for them is the satisfaction of sitting on the patio, still sweat-soaked, with a gin and tonic in my black hand, just looking at the beds to watch them sparkle. If they can be made to sparkle without sweat, I am as willing as the lilies of the field.

Yet sweating is also for its own sake, and I like the feel of good soil in my hands, and the smell of it. Weeding is the nuisance. Yet, I have never spent so much as an hour at it without feeling an idea start. A flower bed is a good tuning place for the mind, even if the garden turns out to be at ground zero.

Nor has the summer been a total loss. The elm came through again, and my tree man, who keeps coming back to spray it, thinks it is going to survive. *Magari!*—that's Italian for "may it be so!" That tree is a universe up the three floors of the house and over the roof peak, and I have a third-story window that opens smack into its green nebulae. Without it there, the house would be a hulk in blank space.

Postscript: JoAnne, my secretary, came out from *SR* with the mail. In it were several letters from people who wanted information about the New York publishing scene. They seem to assume that I spend my days on Madison Avenue, lunching expensively with publishers, editors, and tipsters who keep the future in their hip pockets. Will they believe me when I tell them I am a New Jersey gardener—a lazy and ignorant one to be sure, but still and by choice a gardener and local to little else but bad golf? I have a developed aversion to New York, and I am making a career of avoiding it. JoAnne keeps the files for me and brings out the poems and the letters. I chuck out the irrelevant letters, dictate answers to the relevant ones, and she takes her pad back to New York to type up the answers and to sign them for me and mail them. I insist on knowing nothing about New York and the world of publishing. It's not where my mind is.

Besides, I have the chrysanthemums to think about. I neglected them, too, and I am going to have to go out and buy some new plants to fill in the places my laziness left bare.

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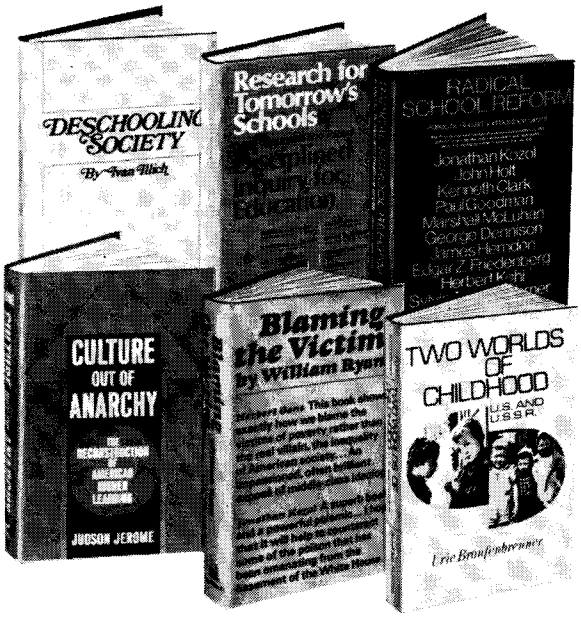

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Saturday Review
October 16, 1971

Medical Research Is Hurting

by MICHAEL E. DeBAKEY
and LOIS DeBAKEY

Why so little public outcry against the recent disastrous slashes in medical research and education? Average Americans are quiescent, one suspects, because they have bought the notion that from now on we will be spending money on here-and-now patient care, as opposed to "irrelevant" medical research.

This widespread notion is, of course, dangerous nonsense, for like it or not, research, education, and medical care are completely bound up in one another. Any attempt to split them apart is specious, illusory, and the worst sort of false economizing. The sad fact is that in slashing medical-research budgets by many millions of dollars the administration is creating tragic mischief, the effects of which will sooner or later touch every man, woman, and child in this country—as well as unborn generations of Americans.

Is this an extravagant claim? Scare talk? Not really. Consider the unhappy recent memory called tuberculosis. In 1900 TB, "the white plague," was as common a fact of life as mosquitoes. Hospital wards overflowed with TB's wasted victims, and emaciated "lungers" walked the streets wracked by contagion-spreading coughing spells.

If TB as we knew it in 1900 were abroad today, full force, our already overburdened hospitals would have to cope with several million more patients. Fortunately, medical researchers several decades ago developed isoniazid and streptomycin; since the general introduction of these drugs after World War II, the TB death rate in the United States has dropped by 95 per cent. Some foundation ought to do a "cost-benefit" study comparing the expense of developing anti-TB drugs with the cost of maintaining, at today's going hospital rates, several million "phthisical persons." The ratio would be eye-opening.

The virtual elimination of TB by medical research is only one instance among many of the central principle of medical advance: Research, teaching, and patient care go hand in hand. If you cut one, you damage all three. That is why it is no exaggeration to say that the slashes in the funding of medical research over the past few years will almost certainly cause a regression from which it will take American medicine many years to recover—a regression, incidentally, that will also heavily aggravate many of the troublesome social problems now at a racing boil just under the surface of American life.

Since full, free, scientific inquiry is, then, indispensable to human welfare, it is appalling that an enlightened people should take retrogressive steps in this sphere of activity. Certainly, medical science, the branch dedicated to the prevention of disease, the relief of suffering and disability, and the lengthening of productive life, has obvious practical dividends to offer humanity. A people debilitated or incapacitated by infectious, nutritional, parasitic, cardiac, malignant, or other disease suffers a real handicap in developing the skills and acquiring the knowledge needed for the economic, educational, industrial, sociocultural, and scientific advancement of a nation.

The attitude of society toward scientific research and education directly governs the expansion of medical knowledge and the direction of medical research. It is difficult to imagine that an affluent society such as we have in this country, possessed of the facts about the productivity of the great research enterprise we have built in a relatively short period, would not give wholehearted support to the continued growth and development of that enterprise. Alexis de Tocqueville, in *Democracy in America*, gave this sage advice: "You may be sure that the more a nation is democratic, enlightened, and free, the greater will be the number of interested promoters of scientific genius. . . . Possessing education and freedom, men living in democratic ages cannot fail to improve the industrial part of science; and . . . henceforward all the efforts of the constituted authorities ought to be directed to support the highest branches of learning and to foster the nobler passions for science itself." But perhaps the scientific community has failed to communicate adequately the fruits of research—or our present and future needs—to the general public, partly because of its habit of modesty and partly because of the assumption that these benefits are self-evident. Yet, modesty and poor communications or no, it is still hard to believe that there are officials in high positions who actually think we can make America a healthier nation by altering the delivery of health services while de-emphasizing research on the grounds that it is an esoteric activity of medical school faculties and unrelated to practical social needs. Without continued research, the most extravagant appropriations for delivery of health care can produce no better quality than the application of *current* scientific knowledge permits; without further research into new ways of treating, curing, and preventing unconquered human ailments, the system will remain

MICHAEL E. DEBAKEY is president of the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas; he is also chairman of the Department of Surgery and director of the Cardiovascular Research and Training Center. His sister, LOIS DEBAKEY, is professor of scientific communications at Baylor and lecturer at Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans.

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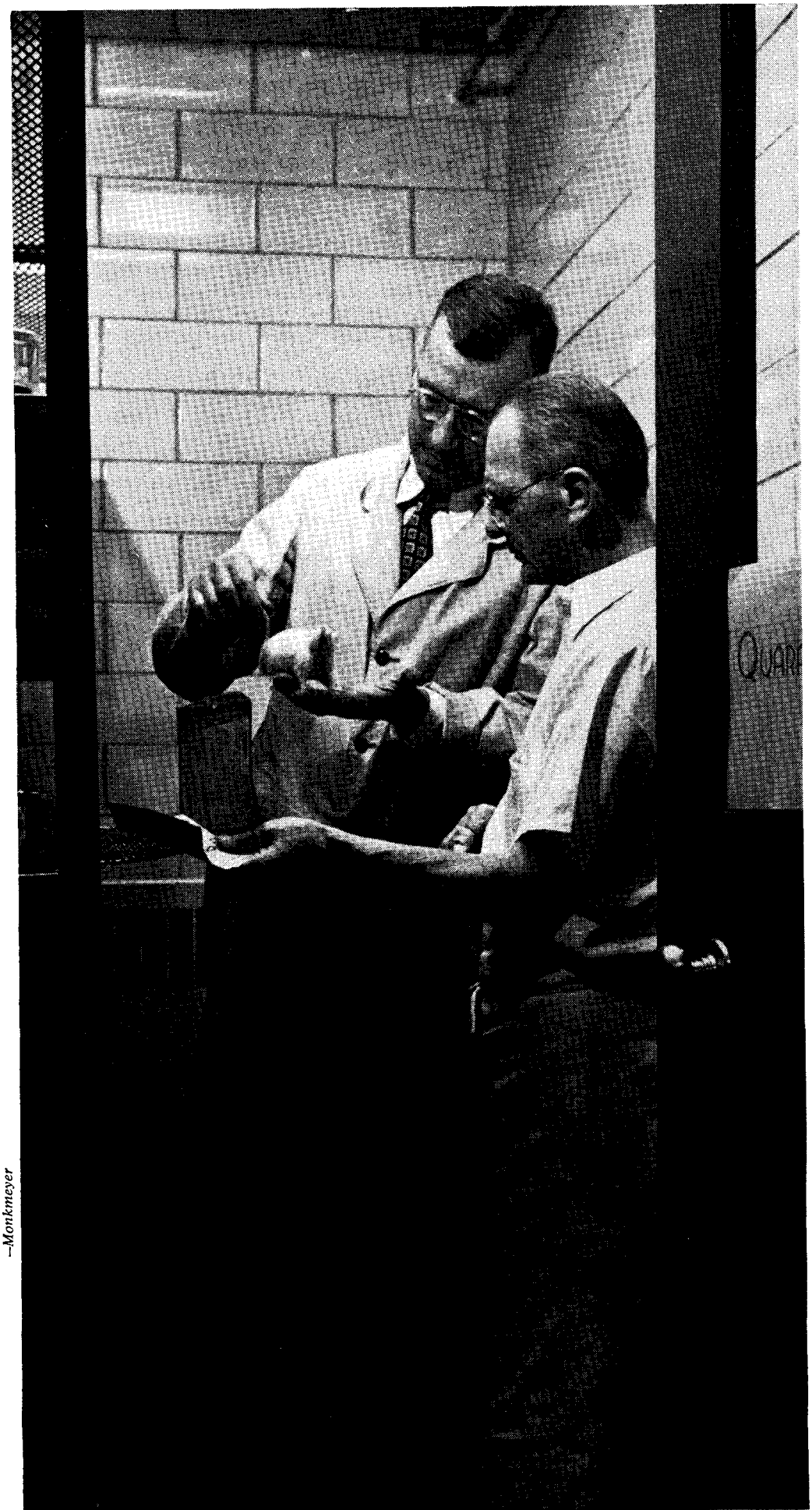
at a plateau. Without education and training of future scientists, medical educators, and physicians, there will be no one to innovate and administer the health services when the current pool of health manpower dries up.

Without exception, the major medical discoveries since World War II, whether spectacular, like organ transplantation and the artificial heart, or less dramatic, like effective diabetic drugs, can be traced to the research laboratory. It was there that vaccines, antibiotics, and other "miracle" drugs were developed for the control of previously fatal or disabling infectious diseases, including poliomyelitis, diphtheria, pneumonia, mumps, measles, and rubella. The nearly 100 per cent decline in the death rate from poliomyelitis since 1952 is due to poliomyelitis vaccine—the result of years of laboratory research. The tranquilizers and anti-depressants developed in the research laboratory have removed thousands of mentally and emotionally ill patients from mental health institutions and returned them to gainful places in society. The anti-hypertensive drugs, such as reserpine, have drastically reduced the death rate from high blood pressure during the past two decades or so. Better methods for detection and treatment of rheumatic heart disease and stroke, particularly among persons below the age of sixty-five, have impressively lowered the fatality rates from these diseases. The spectacular feats of open-heart and vascular surgery, in which the heart and circulatory system are directly



—Monkmeyer

"By its attitude and actions, the administration is magnifying the present jeopardy to an important American enterprise that holds the key to the future health of the nation."

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manipulated for repair and correction of diseased or anomalous parts, are possible today only because dedicated scientists spent years in the laboratory diligently working on the heart-lung machine, synthetic prostheses, and related concepts. The remarkable electronic medical devices, such as the cardiac pacemaker, and the wide range of monitoring equipment, which enhances the reliability of diagnosis and the efficacy of treatment, are all products of medical research and technology. The news media notwithstanding, a new life-saving operation, machine, or drug is not discovered overnight. Rather, these techniques and devices usually represent decades of zealous, unspectacular scientific inquiry.

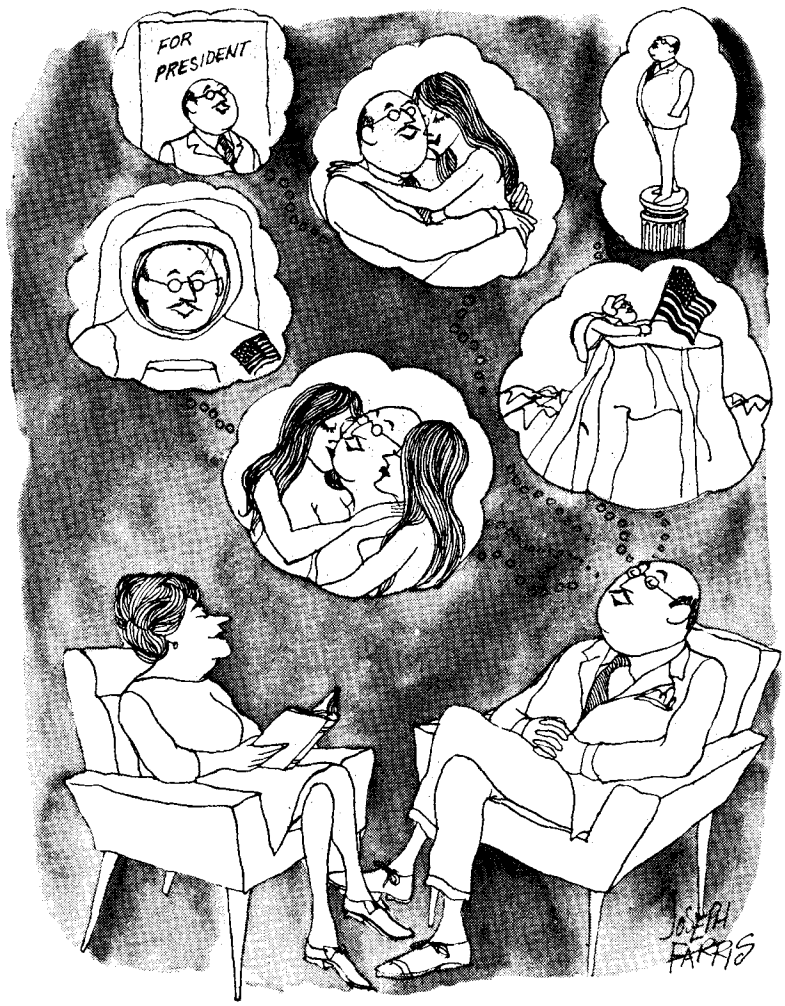
The achievements of medical research are too numerous—and too well known—to recount here, but they include, in addition to the spectacular discoveries, a better understanding of sundry disease processes, which in turn has led to more efficient patient care. Provocative studies in genetics, molecular biology, virology, immunology, and biochemistry, and probings into the still obscure mechanisms of the human mind and body are providing vital information that will one day be applied to the treatment and, ultimately, the prevention of human defects and diseases.

Because medical education, research, and patient care are intimately interlinked, robbing Peter to pay Paul will not do the job at hand. A few months ago the administration budgeted $100-million for a crash program in cancer research, over and above the budget for the National Cancer Institute for 1972. This special sum was actually less than the amount recommended by the National Panel of Consultants on the Conquest of Cancer for the *first year* alone. In making this allocation, the administration failed to heed the panel's specific admonition: "It is of utmost importance that the financing of this program not result in cutbacks in other health programs." During the past few years, the entire federal medical research effort has been cut back disastrously. To help regain lost ground and to allot to medical research an adequate percentage of the health dollar, we should indeed consider *doubling* the present budget of the National Institutes of Health, rather than reduce it.

Despite the sound recommendation of the cancer consultants, the administration sliced heavily into the budgets of other institutes, presumably to pay for the crash program in cancer. It did not provide new funds to fight cancer —it merely *reshuffled* existing medical-research funds. The administration's overall budgetary reduction for medical research and the Regional Medical Programs for heart disease, cancer, and stroke for fiscal year 1972 was about $75-million. If cost-of-living increases are added to this sum, the reduction would amount to about $100-million—the same amount by which the budget for cancer research is being increased. At today's prices, the administration's fiscal 1972 research-support budget was $232-million less than that which supported the fiscal 1969 level of research activity. Fortunately, Congress, recognizing the serious threat of such a budget to the entire research and health enterprise, has insisted on increasing it; for example, the budget for the Regional Medical Programs was increased to $103-million. However, that figure is still $8-million below the 1971 funding.

The level of research activity has been substantially eroded by inflation. The cost of research increases by at least 6 per cent per year, without any expansion at all in activities; yet the proposed budget made no allowance for such inevitable increases. Grants requested for new research of known merit were cut by almost $10-million and those for the general research support program by more than $11-million. The budget for training grants and fellowships was slashed by $37-million below that of the fiscal year 1971 Congressional level. Programs of key institutes were also cut sharply below 1971 Congressional levels; as a result, laboratories in medical schools, hospitals, and research institutes all over the country have been faced with closure, and the brilliant young graduates, who represent the hope for tomorrow's cures, have been forced to abandon careers in research. The loss to society will reverberate through many generations.

Anyone with simple human feelings knows how important it is that we find a cure for cancer. Yet, ironically, the current emphasis on cancer research at the expense of other needy health budgets does little to advance the total research cause. Going all-out on cancer is in many ways counter-productive, since research is far from ideal when conducted in isolation and is most prolific when a broad spectrum of mutually reinforcing scientific activities flourishes. Certainly it seems unwise to transfer funds to cancer research from research in stroke—one of the leading causes of death—and from the Regional Medical Programs, which are dedicated to the delivery of the latest products of research to the bedside of



"A penny for your thoughts."

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the patient. Yet the budget for Neurological Diseases and Stroke was reduced by the administration. Fortunately, Congress again insisted that this budget be increased.

All Americans would rejoice if a cure for cancer, the second leading cause of death in America, were found or, better yet, if a method of preventing the disease were discovered. Unquestionably, the recommended effort to search vigorously for the cause of this hideous disease is highly commendable. But we also need, now more than ever, to push forward in our studies of heart disease, which are beginning to show promising clues to underlying mechanisms. And yet the administration's budget of $195.4-million for the National Heart and Lung Institute was at the same level as the appropriation for fiscal 1971. The budget therefore did not accommodate for a cost-of-living increase; it would not even have allowed the maintenance of the present level of research activity. Moreover, $5-million of it was earmarked for new research in sickle-cell anemia. Once again, Congress wisely increased this item in the budget to $232-million.

The curtailment of research in any health field is difficult to justify, but it is especially puzzling in the field of heart disease, since this is *the* leading cause of death in America. Heart disease accounts for more than one million deaths annually—more than half of all deaths—many during the most productive years of life. Every ninety seconds someone — a relative, coworker, friend, or acquaintance—dies needlessly from heart disease. With adequate support for research in this field, it is entirely possible that we could extend the lives of fifty million Americans who are currently doomed to die prematurely from heart disease. About 1.4 million Americans have already had one or more heart attacks, and each year more than 125,000 people below the age of sixty-five die of heart attacks. Each year, too, people below the age of sixty-five waste 141 million days because of cardiovascular and pulmonary illness, and those sixty-five and above waste an additional 110 million days. The resultant loss to the national economy is staggering.

These figures, along with a review of the advances made during the past decade in prevention and treatment of heart disease, make it difficult to understand or justify what amounts to an actual reduction in support of research and training in cardiovascular disease. Risk factors for premature heart attacks have been identified and documented, and this information is now ready to be disseminated to the population at large. Although we have not yet discovered cures for many of the underlying disorders, we are now able to correct surgically certain congenital malformations of the heart and to relieve some forms of acquired heart disease by coronary arterial surgery. We have also developed pacemakers, artificial heart valves, prosthetic vascular grafts, and cardiac assistors, which, along with such new drugs as the anti-hypertensive agents, and better methods of treatment for cardiogenic shock, have increased not only the *length* but also the *quality* of life for patients with heart disease. The thousands of patients alive and productive today—who would have been dead a number of years ago but for the products of cardiovascular research—testify to the *practical* dividends from this investment.

"Who put the buttermilk in the Water Pik?"

Just as ill-advised as the curtailment of funds for research is any reduction in support of medical education and training, especially in light of our current serious deficit in health manpower. The education of more and better-trained doctors, nurses, and other allied health professionals will obviously cost money. Yet, both fellowships and training grants for graduate level training are suffering serious cuts from 1970 to 1972. Some 440 *fewer* researchers and physicians of advanced training will be available at the end of 1972 than would have been available had the fellowship funding remained at the 1970 level. Nor is the decrease in fellowship support offset by an increase in support available through training grants to specialty teachers; rather the reduction is substantial here too.

All those involved in the operation of a medical school, both professional and lay persons, are acutely aware of the ever-escalating costs of training well-qualified medical practitioners, much of which can be attributed to general inflation. Almost every medical school in the country is dependent on alumni support, not only to build new facilities and equip them suitably but to establish what, in the best judgment available, is thought to be a balanced portfolio of stocks and bonds. As we all know, such portfolios have not provided capital gains or reasonable dividends during the past several years. It will take some time, even if the economy recovers with miraculous speed, for these investments once again to

(Continued on page 69)

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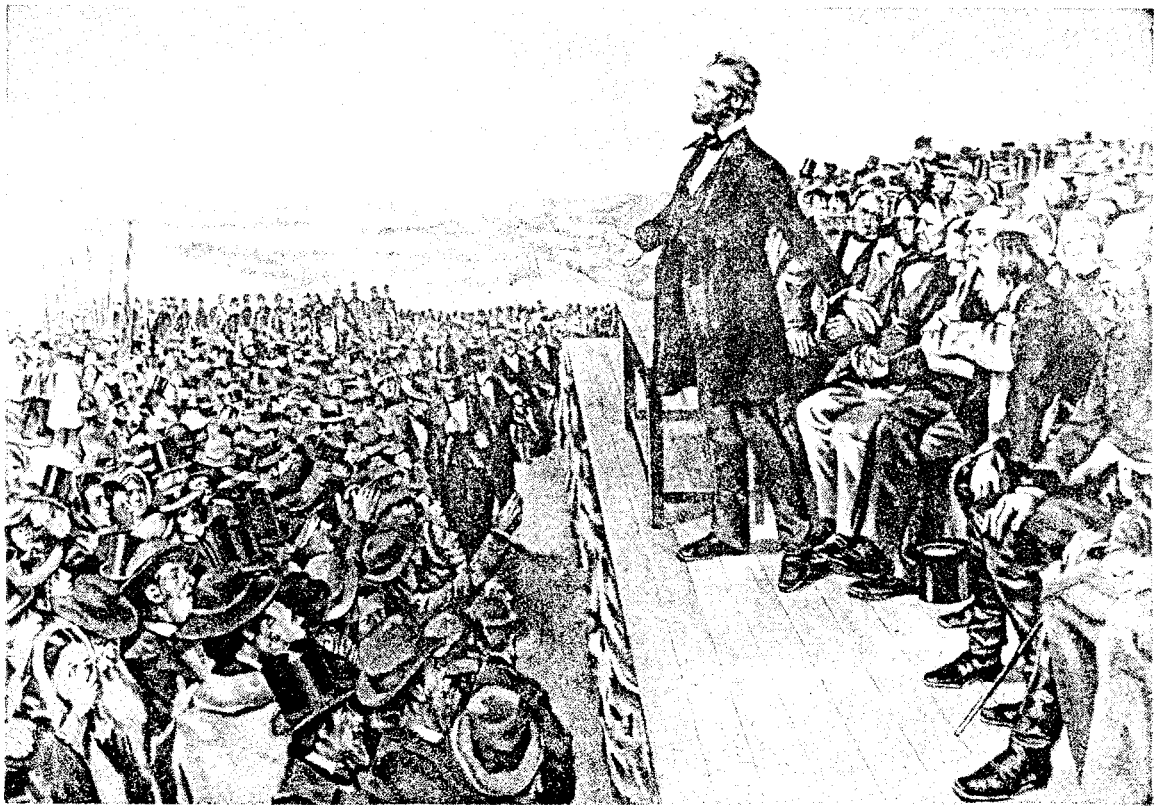

—Bettmann Archive

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here . . ."

The Language of Statesmen

by LOUIS J. HALLE

If we have in our minds a sharper distinction between poetry and prose than exists in fact, it is because we are misled by the difference between the appearance on paper of what is presented as the one and what as the other. At its best, prose has always verged on poetry, and in our own day especially, what is presented as poetry may be utterly prosaic. A composition that appears as prose may, in fact, represent poetry better than another that appears as poetry. No one questions that the following is poetry, although cast in the typographic form of prose:

> Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. . . .

If, then, we rid our minds of a categorical distinction based on superficial form only, we are in a position to resolve a common paradox pertaining to the language of statesmanship.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is not notable for the substance of what is said in it, which is commonplace. Why, then, should it rank among the greatest utterances of statesmanship? Why should it remain unforgettable when utterances of other American Presidents, far richer in content, have been quickly forgotten? The answer is that, like the Twenty-third Psalm, it is a poem.

To appreciate this, one must read the Address aloud, even if soundlessly, as an actor reads Shakespeare to himself. The Twenty-third Psalm and the Gettysburg Address are poems not so much on account of any images they contain as on account of their music: their rhythms, their beat, the echo of their phrases, the symmetry of passages that rise, each from the level of its beginning only to return to it again, as a passage in music takes flight from the keynote only to conclude, like a bird, by coming to rest on it again.

The theme of the Address is dedication, the dedication of a national cemetery, and the word "dedicate" is repeated like an incantation, gaining in power and meaning at each repetition.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." This has equilibrium as well as rhythm, for it is statement and response.

The large rhythm of the phrases in the Twenty-third Psalm tends to be triple:

> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
> He leadeth me beside the still waters.
> He restoreth my soul.

And again:

> Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
> Thou anointest my head with oil.
> My cup runneth over.

The second set of diminishing phrases echoes the first. In the Gettysburg Address the rhythm is primarily duple, secondarily triple, the two rhythms setting each other off, as in so much of Bach's music.

Certainly Lincoln was not consciously practicing the principles of poetics when he composed what he re-

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LOUIS J. HALLE is professor of international relations at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva. His latest book, *Ideological Imagination*, will be published next month by Quadrangle.

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ferred to as "a few appropriate remarks." Presumably, because his mind had been formed so largely on the King James Bible, his language fell into certain rhythms naturally. So one who does nothing but read sonnets will at last find himself speaking, naturally and unconsciously, in iambic pentameters.

Evidence of this tendency can be found in Lincoln's private letters, which have, in greater or lesser degree, the same elements of poetry as his public utterances. His letter of August 22, 1862, to Horace Greeley is an example. After its opening statement ("I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York 'Tribune.'"), it goes on:

> If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

The rest of the letter (which at one point falls into a rhyme in keeping with the context) has the same rhythmical quality, the same beat. The style was the man, and therefore it was consistent throughout his writings.

Here is Walter Pater's famous description of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*:

> She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants: and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.

William Butler Yeats, in his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, presents this as a poem, having broken it up into lines of varying length for the purpose.

The question arises whether the elements of poetry to which I have drawn attention have any fundamental importance, whether they are more than the mere ornamentation of language, the serious purpose of which is not to produce pleasant sounds but to say something.

Would it not be extraordinary if the judgment of the centuries on what constituted great utterance had consistently gone to mere ornament? Would it not be extraordinary if this judgment were wrong in preferring the Gettysburg Address, as empty of substance as it is, to the forgotten address of February 22, 1947, in which Secretary of State Marshall, aware that the United States faced one of the greatest crises in world history, summoned the American people to adopt a higher standpoint and a more magnanimous attitude than in the past, and on that basis at last to shoulder their world-wide responsibilities—but summoned them to do this in language that would hardly have served for an argument in favor of raising the postman's salary? Surely such judgment is not wrong, and poetry is not something that is merely added to the substance of language like the icing on a cake.

Having argued that what passes for prose may be poetry, I am tempted to make the further argument that language itself is poetry. At least there is a sense in which it is. Again I go to music for an analogy. The difference between noise, on the one hand, and musical tone, on the other, is that the former represents chaos and the latter order. Noise represents chaos because there is no regularity in the frequency of its vibrations, while musical tone represents order because its vibrations are rhythmical, occurring at fixed intervals. Language is logic, and logic, too, represents order as opposed to chaos. So language as logic is related to sound as music. Each is confined by rule, whether the rule of fixed intervals or the rule of logical sequence.

My premise is that all mankind in its present condition, its evolution uncompleted, is suspended between the aboriginal chaos, above which it has risen some way, and a higher order of which it still perceives only glimmers. Each one of us, at least with part of his being, aspires to the higher order and is drawn to it. Therefore, when we organize ourselves into societies, it is not only for the sake of greater physical security and economic advantage; it is also for the sake of realizing a nobler life than is possible for wild animals rooting in the woods. The Athenians of the fifth century B.C. did not give their devotion to Athens merely because it sheltered them behind a stone wall and allowed them to make a living. They did so as well—indeed they did so primarily—because it represented the order epitomized in the Parthenon, in the statues of Phidias, and in the religious dramas performed at the foot of the Acropolis. Certainly the patriotism that caused Americans to break with the England of George III was based on the vision of a higher life that seemed already on the way to realization in our new national society.

If this is so, then political leadership is failing in its role if it confines itself to the problems of physical security and the economy. Abraham Lincoln, even while exercising the leadership of one side in a civil war that was being fought with savage partisanship, rose above the partisanship to the vision of a national union, embracing both sides alike, that had to redeem a sordid past, the guilt of which both shared, and thereby to attain a state of grace. All this he made explicit, while the war was still being fought, in the poem that we know as his Second Inaugural Address. With little change, parts of it might be included among the Psalms.

In the present stage of our development, I say, we men are uneasily suspended between a sordid chaos and the sublime order of which we have intimations. It is the function of poets —as of painters, sculptors, and musicians—to catch these intimations and enshrine them for us in the forms of language or of the graphic arts. This is also the function of political leadership at the highest level, a function that can be discharged only in what an early poet called "wingéd words."

The elements of a higher order, enshrined in language by our greatest leaders, are not represented only by such attitudes as those of compassion and magnanimity that we may think of as constituting the content of the Second Inaugural Address. They are also represented by the rhythmic forms into which inspired language falls, by the shapes its phrases take, and by the harmony of its sounds. At the highest level, then, as perhaps at the lowest too, thought and language are inseparable. The greatest political leadership has always expressed itself in poetry—under whatever guise. That is why the Gettysburg Address, while saying so little, still says so much.

"The greatest political leadership has always expressed itself in poetry—under whatever guise."

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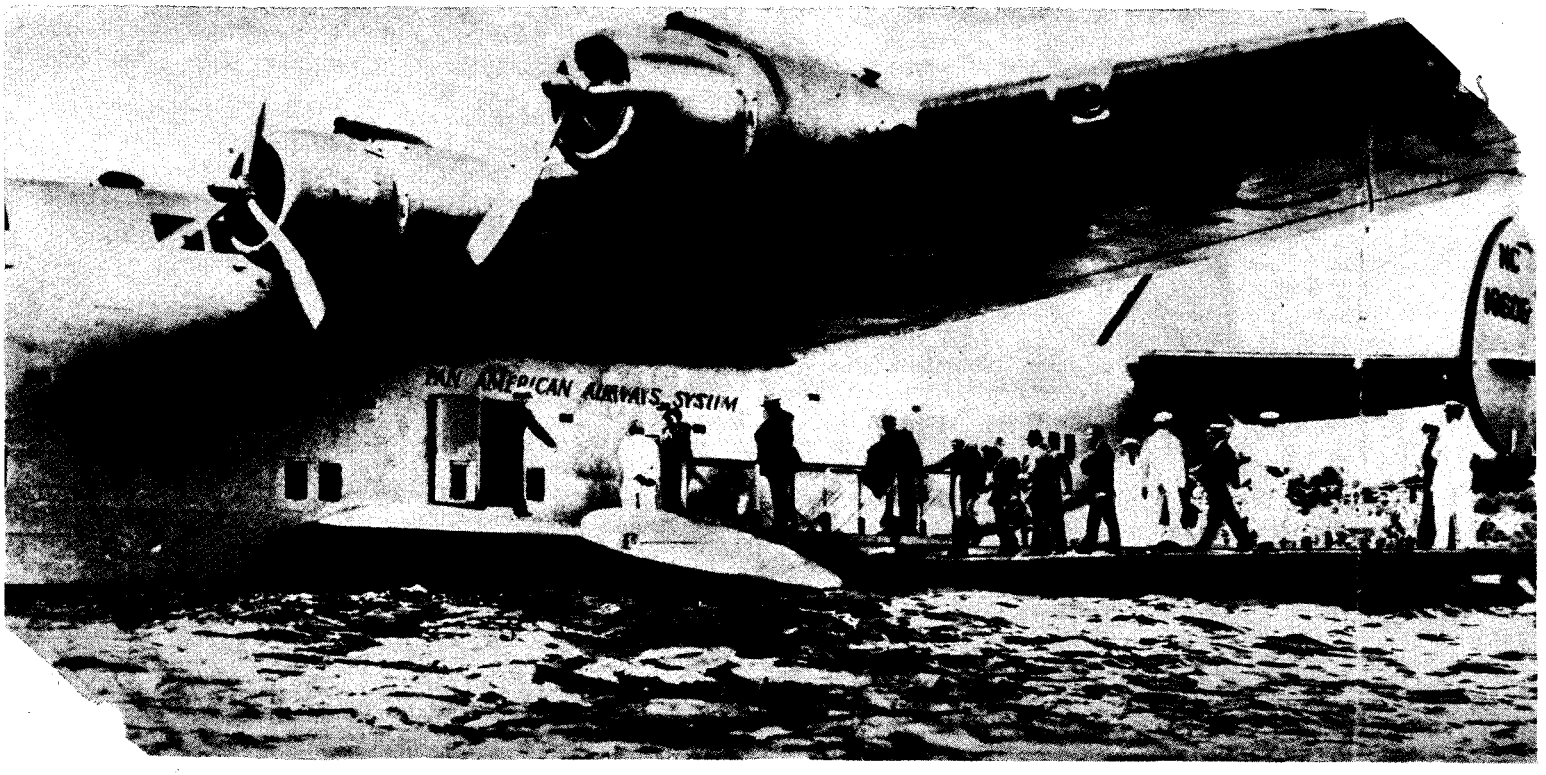
Why other to us for flying



June 28, 1939. The Pan Am Dixie Clipper about to depart on the first commercial passenger flight ever to cross the North Atlantic. In addition to opening the Atlantic and Europe, Pan Am opened the Caribbean in '29; South America in '30; the Pacific in '35; Africa in '41; and then, in 1947, tied it all together with the first passenger flight ever to circle the globe. As our routes became longer our aircraft had to become better. So in 1928 we started having planes built to our own specifications. And nearly every major aircraft since then, including today's 747, has been built to standards laid down by us, and introduced to world service by us.

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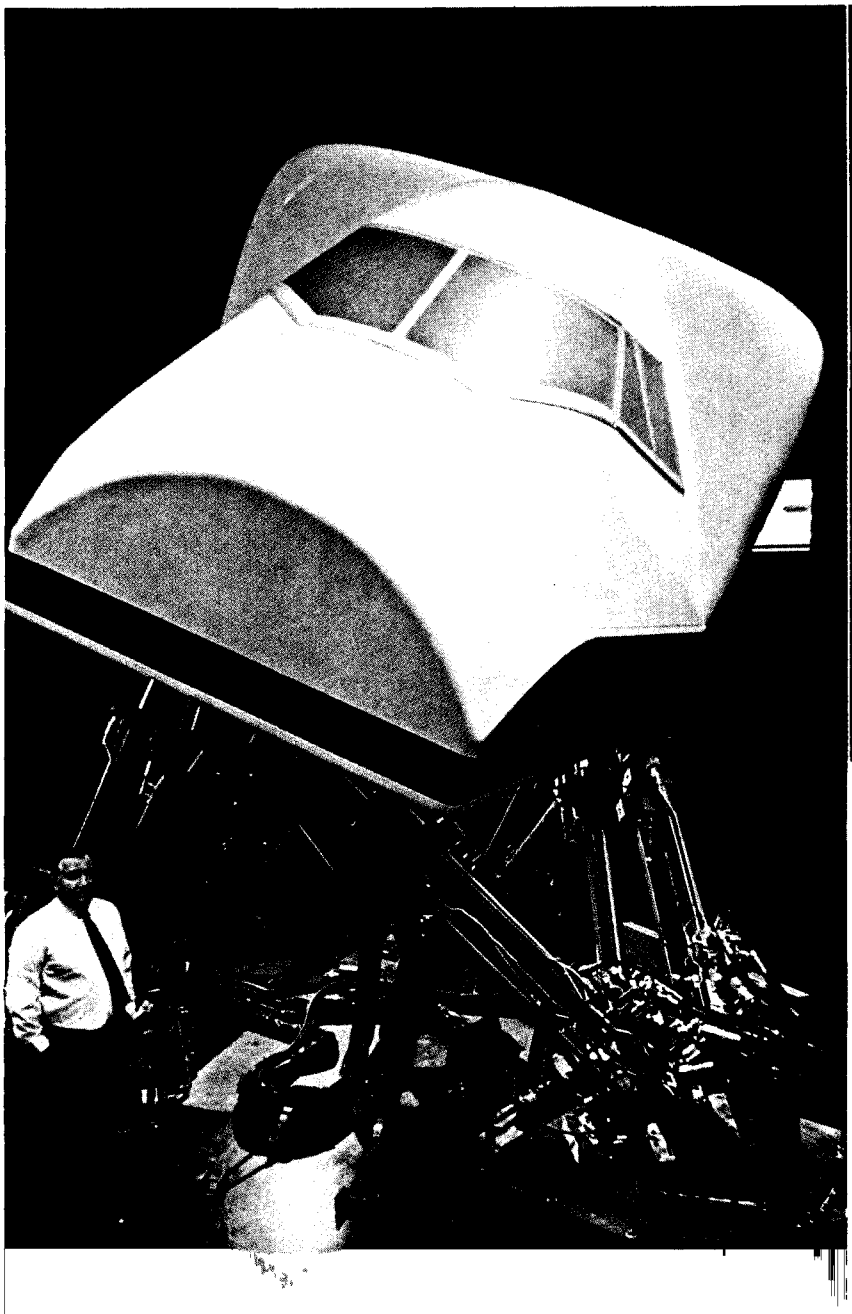

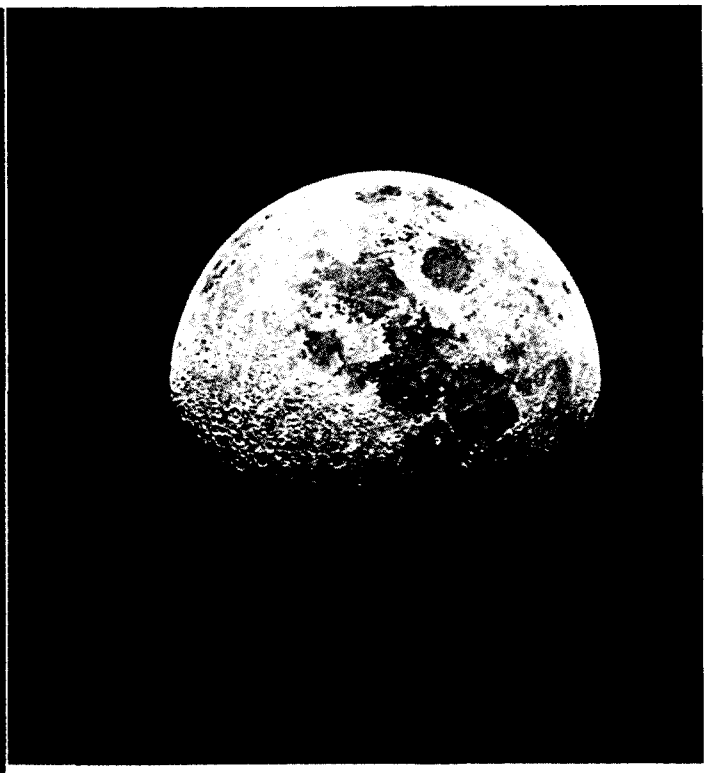

During the late 1920's and early '30's Pan Am developed and perfected instrument flying, made over-ocean radio workable, and originated aviation's first long range weather forecasting system. This gave the airplane its ability to roam the world. And since space appears to be man's next destination we're developing the technology for that too. Nearly 4,000 Pan Am people are now devoting their full energies to the space program at Cape Kennedy and the Eastern Test Range. We've been involved in the Mercury and Gemini manned space programs and all the Apollo moon missions. And to date, some 88,000 people have requested space on our own first moon flight. Even though it's still a ways off. Of course, you may never look forward to going to the moon yourself. But on the other hand you may look forward to traveling here on earth with an airline that *does* know how to go to the moon.

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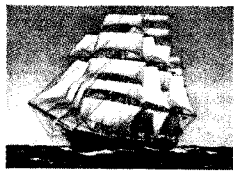
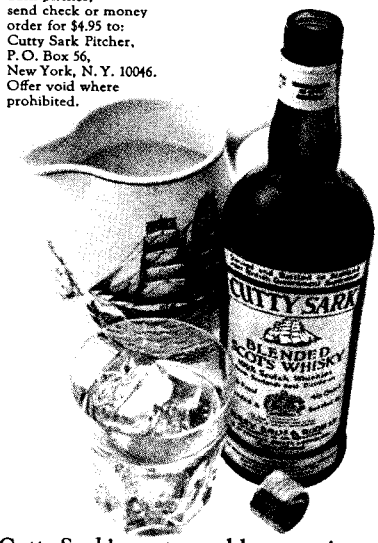


For exact replica of antique 3-pint "Liverpool" Cutty Sark pitcher, send check or money order for $4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P.O. Box 56, New York, N.Y. 10046. Offer void where prohibited.

Tam O'Shanter, the superstitious farmer in Robert Burns' poem, saw a coven of witches dancing in a graveyard one night. Dazzled by the antics of one of them – and by the brevity of her short skirt (in Scots dialect, a cutty sark) – he cried: "Weel done, Cutty Sark," and started a chase that was nearly the end of him. The witch Nannie, his beautiful pursuer, became *Cutty Sark's* figurehead. Her skirt gave *Cutty* her name.

The "canny wee mon," Capt. John Willis: Ship's Master, *Cutty's* owner, and, like most Scots, devoted student of Robert Burns. He made a fortune from *Cutty Sark*. He loved her as none of his other ships. But he sold her the moment he saw the steamships cut her profits.



***Cutty Sark's* century-old reputation** is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste…and the character only Cutty Sark can offer. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

A Husband's Undoing

WHEN ROBERT ANDERSON'S *Solitaire/Double Solitaire* premiered at New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre last January, *Double Solitaire* was performed before *Solitaire*, and, as a result, the evening may have had a somewhat different impact than it does on Broadway, where the order is reversed. For *Double Solitaire* deals with the insoluble problems of marriage, and *Solitaire* demonstrates how terrible it might be to live in a world without marriage.

Of the two, *Double Solitaire* is the more convincing. It is conceived as a series of conversations in which each of seven characters has his or her say about coming to terms with the impossible institution. At first glance the play seems to be an innocuous family portrait—good people living the good life and unaware of the demon they may release by the simple sentimental gesture of reaffirming their marriage vows at an anniversary party.

The older generation is represented by Mr. and Mrs. Potter, who have worked at finding "grounds for marriage" instead of grounds for divorce. They have put survival ahead of their personal dissatisfactions. But when Mr. Potter casually comments that his wife lacks "the light touch," we see in a flash the horror in a lifetime of putting up with such a deficiency.

As an alternative to the anniversary-happy Potters, the playwright gives us a middle-aged divorcée who merrily and logically fills her life with running a shop and regularly dating a different married man each night of the week. She has discovered that every man has enough of interest happen to him in a week to fill one evening's conversation. "I much prefer to be a visitor in a person's life," she states. "I get treated with much more consideration."

But the play's central character is the Potters' forty-three-year-old son, Charley. Charley knows that he needs marriage, but the prospect of reaffirming his vows has set off in him a wave of introspection about the superficiality of his life and his lack of passionate concern for anything. The temporary antidote to this blandness is sex, which makes him feel intimate and connected for a while.

Charley discusses his dilemma with his swinging married friend, George, who has accepted the fact that their generation is transitional, and that marriage will soon become obsolete. George tells Charley, "The women are saying they're fed up with it. The men will finally get honest and say they don't like it. The kids won't have it."

One of the kids who won't have it is Charley's teen-aged son, Peter, who is living with a girl with the understanding that they stay together only as long as they find genuine love and joy in their relationship. If there comes a time when they do not, they'll simply split. Charley reminds his son, "Rocks split, wood splits, but people tear, and usually rather painfully." Nevertheless, he wishes Peter success.

However, all of these conversations are preparatory to the play's ultimate dramatic confrontation. Driven by his romantic need to recapture the happiness he remembers from the early years of his marriage, Charley takes his wife, Barbara, to a deserted beach. The mood and atmosphere evoke in him a fresh amorousness, but Barbara rejects him. In doing so, she reveals that every time they make love she feels like a whore with a stranger who "suddenly tries to prove he's in love with me."

The truest ending of the play would be a divorce, or a companionate marriage, with Barbara telling Charley, "For Christ's sake, be a good sport! This happens to everyone. Settle! Don't always be considering the alternatives. I envy you your longing to be in love, intensely, adoringly. I don't seem to feel that need. It makes me feel ridiculous, grotesque." Yet, because the playwright knows that in life we do not arrive at such tidy endings, the play continues on to an uneasy reconciliation of the unhappy couple.

Since all the performers had to be drawn from the Long Wharf Theatre company, the casting is not ideal. But the Long Wharf company is a superior one, and some of the performances are excellent. John Cromwell manages to be most amusing as marriage's elder statesman whose scorn for his swinging bachelor brother turns to transparent envy when he grits his teeth and says, "*Something* will happen to him. It's *got* to!" And Joyce Ebert brings a beautifully controlled emotional fullness to the role of Barbara. Richard Venture's portrayal of Charley is believable and thoughtful, but doesn't always combat the dangers of monotony and fuzziness that threaten the play.

Similarly, director Arvin Brown has wrought a naturalistic and amiable production that too rarely finds the tragic recognitions that underlie the play's rational dialogue. Kert Lundell's impersonal gray-and-silver setting placed right behind the actors provides a constant and boring distraction and defies the all-important creation of mood.

These production deficiencies are unfortunate, for *Double Solitaire* contains Robert Anderson's best writing to date and is, I suspect, a better play than the Broadway version makes it seem.

Since *Solitaire* is played as the curtain-raiser, we cannot help but interpret it as a play not so much about marriage as about Anderson's clever invention of what computerized, impersonal life will be like about thirty years hence. The first part of the action takes place in a Servocell, a kind of motel room that customers can occupy for only twenty-four hours, after which time an alarm sounds that gives the occupant five minutes to vacate before the automatic cleaning system goes into operation. All services are provided by tape recordings and by push buttons labeled with representative symbols, "and by legends for those older people who still read."

Because in Anderson's speculation the world will be overpopulated, Servocell occupants are urged to consider the comfortable possibility of voluntary self-disposal. An impersonal voice sells this commodity by reassuring the occupant that it is accomplished in three stages and that the elector of the service may have an unlimited supply of the otherwise rigidly rationed alcohol and drugs and will be permitted to change his mind anytime before he pushes the final button. When he does push the final button, he must take a death pill and lie down on the cot so that his body can be automatically whisked away for cremation.

The difficulty in all this is that our interest is commanded almost entirely by the new wrinkles Anderson is able to fabricate for us, and we care hardly at all about the play's protagonist, a lonely widower desperate for the satisfactions of even the unhappy married life he had before the institution of marriage was abolished by the system.

To put the focus back on the protagonist's despair, where it must be if *Solitaire* is to achieve its deeper purpose, would require either a great actor whose emotional voltage would transcend his surroundings or a playwright and director who would collaborate on creating many more moments of varied and significant *response to* the stream of frustrations offered by a supertechnologized society. Then the play's final moment, in which the victim is unable to go through with the self-disposal but finds that the system has even allowed for this possibility, could have been a marvelously tragicomic absurdity.

As it stands, *Solitaire* not only fails in its intentions but also leaves the audience in a cold mood for *Double Solitaire*.

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Attica and Mr. Agnew

Vice President Spiro Agnew is appalled and indignant because some editorial writers have expressed as much shock and revulsion over the killing of prisoners as over the killing of guards in the Attica prison massacre. Mr. Agnew says he cannot understand why some people fail to make a distinction between the worth of a guard and the worth of a prisoner.

"To compare," he says, "the loss of life by those who violate society's law with the loss of life by those whose job it is to uphold it represents not simply an assault on human sensibility but an insult to reason."

We accept Mr. Agnew's call to reason. He is the second highest official of the United States government. At any moment he could become the highest. It is reasonable to expect, whether he is Number One or Number Two, that he should understand and uphold the underlying ideas and principles of the government he serves. No idea or principle is more basic to that government than that the value of a man's life transcends his pedigree or pigmentation or politics or personality or property. Nor is any notion more alien in such a society than that some men have the right to kick other men around because their power to do so is sanctioned by qualitative standards.

Mr. Agnew evokes the specter of Adolf Hitler to make the point that whole societies can become uncivilized when "a cloak of respectability is provided thugs and criminals." The Vice President was right in pointing to Hitler, but he has missed the essential message. The relevant point about Hitler is that Nazism was tied to the idea that the lives of some men are worth less than those of other men, and that the head of a state not only has the right to make such distinctions but has the instant authority to decide who shall live or die. The Nazis acted like thugs and criminals not because they enjoyed "a cloak of respectability" —they didn't give a damn for respectability—but because they had the mentality of thugs and criminals. And nothing was more singular or dangerous in that mentality than its full-blown assumptions of superiority.

If Mr. Agnew is looking for historical analogies to juxtapose against Hitlerism, he could do no better than to read the text of the debates that took place in Philadelphia between 1787 and 1789. It is doubtful whether the nature of human values and the political requirements for sustaining them were ever more thoroughly discussed or understood by any constituted body of men. These men would have no hesitation in declaring that the fact that a man has become a prisoner does not mean that he has ceased to be a human being. Nor does it mean, they would hold, that how he is treated is no longer the concern of free men, or that considerations of justice or compassion no longer apply.

One reason the Founding Fathers were not contemptuous of prisoners was that America was settled by so many of them. Even people in high station today tend to forget there was a time when America was the Siberia of Great Britain, being used as the dumping ground for all sorts of undesirables, defectives, and chronic law-breakers. In the environment of a new world, these human discards were able to experience the reality of regeneration. Their children were free of legislated stigma; they grew up as free citizens who were energized by the attainability of their hopes. In later years, they were joined by millions of other harried and longing people, all the way from Norway to Greece, many of whom fled from the concept that their lives were not as important as those of some of their fellow countrymen. If a law were passed today requiring that an identifying armband be worn by every American whose immigrant ancestors felt unwanted and unequal in their homelands, a large number of distinguished arms would be included in the company, not excepting men in the highest posts in government.

Yes, Mr. Agnew, the life of a prisoner is just as precious in American traditions as the life of a guard or an editorial writer or a Vice President of the United States. The fact that an iron gate closes behind a man doesn't relieve the rest of us of all feelings of decency or concern. What about the relatives of prisoners? Can Mr. Agnew accept the fact that these families may experience love and devotion for a man in jail? Or that they will continue to hope for his rehabilitation, as well as for his decent treatment? Do they have any claim on the sympathy and reasonable attention of society? Or are they, too, to be regarded as of lesser worth than the families of law-abiding and law-enforcing citizens?

Mr. Agnew believes prisoners should not be coddled. Again, he is addressing himself to the wrong question. The question is not whether prisoners should be coddled but whether the American people have ever thought through the purposes and practices of criminal punishment. Is the purpose of a prison to rehabilitate a man or to lock him into a penal outlook so that he will never free himself from a life of crime? Can society reduce crime by herding men together in an atmosphere saturated with crime? Can we reduce crime by refusing in many cases to reincorporate ex-convicts into the productive life of the country, pushing them back into a life of crime for which they have been well-schooled while in jail?

The message of Attica is that we have turned our backs on a whole array of grave national problems—all the way from what happens when a young man is jailed for selling dope to a breakdown situation in a state prison when men with guns are ordered to fire upon rioters. There is no reason in riots, or in the use of guns to quell them, or in irresponsible disregard of the causes, or in unfeeling pronouncements by public officials. The bullets of Attica are still flying. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Rational Perspective

N. C.'s editorial "Amchitka and Tribalism" [*SR*, Sept. 25] raises a question: What part of the U. S. government is it that plans to detonate underground or nuclear bombs of devastating size?

When we conceived the idea of electing people to operate our machinery of government, most all of us could comprehend its mechanics. Until fairly recently, we knew enough to know its use and abuse. The leisurely tempo of events enabled our elected officials to discover and know the people's temper. Government "by the people" had some basis in fact.

So technically complex has government become that 95 per cent is over the head of the average citizen. We spend more than $400-million annually in studies and reports of research agencies, think tanks, commissions, committees so profuse and complicated that, in the words of Senator Walter Mondale, "it is worth about four cents when it is all done because nobody looks at it."

The battering taken by such words as "ecology," "pollution," "Vietnamization," and "generation gap," among scores of others, has blunted into numbness their basic significance. As a consequence, the impact on us and very likely on members of Congress and the Executive of "a nuclear bomb with the equivalent force of five million tons of TNT—a bomb 250 times more powerful than the explosive dropped on Hiroshima" is that of a pop pistol.

The CIA, the Pentagon, and the 7,000 other agencies and departments acting in the name of the U.S.A. are all too frequently at well-documented cross-purposes.

A bill, S-2309, recently introduced by Senator George McGovern states: "There must be a source of ready, reliable information on social issues to which both the Executive and the Congress shall have access. But information alone is inadequate without responsible, sophisticated analyses of public response to these issues and the effects of such actions."

In the words of Senator Javits: "There is a need for an overview, for some sort of coordinating mechanism that would consider all of the alternatives and options open to us. At present, each item considered by the Congress is viewed almost in isolation from every other."

N. C.'s editorial properly calls for "rational existence" based on "a world consciousness and a world design." There is required first a similar matrix on a national level. With our priorities sorted out and weighted, the enormity of our nuclear madness will be more rationally revealed and comprehended.

OSCAR H. STEINER,
Cleveland, O.

Storytelling It Like It Is?

RE: Malcolm Cowley's "Storytelling's Tarnished Image" [*SR*, Sept. 25]. I could not agree more with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Cowley in this article, but I have to confess a disagreement with the conclusions he reaches. The method of special presentation in fiction antiquated? Temporality and sequence more expressive of and appropriate for the modern experience? To be sure, our times, viewed from the perspective of number and frequency of events, are not static by any stretch of the imagination, but this is not to the point. Temporality, it may be, has been abandoned in modern fiction, not in spite of, but because of, the dominant religio-cultural experience of the day. Though the Existentialists are now passé, the faith that animated their thought and their writing is still very much alive. God is dead, and the world is meaningless, that is, absurd.

Now, some minimal notion of transcendence is presupposed in the traditional conception of plot as having a beginning, middle, and end. To have a beginning presupposes some insight into purpose, and to have an end demands some conception of goal. That is, beginning and end in fiction, as in all other systems of meaning, operate in such a manner as to force us out of an otherwise static presence toward that which presupposes it and that which lies beyond it, transcends it. If, however, the world is experienced as absurd, its sheer absurdity negates any such sequence. The artist, by the very nature of things, is circumscribed by and within the present, which, having lost this dynamic of intentionality, loses its quality as time. The present becomes converted into space.

The anti-story, dislike it though I do, may well be the appropriate fiction of our period.

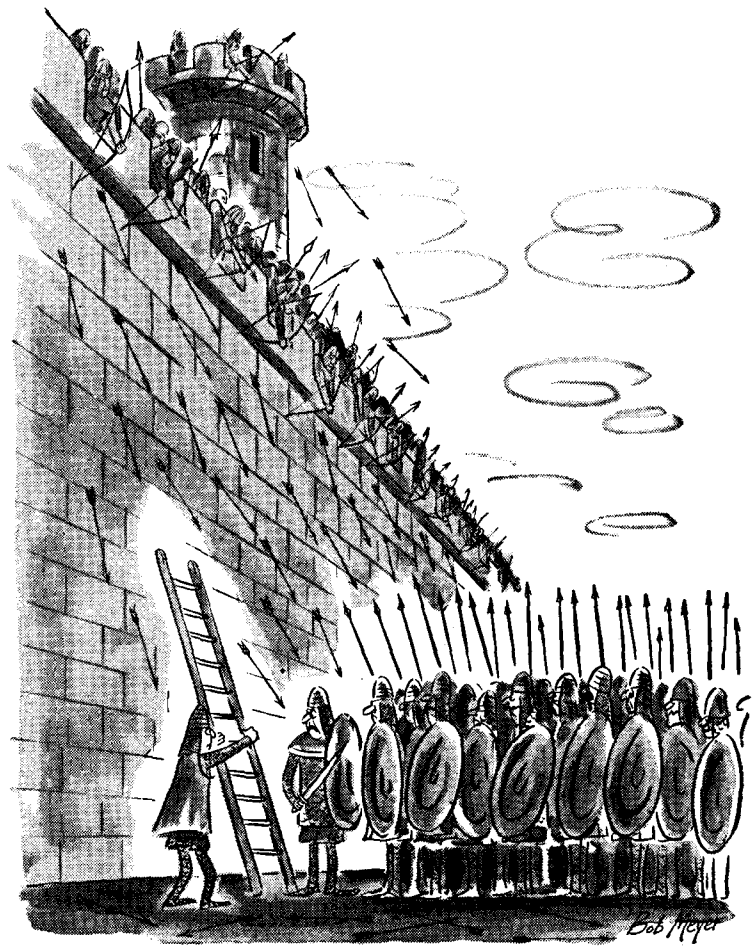
THOMAS E. HELM,
Oak Park, Ill.

Demythification

WHAT A BORE to have to write to a forward-looking magazine such as *SR* to complain about "woman-driver" cartoons, one of which, by cartoonist Al Ross, appeared in the August 14 issue. Since *SR* has published so many excellent articles on timely and controversial subjects, including the feminist movement, it seems incredible that a magazine of *SR*'s quality would be guilty of perpetuating the "woman-driver" myth.

Insurance company statistics reveal that the most menacing driver on the highways is *under 25* and *male*. I suggest that the driver image in future cartoons be changed to conform with these facts, and that *SR* cease lending its support to the very tiresome "woman-driver" myth.

DOROTHY LOCKARD OLAECHEA,
Media Committee,
National Organization for Women,
Alameda, Calif.



"If I said it once, I said it a thousand times. Bring the extension ladder, bring the extension ladder."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Boulez, Uptown and Down; "Freischütz" at the Met

TIME AND PLACE were vitally involved in the activities of Pierre Boulez as the Philharmonic's new music director completed his first, brief fall stint and was off for engagements arranged prior to his appointment. For the subscription audiences in Lincoln Center, Boulez offered a version of Liszt's *The Legend of St. Elizabeth* cut to the measure of a customary concert, including an intermission. For an ad hoc audience in the Public Theater on downtown Lafayette Street, Boulez presided over the first in a series of informal "Encounters," which involved new works of Mario Davidovsky and Charles Wuorinén. As an interpreter of Liszt, Boulez achieved results that were devoted, but debatable; as presiding officer over a session that ran from shortly after 7 p.m. to nearly midnight, he was inimitable.

The oratorio, written when Liszt was in transition from hedonist to Abbé (1862-65), was well prepared and beautifully performed by the orchestra and Camerata Singers as well as by the carefully matched vocal quartet of Maralin Niska, Betty Allen, Donald Gramm, and Donald McIntyre. *St. Elizabeth*, as it is commonly known, has a good deal of beautiful music in it and some that is commonplace. But the totality of each was difficult to determine from the version Boulez offered. It omitted, from the orchestral score of 310 pages, nearly 100. Some of these were pages that Liszt considered expendable, such as the March ending Section 1, which has an alternate ending should the conductor decide to bypass the March.

But the other sixty-five or so pages of cuts came in contexts that excised a chorus here, a solo section for Elizabeth there, a dialogue in which both participate at another point. Boulez has made much of his plan for programing such "neglected" works as *St. Elizabeth* to document the great importance of Liszt in the evolution of nineteenth-century music. The point of the exercise was rather blunted by screening out enough content to leave this listener, at least, in doubt as to just what *St. Elizabeth* amounts to.

Pretty, attractive, and innovative as it occasionally is, *St. Elizabeth* hardly furthers the extraordinary strides Liszt had made in the prior decade, especially in the harmonic thinking that had transformed Wagner. Concerned with the same Elizabeth Wagner had celebrated in *Tannhäuser* (though with another, quite different legend of her saintliness), *St. Elizabeth* is, in fact, a rather non-progressive work. Between 1855 and 1865, it was Wagner who was making the giant progress that encompassed *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, half of *Siegfried*, and all of *Tristan*—the last, of course, the most revolutionary work of the second half of the century. Doubtless, there will be other, more graphic instances of Liszt's importance in the weeks and months to come; to this taste *St. Elizabeth* embodies more pomp than circumstance.

On the following evening, Boulez flexed his intellectual muscles to cast a spell of involvement over as many participants as could be accommodated in a vaulted gallery of the once Astor Library, now the People's Theater. The first in a series of "Prospective Encounters" designed to bring the "Philharmonique" out of uptown isolation to mingle with those to whom Lincoln Center may have snobbish connotations, it was a total, unqualified success. Some of those in the four hundred or so who crowded the bleachers on both ends of the rectangular room, or sat on the floor around the platform that occupied its central area, had paid scalpers' prices (the established charge for the event supported by funds from the National Endowment for the Arts was $2.50). They, too, got their money's worth.

Clearly, the predominantly youthful audience found Boulez a practicing musician in whose leadership they have trust and confidence. The projected plan for introductory remarks, performance, and discussion (plus repetition) suited the Davidovsky Synchronisms No. 6 for Piano and Electronic Sounds better than it did Wuorinén's *The Politics of Harmony* for a simple, if perverse, reason. Davidovsky's combination of live and recorded sounds profited from having someone to speak for it, whereas Wuorinén's work speaks for itself.

Deputizing for Davidovsky (who suffered the supreme indignity of laming himself while moving a piece of electronic equipment during the preceding day's dress rehearsal) was Paul Jacobs, who performed the "live" part. He proved as adept in verbal exposition of the work's schematic structure—embodying exposition, exegesis, and summation—as he was in accommodating his personal pianistic pulse to the inflexible *Diktat* of the taped sounds. If nothing else, Synchronisms No. 6 validated Davidovsky's premise—broadly speaking—that non-musical sounds, derived from generators and coils, can cohabit productively with such a tempered instrument as the piano. All that is required is a Bach to impart temperament to both.

Wuorinén's *Politics of Harmony* is a cleverly crafted work that can be enjoyed on several levels, always the index of an uncommon creation. Superficially, it is a combination of sound and mime that expounds, with art and imagination, an ancient Chinese tale (or so Wuorinén vouches). It concerns a duke of one area who pays a ceremonial visit to a duke of another area and regales him with a seductive song he has heard on the way. The first strain causes the host's elderly music master to forbid the rest, as it has an evil import. But, in exercise of "excessive pride and bad judgment" (the composer's phrase), the host commands that it be played through. A storm arises, the walls tremble, the roof falls in, and the prideful monarch is crushed while the seductive song maker and the visiting duke make their escape. But if one interpreted the title *(Politics of Harmony)* in the context of such a satire as Rimsky's *Coq d'Or*, one could readily read into Richard Monaco's text a parable of America's involvement in Vietnam, the refusal of its leaders to recognize portents of danger, the "excessive pride and bad judgment" that have caused them to press on against all sage counsel to the contrary.

What makes Wuorinén's effort timeless rather than temporal was the artistry with which it was accomplished. The work itself has such obvious attributes of enjoyment and communication that a verbal dialogue was hardly required, and I departed without waiting for it. I found much in it, tonally, that carried the 1914 Stravinsky of *Le Rossignol* half a century further into the future, through the use of extremes of range in strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion instruments requiring about twenty players. The mime values were expertly fulfilled under the direction of Paul J. Curtis, director of The American Mime Theatre, within an economical, colorful setting by Irving Groupp. Indeed, with its trio of singing voices (admirably provided by Valarie Lamoree, alto; Jack Litten, tenor; and Harris Poor, bass) and its compact instrumental ensemble, *The Politics of Harmony* could be readily absorbed into the repertory of the Ballet Theatre, or a similar company. As a first experience, the success of the work owed much to the peerless exposition of Boulez and a group of Philharmonic virtuosi ranging from concertmaster

(Continued on page 94)

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E. M. FORSTER
From Snobbery to Love

by A. ALVAREZ

MAURICE

by E. M. Forster

Norton, 256 pp., $6.95

ALBERGO EMPEDOCLE AND OTHER WRITINGS

by E. M. Forster
edited by George H. Thomson

Liveright, 285 pp., $7.95

E. M. Forster belongs to that strange company of artists who flourished brilliantly when young and then lapsed into silence, as though the Muse had abruptly departed, leaving no forwarding address.

A psychoanalyst, Elliott Jaques, has linked this terrible onset of sterility with a universal experience which he calls "the mid-life crisis," a long period of hopelessness and confusion that often occurs at some point in the thirties or forties and marks the transition from youth to middle age. At the eye of this emotional storm is the fact of one's own death. The realization that it is inevitable and no longer far off casts a hard, unflattering light over one's previous life; what once seemed like solid achievement now looks as boring and witless at last week's newspaper. The only hope is a change of heart. Thus Gauguin and Conrad washed their hands of their earlier careers and turned to the arts. Others fall silent. Still others, like Wordsworth, find they have nothing left to say and dribble endlessly on, trying to recapture the inspiration of their youth. A few of the greatest artists—Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven—seem to negotiate this crisis and break through into new dimensions, at once tragic and yet somehow serene, as though their creative powers were enriched by an acceptance of death.

In the career of E. M. Forster this pattern is marked and explicit. By 1910, when he was only thirty-one, he had already published four of the five novels on which his large reputation rests. By 1914, he had completed the first draft of his masterpiece, *A Passage to India*. But he got stuck on the problem of how to handle the crucial expedition to the Marabar Caves, and then World War I intervened. It took him ten years and another visit to India to finish the novel. After that there were books of stories, criticism, essays and travel, and two biographies, but no more novels. *A Passage* was published in 1924; he died in 1970, ninety-one years old, revered, famous, much loved by all who knew him, and the recipient of the highest honors the British Establishment can bestow, the Order of Merit and Companion of Honor.

As a novelist Forster was the last great defender of liberal faith. Perhaps this is why he took so long to finish *A Passage* and wrote no more novels after it. Those ten years he spent brooding on the book correspond squarely to that period of upheaval and revaluation which Professor Jaques calls "the mid-life crisis." They also included the unspeakable years 1914-18, when all the values in which he most fervently believed went smash. No wonder he had such difficulty in describing the experience of the Marabar Caves, for what happened there was, in effect, a confrontation with nothingness, with the indifference of death:

> The echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur, "Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and

A. ALVAREZ is the author of *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of literary essays. His study of suicide among writers, *The Savage God*, will be published next spring.

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so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value." If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—"ou-boum". . . . Suddenly, at the edge of her mind, Religion appeared, poor little talkative Christianity, and she knew that all its divine words from "Let there be Light" to "It is finished" only amounted to "boum." Then she was terrified over an area larger than usual . . .

So muses the gentle and enlightened Mrs. Moore, who is soon to die, and she has all the eloquent weight of the author behind her. The English decencies Forster had so hopefully celebrated in *Howards End*, displaced into an alien world, got their distorting answer: *Boum, ou-boum*, nihilism and death. Since Forster, having private means, was never forced to write for a living, it may be that his long silence was not so much a question of sterility as of artistic choice. However reluctantly, he had passed judgment on the only creative world he could inhabit: *boum*.

Forster wrote often about India, and almost invariably he wrote well. Even in *Albergo Empedocle and Other Writings*—a collection mostly of trivia the author never bothered to have reprinted in book form during his lifetime—the pieces about India, though slight, are more detailed and subtle than almost anything else. Perhaps part of the place's attraction for him was its difference, a total strangeness that both magnified and reversed his own experience of England. In his day the British Raj still flourished in India—snobbish, narrow, insensitive, irredeemably English middle-class and conventional—while all around swarmed an ancient and highly sophisticated civilization. Whatever the political power of the Anglo-Indians, culturally they were outsiders, their pieties precarious and more than a little ridiculous. In England, on the other hand, their dull conventions were not to be denied, and it was Forster who felt himself to be the outsider. That never hindered him from pointing out, in his mild but penetrating way, how limited and limiting were bourgeois values. Without doubt they made too stony a soil for the rich life he admired. But at home the contrast between the established and the true was less obvious than in India, and he had only his minority convictions to support him: the belief in culture, and the unanswerable truth of the emotions, and also, although he took pains not to mention the subject, his homosexuality.

It now turns out that Forster prepared himself for *A Passage* by writing a novel about homosexuality, then the most touchy of subjects. In 1913, three

—drawing from life by Don Bachardy

E. M. Forster—"as a novelist . . . the last great defender of liberal faith."

years after *Howards End* appeared, he visited Edward Carpenter, the weird Edwardian guru in tweed knickerbockers and Indian sandals who lived on a Derbyshire farm, where he divided his time between hoeing turnips, writing Whitmanesque verse, and churning out essays on art, homosexuality, socialism, and Hindu mysticism. He was known locally as "the Noble Savage" and, according to the latest theory, his ideas profoundly influenced a young writer who lived nearby, D. H. Lawrence. However much Carpenter looks to us like one of those cranks whose vast contemporary reputation later seems simply incomprehensible—an Edwardian equivalent of, say, R. D. Laing—he was undoubtedly courageous: despite the prejudices of his time, and his own eminently proper Victorian background, he lived openly with another man and wrote openly about it.

Forster approached him, he says in a "Terminal Note" to *Maurice*, "as one approaches a savior. It must have been on my second or third visit to the shrine that the spark was kindled and he and his comrade George Merrill combined to make a profound impression on me and to touch a creative spring. George Merrill also touched my backside—gently and just above the buttocks. I believe he touched most people's. The sensation was unusual and I still remember it, as I remember the position of a long vanished tooth. It was as much psychological as physical. It seemed to go straight through the small of my back into my ideas, without involving my thoughts. . . . I then returned to Harrogate, where my mother was taking a cure, and immediately began to write *Maurice*. No other of my books has started off in this way. The general plan, the three characters, the happy ending for two of them, all rushed into my pen. And the whole thing went through without a hitch. It was finished in 1914."

For the novel to have arisen so swiftly and so cleanly it must, in a way, have been waiting for years, needing only some trivial incident to spark it into life. Given this creative urgency and pressure, and considering that Forster was now at the height of his powers as a novelist, the book is curiously disappointing. Yet, in principle, it has every intriguing ingredient. Maurice is handsome, sturdy, unimaginative, rather stupid, the only male in a houseful of adoring women somewhere in the well-heeled suburbs. He goes placidly through the conventional mill—boarding schools, then Cambridge—distinguishing himself only by being expelled for rudeness to a don. But that hardly matters, since a stockbroking job is already prepared for him, to which he commutes daily from his mother's house. All that is lacking is an amiable wife, much like his mother; then children and an early grave, much like his father. Instead, much like Edward Carpenter, he ends by going off to find rural happiness with an assistant gamekeeper.

This extraordinary turnabout is built up to slowly but deftly. From young Maurice's lethargic, incurious mind bubbles of feeling and insight ooze grudgingly: a sudden spell of anger or grief, swiftly suppressed, a violent nightmare, a vague but soothing dream of some yearned for, faceless friend. Shy and still stunningly innocent, Maurice goes up to Cambridge, where he falls under the spell of Clive, also fatherless and mother-infested, but who, wholly unlike Maurice, is frail, academic, talkative, and from a titled county family. Clive, a classicist, has learned more than philosophy from the Greeks. He falls in love with Maurice who, to his own surprise, finds himself responding. There follows a three-year idyll: Cambridge picnics, country-house weekends, evenings in London. All of it is utterly Platonic. The young men occasionally kiss, but mostly they simply talk, talk, talk. Finally, Clive travels to Greece, their spiritual homeland, and discovers that, in his bodiless way, he likes women after all. He breaks with Maurice, leaving the poor man dazed with loneliness and despair. Doctors are consulted, hypnosis tried, but Maurice's tastes remain unchanged. On an uneasy visit to the country estate of the now married Clive, he becomes entangled with Alec Scudder, a gamekeeper like Lady Chatterley's more famous lover, and like him, too, alert, physical, independent, and on the verge of emigrating

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DR. WILLIAM A. NOLEN, author of The Making of a Surgeon, calls this

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from the hidebound Old Country. With Alec, Maurice discovers that there are more things in tenderness than were dreamed of in Clive's bloodless philosophy. Difficulties, complications, and outrage follow, but in the end the men disappear, unrepentant, to make a life together. It is this happy ending which, according to Forster, made the book unpublishable at the time.

Like all of Forster's novels, *Maurice* has its own brand of self-effacing courage and originality; it also handles tactfully what was then an impossibly volatile subject. Why, then, should the book seem now so lightweight, so disappointing? Certainly, the failure has nothing to do with the deviate customs we now take for granted. In an age of *Flesh, Trash, Pork* and Valerie Solanis, Forster's reticence is a shining virtue. Instead, the failure of *Maurice* is a matter of artistic balance and priorities. All through his career Forster's fatal Cleopatra was Cambridge, and here, although he finally turns on her in the person of Clive, her seductions are inescapable. Page after page is devoted to the high-minded maundering, the coltish high feeling and playfulness of the two "young gentlemen" lovers, all of which is somehow justified and rendered spiritual by the beauty of the place, by the faintly spurious air of high civilization emanating from the architecture, the river, the fields:

> Furious he stood on the bridge in a night that resembled the first—drizzly with faint stars. . . . Then savage, reckless, drenched with the rain, he saw in the first glimmer of dawn the window of Durham's room, and his heart leapt alive and shook him to pieces. It cried "You love and are loved." He looked round the court. It cried "You are strong, he weak and alone," won over his will. Terrified at what he must do, he caught hold of the mullion and sprang.

That is purest melodrama. Perhaps the episode is merely supposed to be a stage on Maurice's slow road to emotional development, but I have the impression that the author himself is in no way fooling. The reader is being asked to palpitate with the hero, just as he is supposed to be engrossed by Clive's naïve philosophizing about the Greeks and death. Long sections of the novel are not so much dated as pallid to the point of anemia.

The truth is, *Maurice* becomes interesting only beyond the halfway point, when the affair with Clive is done with, and Forster turns from the idealization of homosexual love to subjects which seem to concern him far more closely: loneliness and snobbery. Not that there is any sudden switch of subject; all through the book at every moment of illumination, when the style deepens and clarifies, the hero is on his own, trying to penetrate, in his fumbling way, into some kind of self-knowledge, despite the hypocrisies of his tribe. "One cannot write those words too often: Maurice's loneliness." In a sense, the whole novel turns on this: Maurice's slow recognition that his easy upper-middle-class life, with its caution and narrow-minded assurance, is a worthless sham and his clubby, stockbroking routine is, in its special way, an insidious form of damnation; that he feels for his mother only a qualified contempt, and for his sisters only irritation; that his wealthy clients are, in fact, cringing and trapped, and the family doctor who is the family sage is a blustering ignoramus—all these are insights gained by his loneliness and contribute to it. At the heart of the novel, in short, is the perception that to be a shy, feeling, and, in all other ways, conventional person, who happens to be attracted only to his own sex, is to be a pariah and is to be forced into an isolation made all the more incomprehensible by one's otherwise normal, stolid virtues. The alternative was the giggling exhibitionism of a monster like Lytton Strachey—who appears, according to the author, as "Risley." But that was never Forster's style, and he still had novels to write before he could devote his life to Cambridge, where they order these matters more humanely.

As for class, snobbery had always scandalized him; in *Maurice* the barbs are planted carefully and from the start. Even the servants join in:

> The Howells were not offended, though they pretended to be so to one another. They had been servants all their lives, and liked a gentleman to be a snob. "He has quite a way with him already," they told the cook. "More like his father."

Later, when Maurice, to his shame, has gone to bed with the gamekeeper and, to his horror, enjoyed it, the man sends him a letter:

> He put the letter into the pocket of his dinner-jacket, where it tugged unread, while he played cards, and heard how the chauffeur had given notice; one didn't know what servants were coming to: to his suggestion that servants might be flesh and blood like ourselves his aunt opposed a loud "They aren't."

Wrong, says the whole novel; they are. And to prove it Forster makes Alec Scudder, the butcher's son, a far more subtle, strong, and unpredictable character than the beloved but high-flown Clive.

Maurice arrives at the understanding that servants are flesh and blood like ourselves only against the grain of his upbringing and wholly through his homosexuality. His sexual deviation undercuts all the intricate, ironbound social distinctions of his time and kind. At first, he himself is horrified: "The feeling that can impel a gentleman towards a person of lower class stands self-condemned." But gradually sensuality is transformed into love, and Alec's truth grows until he overshadows them all. In the end, it is left

"Maybe if you'd just talk to the boy, Lord Chesterfield."

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to Clive, now a squire and budding politician, but somehow shrunken and spinsterish despite his marriage, to turn on Maurice not for his queerness but for treason to his class. In other words, Maurice's crime is like Lady Chatterley's, less sexual than social.

For Forster, the next step was to betray his kind even more radically by coming out against colonialism and racial prejudice. In doing so, he produced his masterpiece. But by 1924, when *A Passage* finally appeared, the old prejudices no longer seemed so secure. In order to have written a book of similar stature about homosexuality before the First World War, Forster would have needed genius of a range and order he never, in his modesty, aspired to. Even Proust handled the subject obliquely and with a very long spoon, while Lawrence suppressed his notorious preface to the ironically titled *Women in Love*. Had Forster published *Maurice* when it was written the book would, however, have seemed strange and brave, even outrageous. It would probably have made his life—doomed to run so placidly—impossible. So he suppressed it. Now the novel comes too late and seems too much a period piece, with its outdated manners, class attitudes, and sad, bright undergraduate chatter.

But suppression, of course, lasts only as long as the author, provided the work is not destroyed. As the *Albergo Empedocle* collection [to be issued by Liveright November 11] shows, it is the fate of major writers to have everything published sooner or later, down to the last remorseful jot of college whimsy. Hence the flimsy reviews, the embarrassing fragments of "Cambridge Humor"—the last of them written, incredibly enough, two years after *Howards End*. Forster had already sifted the gold for his own selections of essays; what is left is not worth much. But the Indian pieces are good; there is an interesting essay on inspiration, and some straightforward, wholly uncondescending lectures to the Working Men's College. I wish the editor had told us where each piece was first published.

Even in the ephemera of *Albergo Empedocle,* the tone of Forster is unmistakable: his decency and tolerance, his subtle but unshowy intelligence. It is a world apart from the shrieking and exclusiveness and back scratching of his Bloomsbury friends. Being more modest, he had none of their unspeakable self-congratulation. Being more gifted, he has lasted. There is also his reticence, which is somehow at the core of his talent, and which made it impossible for him ever to write a great novel about sexuality—of whatever kind and however passionately the subject gripped him.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

How Emily Would Have Felt

ALL EMILY DICKINSON fans must surely be grateful to *SR* and Albert Rothenberg for his splendid essay, "The Flesh and Blood Face on the Commemorative Stamp" [*SR*, Sept. 11]. Mr. Rothenberg beautifully debunks the debunkers. In imagining how Emily herself would have felt about all of this, I guessed as follows (with one of her most familiar quatrains as a starter):

"My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me."

Alive, I published seven poems;
Now that I've long been dead
Men psychoanalyze my soul,
Dissecting all I said.

A modern John Evangelist
(No gospel scribe is he!)
Suggests I slyly plagiarized
E.B.'s "Aurora Leigh."

Such posthumous publicity
But gives my shade a cramp!
How droll that Immortality
Unveils me on a stamp!

Now folk who never read my verse
Will scan my form and face;
And I, a hermit stay-at-home,
Shall post from place to place.

PAUL G. JACKSON,
Mayville, N.Y.

"Institutionalized Literature"

I WAS DELIGHTED to see the cover of my magazine, *The Smith*, pictured in *SR* Sept. 18 and further amused to read the caption: "an institutionalized outlet for an institutionalized literature." The issue selected bears the notice "Declaration of Independence 1970." The magazine is sometimes called "the enemy of civilization." Of course, it is not "institutionalized" in any sense, nor are *December* and *Quartet*, two other magazines chosen to illustrate John W. Aldridge's article, "The Writer's Demotion to Solid Citizen Status." I doubt if many of the contributors to our magazines would be considered solid citizens by *SR* readers. The other two magazines depicted are indeed institutional but of limited relevance, as *Southwest Review* is simply an ably edited regional journal and *Meanjin Quarterly* is Australian and devoted to Australia.

The magazines which would have been appropriate, if less interesting, as illustration include *Poetry*, and *Kenyon* (recently defunct), *Sewanee* and *Southern Review*, which the critic actually mentions in his article, as well as such magazines as *Partisan*, *Hudson* and *Massachusetts Review*, which are in fact institutional outlets for a predictable lot of literary fashions. Not only is it true, as Aldridge observes, that much of the writing seems composed by a computer, but the magazines themselves seem to have interchangeable parts: if one put the contents of *Partisan* between *Hudson* or *Massachusetts Review* covers, who would notice the difference?

HARRY SMITH,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Meanjin Quarterly also publishes American writers.*

HAVE THE *SR* editors ever read *The Smith*? Has John Aldridge? Neither seems aware that, during the past decade, a number of lively, independent literary magazines have emerged in which can be found probably the best American poetry being written today. It is not the kind of poetry one finds in *Southwest Review*, *Partisan Review* or, indeed, in *Saturday Review*. The *SR* editors and Mr. Aldridge are the Solid Citizens, not the editors of the littles.

STANLEY NELSON,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CUMULATIVE FORCE of John Aldridge's paragraphs will be to make readers let their subscriptions to little magazines expire, and not even think about new subscriptions to new magazines. And that will be a loss to the American literary scene. If everyone else who is annoyed with Mr. Aldridge would retaliate by ordering subscriptions to several little magazines, a renaissance of American letters in the Seventies might yet take place!

ELVA MCALLASTER,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

ALDRIDGE'S INDIGNATION might better be aimed not at the writers who are illuminating middle-class life in some very fine stories, but at publications which have locked their doors on the submission of other fine stories that deserve to see print.

BEATRICE LEVIN,
Houston, Tex.

Mr. Onan's Crime

ANNA BALAKIAN SNEERS at Violette Leduc's "intermittent onanism" [*SR*, Sept. 18]. Besides her prudery, directed also against exhibitionism and "Lesbian fugues," Balakian exhibits ignorance about masturbation. It is not properly named "onanism," since Mr. Onan's crime was contraception by means of coitus interruptus (he refused to impregnate his widowed sister-in-law, though morally obligated to do so). Such "spilling of the seed" cannot be charged against masturbators in general, nor Leduc in particular.

J. J. F. POLAND,
Pleasanton, Calif.

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ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN: The Story of Their Relationship Based on Eleanor Roosevelt's Private Papers

by Joseph P. Lash

Norton, 765 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ Franklin Roosevelt's romantic interlude during the long, hot summer of 1917 probably changed the course of history. Joseph P. Lash, one of Eleanor's friends, advances that claim in his painstaking unraveling of the century's most enigmatic partnership.

Yet the degree of Franklin's infidelity remains a mystery and, according to the author, is not important. What counts is the effect of her husband's defection on Eleanor Roosevelt, whose emergence as a force in national affairs Lash dates from her painful knowledge of rejection.

Lash's absorbing book, the first based on Mrs. Roosevelt's papers, thus counters Arthur Schlesinger's diminution of the Lucy Mercer episode, which the New Deal historian dismissed in 1966 as "a touching and innocent story." More than that, Lash provides raw material for future melodramas even though Eleanor left no written record of her sunset at Campobello. Because his key revelation is based on Eleanor's spoken confidences, Lash will scarcely end the controversy about FDR's intermezzo, which began surfacing about 1950. Yet there was a climactic scene, Lash maintains in lines borrowed from nineteenth-century theater. "Her worst fears were confirmed," he writes of Eleanor's crisis. "Her world seemed to break into pieces."

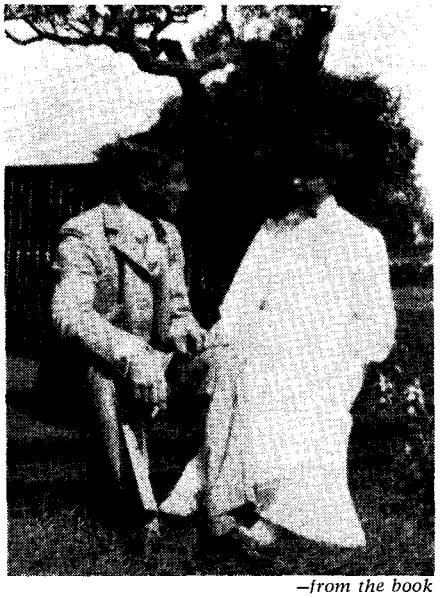
This breaking point came in the fall of 1918 when Franklin returned from Europe with double pneumonia. His devoted wife, then thirty-three, took care of his mail and discovered Lucy's letters. "The thought tortured Eleanor . . . that she was being discarded for a younger, prettier, gayer woman. . . ." Facing Franklin with the evidence, Lash says, she offered him freedom if he could accept "what the consequences might be for the children."

Consequences to himself were, it seemed, what the thirty-six-year-old Secretary of Navy could not face. His mother, whose subsidies formed an important adjunct to his income then and later, threatened "to cut him off," and his political coach, Louis Howe, presumably prophesied disaster. In Eleanor's mind, the last threat was decisive for Franklin, Lash observes, although Lucy's religion also forbade divorce. Politely but strongly, Lash denies a version reported by Jonathan Daniels (in *Washington Quadrille*) which showed Eleanor unwilling to step aside.

Whatever his motive, Franklin's retreat proved too little and too late for Eleanor. Franklin's love was "the anchor" for her self-respect, and now that was cut. "I can forgive but I cannot forget," Lash quotes her as saying later. Her face in a 1919 photo appeared "ravaged and severe, purged of all softness," while the next few years were marred by "self-reproach and depreciation." As late as 1932, "the wound . . . was still open," and even after FDR's death she alluded to her disillusion.

For better or for worse, however, Eleanor was liberated by her discovery. By 1919, she was "venturing into new fields," convinced that "she could not achieve fulfillment through someone else." First she sat in for Franklin at an industrial conference while he, still the ready sportsman and playboy, went hunting. She entertained leaders of an International Congress of Working Women, and in 1920 could report that her mother-in-law's elitist views made her "want to turn Bolshevik." That fall, nearly twelve months before Franklin's polio attack, Louis Howe recognized her "good judgment, remarkable vitality and organizational gifts" by discussing ideas with her. Franklin, then a candidate for Vice President, reputedly preferred poker to speech conferences.

Thus began the metamorphosis of Anna Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt from "private into public person," which is the real subject of this double biography. It is a far more subtle drama than the rather trite triangle which forced Eleanor's growth. Appropriately, too, since the author was once Mrs. Roosevelt's protégé, his book constitutes the last stage of her liberation, for, despite pounds of previous eulogy, no other biographer has paid her the very real compliment of extended critical analysis.



—from the book

Franklin and Eleanor in 1904—a "carefully arranged relationship."

In a preface, Schlesinger affirms that she was "even more remarkable than we had supposed" and aptly cuts through a veil of idolatry by calling her "a tough old bird who saw earth as well as stars." Lash, who is incapable of such phrasing, provides ample evidence for the judgment. Eleanor's influence on FDR, although incalculable, was clearly enormous from his junior year at Harvard until his death. When she minimized her role, it was part humility but also part strategy, for Franklin disliked women "who think they are as good as he is." After his death, however, she replaced her earlier, static image of "listening post" with the more dynamic one of "spur" to explain their relationship. A more malicious metaphor defined Franklin as "one part mush and three parts Eleanor." Exaggerated though that is, he did serve her purposes even as she served his. This interplay of need sustained their partnership against the odds upped by Lucy Mercer.

For odds there were, from birth. Adjured in infancy to be "truthful, loyal, brave" by a parent who was none of those, Eleanor dutifully obeyed for life, while hating the excesses that destroyed her father. Two alcoholic uncles and a brother confirmed her fear of idle pleasure. Inheriting a temperament for extremes, she simply turned it inside out to become ascetic. "Gay escapades" that Franklin enjoyed made her sulk or scold. "Sex was an ordeal," and outdoor sports exposed her awkwardness. Eventually she frowned not only on drink but on savory food as well, until the Chief Executive's impotence to command a good dinner became a stock joke in Washington.

More than that, the joke reflected how insensitive Eleanor could be to Franklin's wishes. "It's not what the President wants, but what the President needs," she once said. At the start of her emancipation, though, she "intended to help Franklin in whatever way he asked," for in 1920, wives developed "something of their own" merely as a device to interest husbands. That winter, her own thing included typing lessons and membership in the League of Women Voters. After she joined the state board of the League, Eleanor showed such organizational skill that within a year "the most tangled problems" were turned over to her. As delegate to the League's state and national conventions, she had her own first taste of practical politics.

Franklin's polio in 1921 thus completed rather than initiated Eleanor's transformation. Psychologically, his ill-

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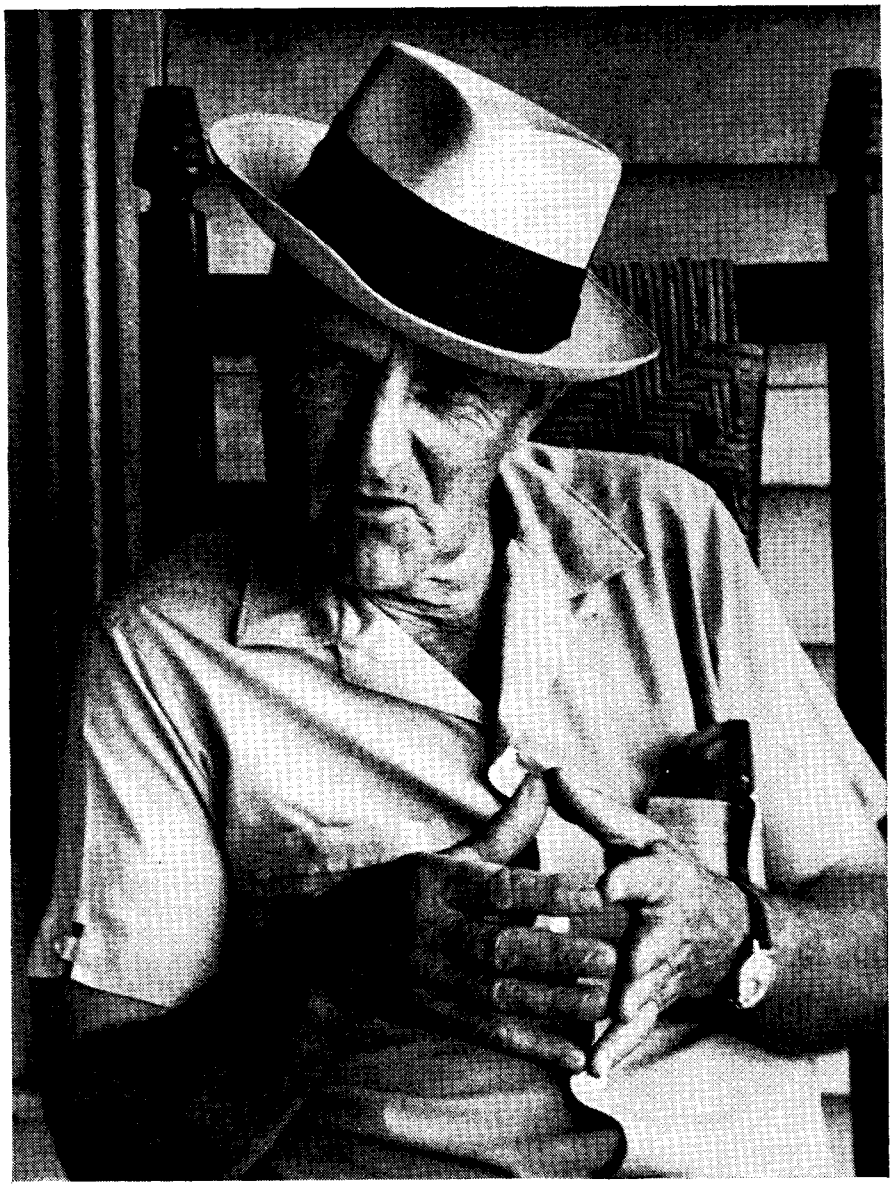
ness probably helped the marriage by making Eleanor's usefulness self-evident. Her "tireless consecration," Franklin's courage, and his mother's interference have become the stuff of legend, but they have not been overstated. Certainly Sara's character was more ruthless than early biographies could admit. Her jealousy of Eleanor was sometimes "startling in its crudity," a cousin observed. Its cruelest aspect was the alienation of Eleanor's children by Sara's shameless bribery. Although still the classic Griselda, Eleanor's patience sometimes snapped. Twice she was "swept by uncontrollable sobbing."

Without Franklin's health to justify her enlarged scope, Eleanor might conceivably have remained what she described as "a colorless echo," but Lash's unbiased accounting discredits that theory. "Every whit as strong-willed as her husband, and with a clearer sense of direction," she soon duplicated her success among the Women Voters at the Democratic State Committee, where "the honesty and vigor of her opinions" were backed by hard work.

Similarly, her new friendships with suffragettes and labor leaders from a lower social stratum symbolized defiance of Sara's taboos. Frances Perkins, one of Eleanor's protégés, later credited Franklin's grasp of union goals and tactics to his wife's proletarian friends. Eleanor's appointment to the policy committee for the Bok Peace Prize in 1923 was recognition of her talent; it also helped Franklin "crystallize his thinking on international cooperation."

Her ideological shift to more aggressive feminism reflected her personal growth. In 1918, when women's suffrage became law in New York, Eleanor did not vote. At the Democratic state convention in 1924, however, she led women delegates against "male monopolization of power." When she presented a resolution there, *The New York Times* singled her out as a "capable politician." Cordell Hull, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, took note and asked her to head a national subcommittee. Her speech seconding the renomination of Al Smith for Governor in 1924 was a state convention high point.

Meanwhile, that complex, ambivalent, "carefully arranged" relationship between husband and wife which later puzzled observers was being shaped by what Eleanor saw as "the irony of ironies" in their situation. She felt she had to encourage Franklin's "other interests," which had the effect of keeping them physically apart, because "without them the man would never be satisfied. . . ." Yet this was only partial insight. His schedule included long visits to Florida and Warm Springs,



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—from the book

Mrs. Roosevelt and Fiorello La Guardia—"a virtuoso at making her views known and her influence felt."

where, Lash concedes, Eleanor could never relax because she was content only when doing something useful. Mrs. Roosevelt now had a private cottage at Hyde Park as well as a New York apartment, and was active at both sites with interests such as the Todhunter School in New York and the Val-Kill furniture factory at Hyde Park. Her activities increased the Roosevelts' separations but helped Eleanor to further define her identity.

Obviously, there were elements here of what Eleanor called "unconscious tragedy" when describing another divided marriage. There were also unique opportunities in a world still circumscribed for most women. While campaigning for Democrats, she learned techniques of journalism and the lecture platform which prepared her for yet unthought-of careers as columnist and stateswoman. At the same time, Eleanor's lobbying and picketing for the "advanced goals" of the Joint Legislative Conference educated Franklin in social abuses. She was also credited by the *Herald Tribune* with keeping his name alive. Soon Franklin was invited to put Smith's hat in the Presidential ring a second time and she to co-direct the 1928 national women's campaign.

Even when Franklin was persuaded to run for Governor of New York in the same election year, Eleanor continued her national assignment. In Albany next year, she was "influential in shaping the character of his administration" on several fronts, not least by her insistence that Franklin avoid becoming a puppet for the displaced Al Smith. Albany also developed Eleanor's administrative skill; she ran the executive mansion, Democratic Committee publicity, and several private jobs by "killing two birds with every stone." More important, perhaps, was her role of "ombudsman," which would make her so controversial in the White House. Countless petitioners, large and small, obtained her ear and intervention.

In the landslide victory that returned FDR to Albany in 1930, Mrs. Roosevelt was acknowledged "a very great factor." Thus, when Jim Farley decided to expand her "waffle iron campaign" to the national level, she was the "logical person" to direct it, but had to work without portfolio because her husband was already the Democratic front-runner for the Presidency. In the months before the crucial 1932 convention, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and the *Atlanta Constitution* all noted her political aptitude. By the end of the drive that made Franklin President, "her authority was unprecedented in American politics."

Once on Pennsylvania Avenue, Eleanor's stage for benevolence was enlarged even while her freedom was threatened by traditional restrictions on First Ladies. Her struggles to break old molds may astonish readers under thirty, who take for granted so much that she fought for. To the historian, the multiplication of her roles and influence from this time forward presents almost insuperable problems of order and precedence. Lash attempts to label her many hats by shifting to a topical arrangement. In separate chapters, he considers her lectures, various kinds of writing, Democratic Party activities, and diverse reform projects, her farsighted concern for Negro rights and for youth, her brushes with communism, and her extraordinary wartime travels as ambassador to GI Joe.

If some readers find parts of this narrative tedious, they should in fairness recognize that the fault lies as much in the subject as the biographer. In 1936, Eleanor's first editors complained that while the early sections of her autobiography were moving, later chapters became "superficial and thin," a mere listing of events. This tendency toward diffusion became more marked with the passage of time. Mrs. Roosevelt's anomalous position—more than wife but not quite public official—no doubt prompted her to overextend herself, and the epoch encouraged it, but some inner compulsion must also have betrayed her into indiscriminate action, with a consequent loss of proportion and blurring of self.

Eleanor's involvement in the farm resettlement program illustrates her peculiar blend of vast social vision, small personal philanthropy, and naïve judgment. While she exchanged canning recipes with homesteaders' wives, haggled with administrators over plumbing, and raised funds for a model school, the entire project foundered on "the belated discovery that its soil was not suitable for commercial crops." This experience also highlights a problem that Roosevelt's aides shared with later historians. Badgered Harold Ickes was not the last agency head to wonder whether Eleanor were acting "on the President's behalf or her own." By the second term, Eleanor had become "a virtuoso at making her views known and her influence felt." Rexford Tugwell found it "impossible to say how often and to what extent" she altered government processes.

Ironically, the steady increase in her power paralleled an erosion of intimacy at home. Franklin had always disliked overt aggression in women. His friends felt that she "harried him unduly." As war in Europe turned the President's attention from social welfare, her memos became more insistent. When FDR urged his wife to take a leading role in the new civil defense program, Anna Rosenberg thought Franklin hoped to channel Eleanor's zeal away from himself. After Pearl Harbor shifted her attention to the problems of GIs, General Marshall found it necessary to assign two staff members to handle her complaints.

At Eleanor's urging, Franklin sent her on a goodwill tour of Britain, where the pace of her inspections exhausted Mrs. Winston Churchill, but produced "more understanding of the spirit of the United States" than any previous visit. Subsequent visits to the Pacific and Caribbean earned her equally extravagant praise, even from sceptics like Admiral Halsey.

Yet public triumphs fueled the private failure. During FDR's third term her restless conscience became "more exigent than ever." Franklin's health deteriorated, and doctors prescribed relaxation. Eleanor chafed at restrictions on his company during meals, a

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time she had used to present hand-picked advocates. Anna complained that her mother was giving the President indigestion. Franklin began to use Anna as a shield, lunching and dining with her alone. By now, moreover, the widowed Lucy Rutherfurd was also a dinner guest "when Eleanor was away." Lash offers no estimate of the frequency of her visits. The White House staff tacitly conspired to protect Eleanor "from hurt and humiliation."

What effect, if any, Eleanor had on FDR's health during his last year has not been appraised. Robert Sherwood believed it was her determination which overcame Franklin's resistance to active campaigning for a fourth term, despite his fatigue. At convention time she criticized "pussyfooting" on controversial issues. Immediately after re-election, Harry Hopkins recorded her peremptory counsel to Franklin that he must keep campaign promises regardless of the "overwhelming" nature of the task.

She was, as Sherwood said, the keeper of the President's conscience; as she saw it, this extended to becoming the President's "hair-shirt." Eleanor began one exhortation with "I hate to irritate you," then proceeded to do so with a charge of "poor administration." According to Anna, "Father blew his top" at one intrusion, but Eleanor continued to interrupt his rest periods with bundles of correspondence.

By the fourth term, her nagging had become global. Home from Warm Springs in 1944, Franklin was "in no hurry to see her." In early 1945, he refused to take her to Yalta, substituting Anna. When he returned, Eleanor complained of the disposition of Latvia and Estonia. On the day of his death she planned to transmit Leo Szilard's warning of a nuclear arms race. Even as the phone rang announcing Franklin's stroke, she was preparing to call him on an issue of U.N. trusteeships.

Years later, Eleanor reflected: "He might have been happier with a wife who was completely uncritical. That I was never able to be, and he had to find it in some other people." But the truth was that Eleanor did not believe in personal happiness. That was their joint tragedy, for if Franklin contributed to her asceticism, he reaped part of her bitter harvest.

Inevitably, there are flaws in so ambitious a work on so complex a subject. Louis Howe's role in the triumvirate seems muted. Pruning might have sharpened the New Deal chapters. Occasionally, sources are not absolutely clear although, in general, documentation is sound. Lash's prose is pedestrian at best, and some of his diction may annoy purists.

Nevertheless, the book's achievement far outweighs these peripheral liabilities. For those who came of age during the Roosevelt era, its abundance of detail will evoke an almost insupportable nostalgia. Younger generations impatient with old-fashioned liberalism should find it a helpful bridge to an understanding of their parents.

The author, who balances his frank affection for Eleanor with a fine sense of obligation to history, sums up with a tough question. Who, he asks, rendered Franklin a greater "service of love"—Eleanor, with her criticism, or Lucy and other friends who were "concerned only with making this overburdened man's life as pleasant as possible?"

Who indeed? During long winter nights to come, that debate should enlist some excited voices, opening wide the whole currently troublesome question of woman's place, to say nothing of more ancient ethical disputes on the meaning of virtue. One great merit of this conscientious book is that it provides abundant evidence for all sides, without obtruding any simplistic judgment.

Glendy Culligan, who has observed the Washington scene as a reporter and editor since 1949, covered Eleanor Roosevelt's activities after she left the White House.

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JAPAN'S IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY

by David Bergamini

Morrow, 1,239 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Richard Halloran

■ *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy* is very likely the most provocative book about Japan since the end of the Second World War. It is almost certainly destined to be among the most controversial.

For the last twenty-five years, nearly all Western scholars and journalists who have written about Japan have described the mild and retiring Emperor Hirohito as the pawn of Japanese militarists and ultranationalists in the bitter days of aggression and war from 1931 to 1945. They have seen him as the figurehead who rode the white horse with great reluctance, having been put in the saddle by scheming men to give legitimacy to their plans for conquest. The Emperor, in that view, was forced to acquiesce to imperial tradition, remaining in the role of a ceremonial monarch while others exercised political and military power.

David Bergamini's thesis runs in the opposite direction. He contends, after five years of research in Japan, that "Hirohito, at the very least, was not the passive dupe of history that he had been made out to be." Instead, the author writes, "Hirohito was a formidable war leader: tireless, dedicated . . . clever, and patient. He had inherited from his great-grandfather [the Emperor Komei, who died in 1867] a mission, which was to rid Asia of white men. Since his people were reluctant and backward, he had skillfully manipulated them for twenty years before the war in order to prepare them psychologically and militarily for their task."

Bergamini, who was a staff writer for *Life* magazine for ten years, dates the beginning of the Emperor's responsibility for the war from 1921, when a cabal of Japanese militarists met in Baden-Baden, Germany, under the auspices of then Crown Prince Hirohito's uncle, Prince Higashikuni. They started planning for aggression throughout Asia, plans that led to the takeover of Manchuria in 1931, the invasion of China and the rape of Nanking in 1937, and the devastating, devious attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941. The burden of his research into these events, Bergamini says, brought him to the conclusion that "Hirohito had not only led his nation into war by stamping military orders but, through his coterie, had also intimidated those who opposed him by conniving in bizarre Oriental intrigues, including religious frauds, blackmails, and assassinations."

On the eve of the Pacific war, according to Bergamini, Japanese generals, admirals, diplomats, politicians, businessmen, and court nobles tried to turn the Emperor aside from a course leading to a collision with America. But it was to no avail. "Emperor Hirohito ordered the attack on Pearl Harbor to be prepared, and when [President Franklin Delano] Roosevelt persisted in calling the Japanese hand, Hirohito overrode voices of caution and procrastination and ordered the attack to be launched."

The author implies that the Emperor, having personally instigated the war and the atrocities that were part of it, should have been tried as a war criminal along with Premier Hideki Tojo and other wartime leaders, seven of whom were hanged by the Allied powers. That the Emperor was not, Bergamini claims, was due to "a skillfully contrived illusion fabricated late in the war, partly by counterintelligence specialists in the General Staff and partly by high-ranking palace courtiers." In addition, he reports, General Douglas MacArthur, the American proconsul of the postwar occupation, ignored demands of Australian, New Zealand, and Chinese officials that the Emperor head the list of war criminals. General MacArthur chose instead "to use the Emperor for the rehabilitation of Japan rather than to try him as a war criminal under international law."

Bergamini's sources are extensive and impressive. He relied on both Western and Japanese studies and documents, including four diaries by key men around the Emperor, and a "secret history" of the Emperor's reign. Almost paragraph by paragraph, he discloses where he got his facts and how he came to his interpretations. One looks at Bergamini's massive research and is tempted to conclude that the majority of scholars and journalists who are students of Japan have been innocent babes for more than a quarter of a century.

The more one scrutinizes the work itself, however, the more doubt sets in, and one begins to wonder whether the author has spun a web of fantasy. A prime weakness in his book is the total absence of information directly from the Emperor, either verbal or written. That is not Bergamini's fault. Hirohito, like most of his forebears, has been cut off from the outside world, and most particularly from foreign scholars and journalists. He remains incarcerated behind the great gray stone wall of his palace, surrounded by Imperial chamberlains who rarely let anything more than ceremonial light out.

Further, Bergamini's interpretation

"They must have had one hell of a ski slope in those days!"

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does not fit into the long flow of Japanese history, ancient or modern. If his thesis is correct, it would mean that Emperor Hirohito had reversed the course of 2,600 years of mythical and recorded history. From the days of the legendary Emperor Jimmu, Japanese Emperors have been the fathers of the national family, the high priests of the national Shinto religion, the arbiters of ethics and beauty, and the fountainheads of sovereignty. With rare exception, they have not, however, held the reins of political power, but have relinquished them to others, be they kampaku (chancellors), shogun (roughly equivalent to generalissimos), or soridaijin (prime ministers). Among the most striking features of Japanese politics is the separation of titular authority and practical power. The Emperor can, and does, advise, admonish, and even cajole. But the decisions are made elsewhere.

Then, too, the author leaves one with the distinct and uneasy feeling that he has fallen into the trap of trying to fit the facts into an over-all pattern rather than let the facts determine the outcome of his tale. Moreover, Bergamini appears to have striven for sensation by claiming, for instance, that half of what he has written has never been revealed in English before. Given the long bibliography of Western works in the book, this is a dubious claim.

The controversy over Bergamini's thesis may go beyond academic debate. It appears just after the Emperor's meeting in Alaska with President Nixon, and during a time of the worst American-Japanese relations since the dark days of Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima. Bergamini could not have anticipated that, but American diplomats have privately expressed fears that the book will cause more friction with Japan. As of this writing, the Japanese government has reacted with frosty silence, in keeping with the tradition of not involving the Imperial institution in mundane politics.

Sir William Flood Webb, the Australian jurist who was the chief judge of the Tokyo war crimes trials, concedes in an introduction to *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy* that "it may take years for this work to find its proper place in the evaluation of scholars." He acknowledges that "some of the interpretation is sure to be controversial." But he concludes that "the book has the highest importance and will cause a major readjustment in Western views of Oriental history."

This is a tall order, and it remains to be seen whether it will be filled.

Richard Halloran, of The New York Times Washington Bureau, is currently on assignment in Japan. He is the author of "Japan: Images and Realities."

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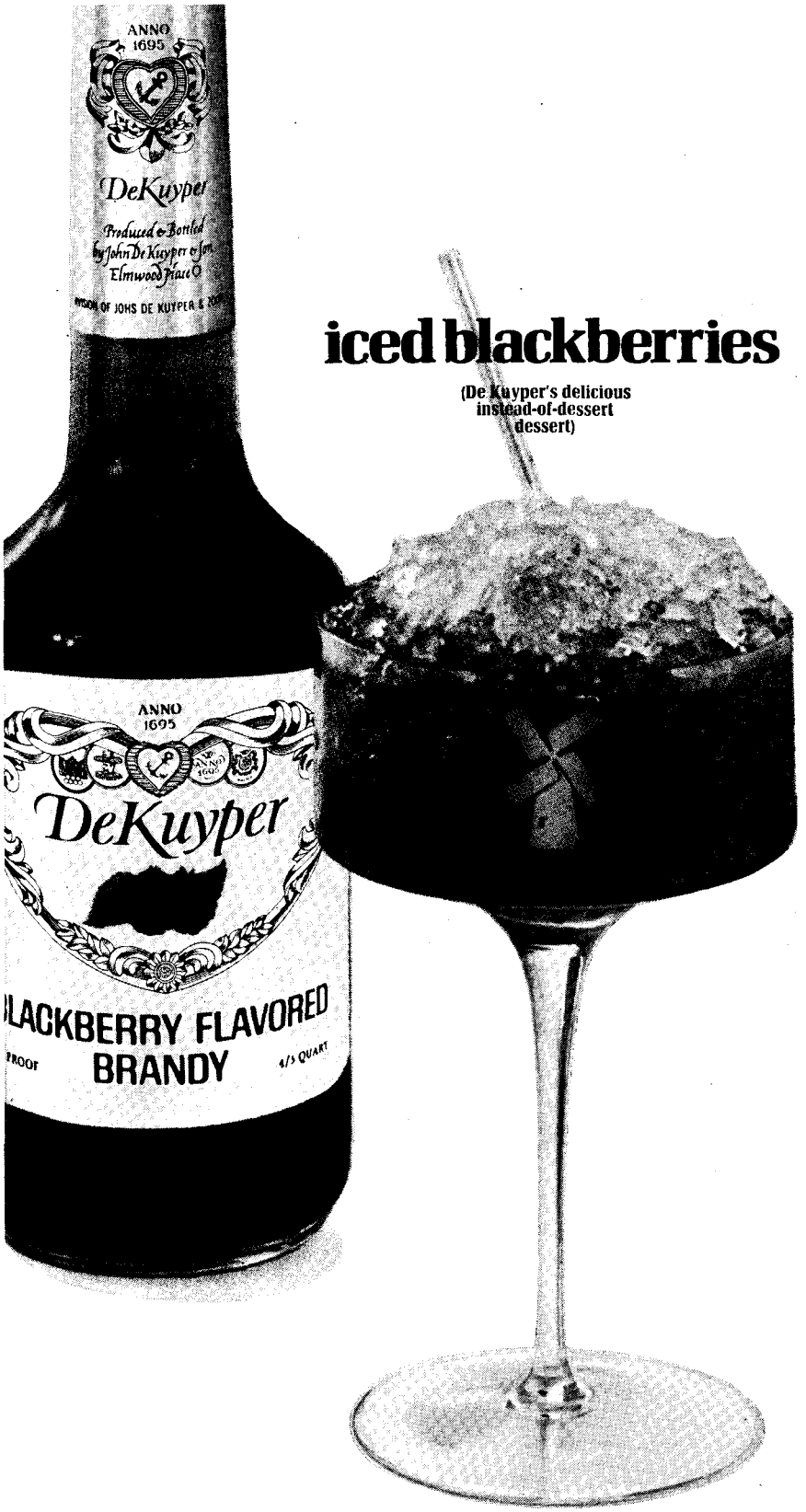

iced blackberries

(De Kuyper's delicious instead-of-dessert dessert)

The fragrance of freshly picked Blackberries. A perfect after dinner treat in a snifter or on the rocks. It's more than delicious—it's De Kuyper.

(Say it like the Dutch do: De-ki-per.)

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THE ALL-AMERICAN DOLLAR: The Big Business of Sports

by Joseph Durso

Houghton Mifflin, 294 pp., $7.95

THEY CALL IT A GAME

by Bernie Parrish

Dial, 319 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Keith Jennison

■ Many years ago, Grantland Rice, the most famous sports reporter of his time, wrote some verse that has been frequently quoted: "For when the One Great Scorer comes to/ write against your name— /He marks—not that you won or lost/ —but how you played the game." The sports-loving public knows perfectly well that the lines must now be rewritten. Today the message might well be put like this: "For when the One Great Scorer [a father image for the Internal Revenue Service] comes to/ write against your name [with no natural resources depletion allowance]—/ He marks not that you won or lost/ —but [for] how [much] you played the game." It's understood that you get paid more for winning than losing.

The All-American Dollar and *They Call It a Game* are essentially exposés of how "play for pay" athletics have been taken over by big money and big business. Joseph Durso's book covers many sports, while Bernie Parish's deals only with football.

Mr. Durso is cool and analytical as befits a Phi Beta Kappa economics major, a professor of journalism, and a practicing sports reporter. He writes almost like a surgeon performing an open heart operation on a friend. He wishes to God that he didn't have to cut, but does it coolheadedly.

On the other hand, Mr. Parrish, a former all-pro cornerback for the Cleveland Browns, who is about as calm as a wounded mountain lion, snarls that his book is designed to drive Commissioner of Football Pete Rozelle and various football franchise owners right out of the game. Mr. Parrish's publishers report that the manuscript of his "indictment" has been used by a Federal Grand Jury in Cleveland as evidence in its investigation of National Football League antitrust violations. The ex-player's allegations range from an assertion that numerous National Football League games are fixed to his assumption of Mafia connections and influence. Mr. Parrish documents charges of an owner betting large sums on the outcome of games his team played and describes such sub rosa activity as blacklisting of players, drug use, medical malpractice, and a peonage set-up (for the players) that almost invokes the Thirteenth Amendment. Sports writers and broadcasters are almost beneath Parrish's scorn, but he finds time and space for some first-class scoring on them.

In writing of the day in December 1964 when the Cleveland Browns won the professional football championship of the world, Mr. Parrish, after having told us that he had taken his customary pre-game dose of seventy milligrams of Dexedrine, states: "Before the play had ended, I got a good lick on Jimmy Orr. I slammed a forearm [carefully prepared and weighted for such use] into his kidney." Other game references describe more elaborate and painful tactics.

As Parrish's annual salary went up, his regard for owners went down. He quotes statistics to prove that the cost of management of the big business of professional football has risen hugely at the expense of the players' share of gross income from the games. He doesn't deny that players' salaries and pension plans have increased substantially. What gets Parrish is that owners, presidents, and general managers are getting a lot of money too. He not only believes they shouldn't get paid, but advocates their removal. In Parrish's opinion, professional football franchises should be owned by municipal corporations with public stock ownership, and players should be being paid on a profit-sharing basis.

Bernie Parrish worked very hard in a partially successful attempt to forge the Football Players Association, which he served as vice president, into a hard-nosed, effective bargaining unit that could and would take strike action. For this and other reasons, his publishers state, he was blacklisted by the NFL.

Mr. Durso also gives football, along with other sports, a going-over in *The All-American Dollar*. His figures more or less agree with Parrish's. Durso notes with melancholy the reduction of human beings to money-making commodities. He does, however, see professional sports in perspective: as part of the social and business phenomenon that is the United States of America in the last third of the twentieth century. The pall of bigness and dehumanization has fallen over many areas. Ask any young executive who hardly knows from day to day what conglomerate he is working for.

Some athletes—old-timers in their mid-thirties — speak wistfully of the days when locker rooms were full of talk of the game they were about to play or had just played. Now locker-room talk appears to be mostly about the stock market and whose portfolio is soundest. Newspapers have given extensive coverage to the business interests of stars and super-stars. Their enterprises include restaurants, food chains, employment agencies, bowling alleys, sports writing and broadcasting and, of course, making TV commercials. More than one coach has observed that players' performances sometimes rise and fall with the Dow Jones averages.

It was the exploding income from major television networks that set the earning patterns for players and owners of franchises. By 1970, Mr. Durso reports, the networks were making the following dollar commitments: for college and pro games, $62,500,000; for local radio rights for NFL games, $2,100,000; for local pre-season rights for NFL games, $375,000.

And this is just football. Add the money paid for rights to televise all the other sporting spectacles and you

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PASSING THE HAT

Bertha Berman of Peoria, Illinois, expects you to know which character would be likely to wear each type of head covering listed below. While trying on the hats, you might also identify the author. There's a mirror on page 70.

1. Mahbub Ali ( )	A. babushka	a. Willa Cather
2. Paul Baumer ( )	B. cloche	b. Jas. Fenimore Cooper
3. Daisy Buchanan ( )	C. deerskin cap	c. F. Scott Fitzgerald
4. Billy Buck ( )	D. helmet	d. John Galsworthy
5. Natty Bumppo ( )	E. mob cap	e. Oliver Goldsmith
6. Flavia ( )	F. opera hat	f. Ernest Hemingway
7. Old Jolyon Forsyte ( )	G. parka hood	g. Anthony Hope
8. Kate Hardcastle ( )	H. sombrero	h. Helen Hunt Jackson
9. Felipe Moreno ( )	I. Stetson	i. Rudyard Kipling
10. Pedro Romero ( )	J. tiara	j. Jack London
11. Antonia Shimerda ( )	K. tricorne	k. Erich Remarque
12. John Thornton ( )	L. turban	l. John Steinbeck

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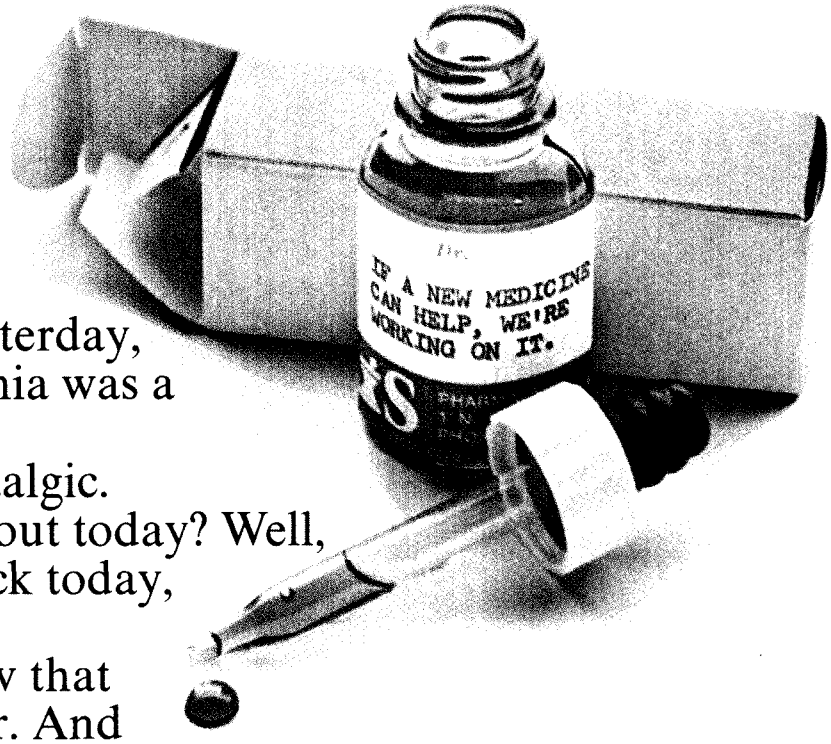
Thank God for tomorrow's medicine.



Remember yesterday, when pneumonia was a big killer?
It's almost nostalgic.

And how about today? Well, if you're not sick today, why worry?

It's tomorrow that holds the terror. And that's what we consider our business: to be ready for tomorrow.

We put an enormous effort into it. Time, talent, equipment and some $600,000,000 a year of our own research and development money. (Yet your average prescription still costs only $4.02. Five percent less than the same quantity of medicine cost a decade ago.)

But one of the interesting things that goes into the making of medicine defies all analysis.

It is the stuff that breakthroughs are made of. Like the breakthroughs that tamed pneumonia. And will ultimately control cancer and heart disease.

This interesting thing is called intuition.

And Lord only knows where that comes from.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. SR2, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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Brandy for the boys.

What you see in the picture below is an example of brandy as a beverage. Note the people talking. Munching. Actually drinking. Not a couple of sniffs, mind you. Not a couple of sips. But swallows.

This is possible with Fundador. Fundador is Spanish brandy. Unlike most imported brandies, it's so gentle you can drink it by the mouthful.

The sight of brandy and shirtsleeves might seem strange to you at first. And you might have to get used to the idea of brandy before you eat. Or when you haven't just come in out of the rain.

But human beings adapt fast. Before you know it, your vocabulary will be swelled by phrases like brandy and pretzels. Brandy and sausage pizza. Brandy and tuna fish on rye.

And perhaps someday, a "Brandy Driver."

Fundador from Spain.
Brandy people actually drink.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

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Brandy for the girls.

The scene you see is strange but true.

Brandy. And women. Both at the same table. The brandy, actually being consumed. The women, actually consuming it. This is only can do and enjoy because they're not drinking brandy-and-cigars brandy. But Fundador, Spanish Brandy.

Unlike most imported brandies, Spanish Brandy is gentle enough to drink in swallows, not sips. It's their philosophy. Good is better in large amounts.

That's why Fundador has begun popping up at strange, unheard of times and places. Like during the day. At luncheons.

And why new phrases have been finding their ways out of the mouths of women. Phrases like brandy and bridge. Brandy and "As the World Turns."

And perhaps someday, a "Brandy Mary."

Fundador from Spain.
Brandy people actually drink.

80 Proof imported fr[illegible]

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A Loaf of Paté, a Label of Wine and Thou.

B&G. It's all the French you'll ever need. B&G. Two eloquent letters the French have used since 1725 to describe their best–from Beaujolais to Pouilly Fuisse, from Pommard to Chablis–B&G. Could anything be more romantic?

B&G. Love letters from France.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

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come up with a figure that boggles the mind. At least it boggles mine.

These books afford an increased understanding of the battle lines that are being drawn to supervise the slicing of sports' gigantic money pie. Threats of strikes and isolated strike actions have already occurred. The day may come when the greatest element of suspense about an athletic contest is not who is going to win, but whether the event will take place at all. For, as these passionate, well-informed books make clear, money ranks first, players second, fans third, and sport—in the old sense of the word—not at all.

Keith Jennison, a former publisher, has for many years closely followed football and other sports.

FLEECING THE LAMBS:
A Startling Look at Wall Street's Most Powerful Institution—The New York Stock Exchange

by Christopher Elias

Regnery, 240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John Brooks

■ Here is a prime example of an unfortunate phenomenon in current publishing: the trumped-up exposé. The title of and brief preface to *Fleecing the Lambs* outrageously—and surely deliberately—misrepresent this generally interesting and useful book about Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange. The author is an experienced financial journalist who has done stints at *Business Week* and *The Magazine of Wall Street*; Christopher Elias also served for a time as editor of a monthly put out by the public relations department of the New York Stock Exchange. In his preface Mr. Elias implies that he was fired from that job in reprisal for undertaking this report. He uses that gloriously incisive verb "terminated," which always suggests to me a man with a roach gun zeroing in on incompetent employees in the corners of the kitchen; and, considering the way the book is presented to the public, this act of "termination" was fully as rational and humane as the roach-gun man's. Wouldn't it be lovely for the Exchange's own magazine to bill its editor as "author of *Fleecing the Lambs*, a scathing exposure of the New York Stock Exchange"?

The lambs, of course, are the hapless investors, some thirty million strong, who, if they wish to purchase securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, have no choice but to deal through it; for practical purposes the NYSE is a monopoly. The trouble is that the picture Mr. Elias himself gives of the Exchange is simply not of a body devoted to lamb-fleecing. It is, instead, of an institution muscle-bound by bureaucracy like most large corporations, and resistant to innovation like any tradition-bound men's club, but not, by the wildest flight of imagination, a systematic swindler by intent.

Lamb-fleecing goes on, of course. For example, in the 1950s and early 1960s the Exchange went on a wild stock-investment promotion spree designed to bring in more small investors. During Keith Funston's fifteen-year term as president of the Exchange its advertising and public relations staffs tripled, and the campaign was highly successful. Then at the end of the 1960s two things happened in rapid succession: first, the Exchange brokerage firms started to go bankrupt by the dozens precisely because they could not begin to handle all the new business they had; second, the market cracked, along with the nation's morale. Between these two developments most of the new investors Funston had lured in ended up as losers—fleeced lambs.

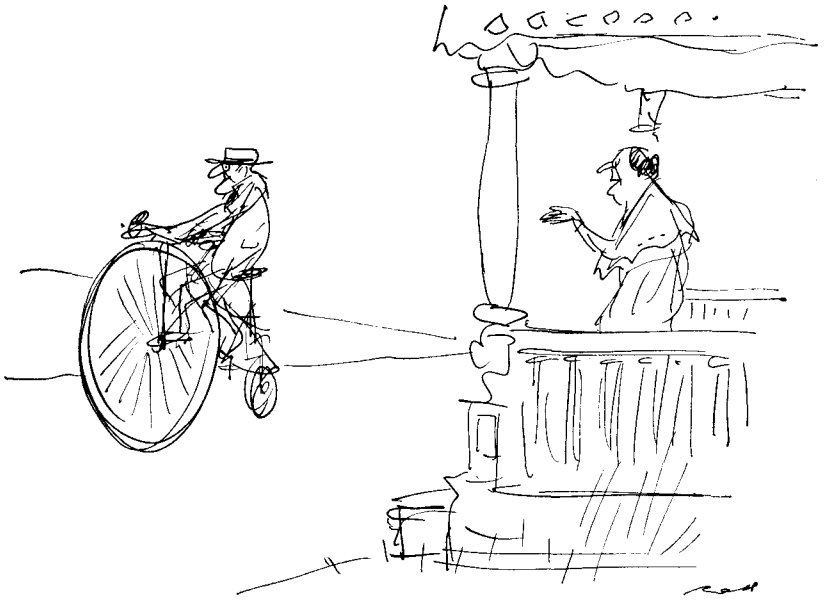
But had the members of the Exchange planned the debacle that way? Hardly, since they themselves, through the Exchange, have had to put up more than $100-million of their own money to bail out failing firms, and thus avert collapse of the entire structure and, possibly, nationalization of the securities industry. Funston *believed* people ought to invest in stocks. Clearly, the campaign and its aftermath evidence foolishness rather than knavery, comedy rather than chicanery, right down to details like the Exchange's sudden dropping, in 1969, of its motto: "Own your share of American business." In times of disaster, though, fine distinctions tend to get lost.

Mr. Elias knows his way around Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, and he knows many of those involved personally. He is a perceptive man and a good, clear writer. That parlay alone makes his book a rarity in its field. Particularly vivid are his depictions of social customs and tensions at the Exchange, including the fantastic back-office snarl of 1968-69, which led at its peak to a $5-billion blacklog of due but undelivered securities. The pandemonium was such that on the day the Mets won the World Series someone just walked into Morgan Guaranty Trust (the Morgan Guaranty!) and walked out with $13-million worth of securities.

The real trouble with the Stock Exchange, as Elias establishes in spite of himself, is not that the organization is corrupt but that it is hidebound, defensive toward the vast public it theoretically serves, and too often the Exchange thinks of itself as existing—as the original constitution still incredibly states—to furnish "rooms for the convenient transaction of business by its members." Originally, in the early nineteenth century, the Exchange justifiably was considered a private club; the members actually dealt almost solely with each other, and the social sanctions for ethical conduct that club life imposes were at least marginally useful. Today, though, the club concept and its appurtenances, like the creaky floor-specialist system, are obviously obsolete, and Mr. Elias is quite right to say that self-regulation by Wall Street has failed.

But to return to this book's title and preface, and their implications: The preface begins: "Wall Street is full of people, nearly all of whom are arrogant, some of whom are very rich, and some of whom [are] very crooked. Most of them regard the average investor as

(Continued on page 58)



"Do be careful on the expressway, dear."

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The Rewards of Writing

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

If you are among the people who know the bitter truth about the financial rewards of writing books for children, please realize that there are few of you. Most people envision authors and illustrators as sitting back comfortably, collecting their royalties, and perhaps dashing off yet another book to pay for an extra month in Majorca. Ha!

In actuality, most writers of children's books have a very rough time. To protect the innocent victims, I'll name no names, but the examples are factual. An author of books for adolescents wrote with indignation to say that since her husband supported the family it was not a real hardship for her, but that she couldn't possibly live on her earnings. (All of her books have been well reviewed and are in print.) Every other writer she knew in her Midwestern town had had to supplement his income in some way. And, she pointed out, many adult books have edged into the juvenile market as rivals—although, she admits, she is glad to see young people reading good adult books.

One writer, watching a woman browsing around a bookstore, and muttering something about "finding a decent book for my kids," suggested a title of his own. Without identifying himself, he noted it had "decency and several other virtues which had just occurred to me." "I only buy paperbacks, or books on the little table," the decency-hunting shopper said. The little table held, naturally, remaindered books.

Few authors can live on their royalties. Most of them have to be teachers, lecturers, journalists, librarians, book clerks, or whatever to pay their bills. The yearly financial return on a book probably averages a thousand dollars. The author, working alone, gets neither social security nor a pension; probably his only profitable perquisite comes from the income tax deduction that can be charged off to working at home.

Only one writer to whom I spoke said that she was in comfortable circumstances. She is in her seventies and worked as an editor, so she has both pension and social security. Moreover, her books, which are useful supplementary material for school curriculum and well written, will apparently stay in print forever. She is among the rare exceptions, and she knows it. We discussed possible reasons why there is so little financial reward in being an author. She thought it might be because books are so expensive. They are, and with good reason: the costs of paper, printing, distribution, overhead, and promotion leave little margin for profit, and a publisher can't stay in business unless he takes some of that.

In response to a recent article on translation, Paul Biegel, whose *The King of the Copper Mountains* (Watts, $4.95) won the Dutch Children's Book Prize in 1965, wrote to point out how expensive it is to produce a good translation: "It is impossible for a translator to be paid a fee equivalent to the time it takes him without the book's cost price rising to an impossible height." He should know since he augments his income by translating English books into Dutch.

What about the writers who win Newbery Medals or the National Book Award? Or illustrators, the Caldecott Medals? There is indeed a spurt in sales and a burst of publicity, and the honored books do stay in print, but their authors usually have to find other ways to make a living. There has been a movement in England to ask libraries to pay a token fee that is correlated with the book's circulation, so the problem is not uniquely American. Maybe too many books are printed. Maybe we should have subsidies. Or tax benefits. The fact is that most of the people whose books are lauded by adults and enjoyed by children aren't going to Majorca. Most of them aren't even going to the bank very often.

One Fine Day. *Written and illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Macmillan. 32 pp. $4.95.* A jaunty red fox is the busy protagonist of an Armenian folk tale, succinctly narrated for reading aloud to the very youngest, or for storytelling. Because the fox had drunk all the milk in an old woman's pail, his tail had been cut off as punishment. "Sew it in place or all my friends will laugh at me," the fox pleaded. "Give me back my milk, and I'll give you back your tail," she answered. The cow said she'd give milk if she had grass, the field said it would give grass if it had water, the stream promised water if the fox brought a jug, and so on. By the time the fox gets his tail back, there has been a long raveling of the cumulated requests, a familiar and appealing folk tale device. The illustrations are uncluttered, softly colored, and amusing. Ages 3-6.

Brian Wildsmith's Puzzles. *Written and illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Watts. 32 pp. $4.95.* Brilliant colors that almost leap from the page are often used as clues to very simple puzzles that can help sharpen a child's powers of observation while he enjoys the fun of finding answers. "One of these clocks has stopped. Which one is it?" leads to a lesson in comparison and deduction. "This Eskimo lives in one of these igloos. Can you find his home?" Follow the tracks. "How many chicks should this mother hen have?" Three broken shells, only two chicks. Some of the puzzles are merely of the find-the-hidden-object type, but all are so handsome that it hardly matters. Ages 3-6.

Harry's Bee. *Written and illustrated by Peter Campbell. Bobbs-Merrill. 28 pp. $4.95.* Harry, homely and amiable, found on his rosebush the biggest bee in England. "You don't often find a rose as good as that," said the bee, and he returned every day. Since they got along so well, Harry and his bee set off together to see the world but, for some reason, wherever they traveled people gave them plenty of room. As the largest of his kind, the bee thought he ought to be seen by the authorities, but they all turned pale in his presence—until the happy day when the director of the Natural History Museum welcomed them, measured the bee, and proclaimed him the biggest in the world. With this ego-building ending, the bee and Harry retired to home and rosebush. The story, which is bland and unassuming, has a mildly zany and low-keyed charm. Ages 4-7.

On the Day Peter Stuyvesant Sailed Into Town. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row. 39 pp. $4.95.* Rollicking rhyme tells the story of Peter Stuyvesant's stringent rehabilitation of New Amsterdam, which was a mess when he arrived to take office as Governor. Broken-down houses, junk and garbage lying about, mud in the streets and a foul odor in the air. A preface explains that Stuyvesant, "to put it mildly, was not an even-tempered man," and under his baleful jurisdiction the citizens fell to and tidied until they had a model village. After a celebratory feast, the Governor dreamed an impossible dream: an illustration shows the skyscrapers of today, and the story closes, "Yes, Peter Stuyvesant knew he was dreaming." The drawings are charming, the book a fine way to present history to a very young audience. As for the message: Fun City, take note. Ages 5-8.

The Adventures of the Three Colors. *Written and illustrated by Annette Tison and Talus Taylor. World. 18 pp. $3.95.* The ingenious use here of transparent overlay pages makes one wonder why nobody has utilized this device before to teach the effects of mixing primary colors. The book's plot is a thin vehicle and could have been dispensed with, but as a manual on color the work is a great success. For

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example, a yellow butterfly on a transparent page overlaps a pink pig. Result orange? Yes, but not just orange: an orange snail. The superimposition of a blue elephant on a yellow dog produces a green fish. In the final pages shades of each color overlap to form a rainbow flower. Ages 6-8.

Have You Seen Boats? *By Joanne Oppenheim. Illustrated with photographs. Scott/Addison-Wesley. 48 pp. $4.35.* Stunning photographs in black and white picture boats of all kinds—from pleasure craft and hovercraft to sturdy flatboats and ferries, sleek liners and battered icebreakers. The rhyming text describes the function of the boats and ships, although it doesn't always name them. An airplane carrier, for example, is "An airport afloat/ a runway for wheels/ a ferry for wings/ an island of steel." Diagrams on the last pages show vessels of the past. Ages 7-9.

What's the Prize, Lincoln? *By Dale Fife. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 64 pp. $4.* Only the illustrations reveal that Lincoln is black, his friends black and white, for this isn't a story about the problems of a black child. It's a bouncy, breezy little tale centered on a boy with a fertile imagination, abundant energy, and a gift for getting out of small scrapes. Lincoln's success in winning one contest sets him off and, supplied by his two pals with box-tops and labels, he wins so many contest booby prizes that he opens a flea market. The story ends with a small but palatable eruption of inprobabilities. But who cares; the whole thing is fun. Ages 8-10.

The Indians on the Bonnet. *By Elizabeth Ladd. Illustrated by Richard Cuffari. Morrow. 190 pp. $4.50.* Jess lives a lonely but not unhappy life with his grandmother on the Maine coast, and he's really pleased when Cory comes along. Cory and her father, Passamaquoddy Indians, are caretakers of an old house on the Bonnet, a point of high land. When the owner of the house shows up, Jess is baffled: Mr. Barnes is genial and generous, yet he hires irresponsible workmen to fix his boat, and he speaks with contempt of Cory's dependable, hardworking father. There is indeed something odd about Mr. Barnes, and the two children, in an exciting denouement, are instrumental in solving the mystery. The plot is sound, the setting flavorful, and the candid treatment of Indian-white relations gives the story more depth than is usually found in mysteries. Ages 8-10.

The Headless Cupid. *By Zilpha Keatley Snyder. Illustrated by Alton Raible. Atheneum. 203 pp. $4.95.* Molly had been David's stepmother for three weeks when her own daughter, Amanda, joined the household. Molly was great, but Amanda baffled David. All she seemed to think about was the supernatural, and so profound was her contempt for the uninitiate that David and his younger brother and sisters were soon enrolled in Amanda's program of initiation. What David couldn't fathom was whether or not the newel post, a headless Cupid, was evidence that there was a poltergeist in the house or whether Amanda was embarked on a program of intimidation. The nuances of characterization are deftly conveyed: Amanda's anger at her mother for remarrying, David's level-headed amicability, the grave ingenuousness of his small brother and the volatile enthusiasm of his sister. Psychologically interesting, the story has color, humor, wisdom, and direction. Ages 9-11.

It Happened in Chichipica. *By Francis Kalnay. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 127 pp. $4.95.* The small Mexican village of Chichipica is dear to the heart of Chucho, who, to realize his dream of becoming a teacher, must win a scholarship to the new school in the capital. His chance is almost lost when a malicious neighbor accuses him of theft, but Chucho's innocence is proved by his crafty uncle and the whole town celebrates. Francis Kalnay's characters are robust and amusing, his style resilient, his Chichipica vividly real. People may be the same everywhere, but in Chichipica they're more endearing. *¡Olé!* Ages 9-11.

A Cat Called Camouflage. *Written and illustrated by Cordelia Jones. Phillips. 160 pp. $4.95.* Ruth, who tells her story in a minor key, has just moved to a new town with her mother, an unhappy woman whose quarrelsome disposition has led to a marital estrangement. Lacking friends, the lonely child is delighted when a strange cat follows her home and insists on being accepted. Camouflage, however, belongs to an eccentric old woman and has to be taken to her. Miss Barnaby may be eccentric, but she becomes Ruth's dear friend and a safety valve for her resentment of her mother's querulous domination. As Ruth grows more tolerant and mature, she sees how her mother is softening and changing, and when there is a reconciliation, it is natural and believable. The characters—especially the two women—are astutely drawn, and the lack of drama is more than compensated for by the flowing style and the sharp realism of events. Ages 10-13.

Kate. *By Jean Little. Harper & Row. 162 pp. $3.95.* Kate Bloomfield has always wondered why her father never communicates with his family and seems, although he says he is proud of being a Jew, to be disinterested in religion. Prodded by old friends and his gentile wife, Nathan Bloomfield takes his daughter to see her grandfather. Kate is not made to feel wholly welcome and learns that her father has never been forgiven for marrying a non-Jew. Ambivalent and curious, Kate decides she will attend synagogue. She wants to know herself better and hopes this will help her understand her role. The story has vitality and honesty, a fluent style, and fine characterization. Ages 10-13.

—from "The Headless Cupid"

The Children's War. *By Theodore Taylor. Doubleday. 166 pp. $3.95.* Because there was a Navy communications station on an island in the bay, Dory's father had brought his family to Sedluk, the tiny town on the remote Alaskan Bay. For a fourteen-year-old boy who loved to hunt, there was no better place, even when a teacher came to Sedluk and he had to stay indoors and go to school. Then came Pearl Harbor, and when Dory learned the teacher was against war he found it even more irritating to be in her class. But it was the teacher who helped a paratrooper to scout the island where the Japanese invaders had interned the male inhabitants, and it was the teacher who died in action helping to plant demolition charges. The setting is interesting, the white and Eskimo characters strongly drawn. Moreover, the changing of a boy's attitude from patriotic fervor to no less patriotic realization of what war actually means is logical and forceful. Ages 11-14.

Authors' Choice. *Compiled by Gillian Avery and others. Illustrated by Krystyna Turska. Crowell. 216 pp. $5.95.* Each of these stories was chosen by an eminent British writer of children's books; the result is a diverse and discriminating collection. Although most of the selections are by children's authors, the majority of them English, a few of the tales are popular anthology inclusions. Biographical notes on the choosers and the chosen are appended. Ages 11 up.

Life with Its Sorrow, Life with Its Tear. *By Lester Atwell. Simon & Schuster. 414 pp. $7.95.* For some readers nothing, but nothing, is so enticing as a very long story about a family. This is their book. Shy and inarticulate, an only child whose parents are dead, Paul is sent by his stepmother to visit his father's family in a New York suburb. Living there are widowed Aunt Dottie and her two obstreperous small sons, an acid and sensible great-aunt who runs the busy household, and, above all, Uncle Reggie: fat, pompous, generous, and a little pathetic. They are so full of life and affection that Paul blooms and prospers, and even when Uncle Reggie proves to have provided for his family by using their private savings, Paul—whose educational plans are thereby curtailed—loves him. The sense of family rapport is reminiscent of Anne Parrish's *The Perennial Bachelor*—a total involvement that transcends bickering, jealousy, and even betrayal. The novel is a delight—rich, warm, percipient, and compassionate. For young adults.

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"Fleecing the Lambs"

(Continued from page 55)

a 'sucker.'" This egregious generalization is so out of key with the rest of the book that it, like the title, seems like an afterthought. Perhaps the author, perhaps the publisher—maybe the former more or less reluctantly going along with the latter—decided to jazz up a sound but none too salable item by trying to make it appear a lid-lifter.

When the stock market went bad a couple of years ago, people who lost money evidently developed an immense appetite for being told that it wasn't their greed or stupidity that was to blame, but rather that they had been cheated. Getting on one's moral high horse when materially defeated is a time-honored human reaction, though one not likely to generate truth or objectivity. To some extent the unsuccessful investors *had* been cheated, but the literary reassurances of that fact, which they took eagerly to their hearts, leaned toward the fulsome.

First there was Ferdinand Lundberg's windy, derivative, interminable *The Rich and the Super-Rich.* Then came *The Wall Street Jungle,* by Richard Ney, who blamed it all on the Stock Exchange floor specialists, which in the age of multibillion-dollar financial institutions is about as sensible as blaming King Canute for disrupting the tide schedules by compelling the sea to stay back: that is, it would be terrible if it were so, but it isn't. Most recent is the London *Sunday Times* "Insight" team's book on Bernard Cornfeld [*SR,* Sept. 4], which is generally admirable but weakened by the unsubstantiated claim that Cornfeld's whole operation was an "international swindle." All of these became best sellers.

Comforting exposés have been at such a premium on the literary stock exchange that publishers are trying to simulate them with blander, more nourishing works such as Mr. Elias's. The allegedly "courageous" muckraking book on Wall Street or corporations is sometimes in fact the feckless but commercial product. What really requires courage is to write of these matters evenhandedly, risking the disregard of those in need of emotional solace by being a seeker for truth rather than an advocate, and attacking where necessary not with the bludgeon of accusation but with the needle of irony.

John Brooks is the author of "Once in Golconda: A True Drama of Wall Street 1920-1938," "Business Adventures," and other books.

THE FUNNY MONEY GAME

by Andrew Tobias

Playboy, 224 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Sterling W. Clements

■ The latest addition to the many current revelations of the cupidity that was rampant during the era of the expansive bull market and burgeoning "conglomerate" craze of the 1960s is *The Funny Money Game,* by Andrew Tobias. By the time he was twenty-three (in 1970) this young author had survived a brief but head-spinning business career, which he tells about here. Last year Tobias entered Harvard Business School to help re-establish his equilibrium after his encounter with the fast company of Cortes Randell and the staff of the National Student Marketing Corporation.

Tobias's book, in one sense, appears to be an apologia, for there is no denunciation of his former associates. On the contrary, the author expresses his relief over being able to relax in the quiet arms of academic life, from which he had prematurely fled. His very personal tale of the rise and decline of one of America's growth ventures is perhaps a bit too nostalgic, and the two concluding chapters show the benefit of hindsight, which—as every seasoned investor learns sooner or later—carries little material reward.

Fortune magazine, in its April 1970 issue, exposed the history of NSMC and Cortes Randell's efforts to build a conglomerate using "funny money," or high multiple stock. This conglomerate, however, was to be different. The success of its operation was predicated on the potential profits waiting to be reaped in the $35-billion youth market. During the years 1967-69, when he acquired more than two dozen companies, Randell reported a sales increase from $723,000 to nearly $80-million. Unfortunately, the prices paid for the companies with which NSMC merged were high and, as the supply of merger candidates disappeared, earnings were supplanted by losses. Randell, the major stockholder, was quickly forced out.

Tobias, an early convert to Randell's belief in a golden future, accepted a vice presidency at NSMC with a beginning salary of $15,000 per year plus stock options—which at one time had a paper value of $400,000. Andrew was valuable to Cort because of his experience as president of Harvard Student Agencies during his senior year in Cambridge and later as an officer of Resource Publications, a satellite of Gulf and Western Industries, another conglomerate.

It is saddening to read once more how many people fall for the easy money schemes offered up in various guises. In the introduction to *The Funny Money Game,* Harvard Professor Theodore Levitt speaks of the Wall Street brokers who distribute dubious stock issues:

> Why the reputations of these firms seem not to have visibly suffered as a consequence [of public exposure] is one of those tantalizing mysteries we professors send Ph.D. candidates to study in scholarly detail. When the dissertations finally get done, all will of course have been forgotten—ancient history. By then, a new generation of flimflammers will have materialized to fulfill the investing masses' eager wish to believe. And so money will again circulate, from weak hands into strong, new legends will be created, get-rich-quick fantasies will once more churn the stock exchanges, and soon we will again have to take medicine we solemnly vowed the last time we would never need again.

It is difficult to improve on this analysis by Professor Levitt, who has recommended that a sign be placed over his door at the Harvard Business School, reading: "Beware: Through Here Have Passed Some of Recent History's Most Memorable Fiscal Gunslingers. Highly Contagious. Fatal If Uncontrolled."

Sterling W. Clements, an investment consultant, is in Europe this fall analyzing the economic scene.

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THE LIFE OF A USELESS MAN

by Maxim Gorki
translated from the Russian
by Moura Budberg

Doubleday, 240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Edward Wasiolek

■ *The Life of a Useless Man* was not published in its entirety in Russia until 1917, and this translation is the first edition in English. By 1917, forces more powerful than literature had swept away the regime Gorki had excoriated in this novel, and now it can be of interest to us only as a stage in his literary and ideological development. We know with more subtlety than is expressed here what was wrong with the tsarist regime, and we know, as Gorki could not, what was to prove wrong with the revolutionary government that replaced it. History has brought only irony to the fury Gorki expressed at the network of police spies in Imperial Russia, and to the faith he had that the communist revolution would bring freedom, purity, and virtue. History has been cruel to Gorki.

He made his reputation with a series of brilliant short stories in the 1890s about useless people in small Volga river towns. Gorki had roamed this area from the age of eleven, and he wrote about what he saw: drunkenness, unbelievable cruelty, stupidities, waste, and destruction. Despite that, Gorki remained convinced that men

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1474

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1474 will be found in the next issue.

FLWMVNZNUU MU WMHN CZ CMQ OKUTMLZ: VTNQN MU ZLVTMZY MZUMSN IKV MV ULBVNZU VTN UTLOHU LB WMBN.

—UOTLFNZTCKNQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1473

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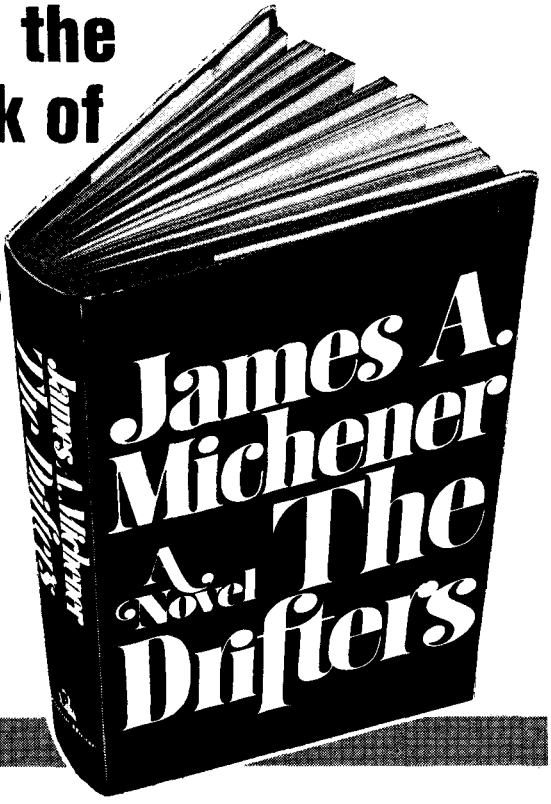

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wasted themselves and others simply because they could not do otherwise. The compassion he felt for those who destroyed and were destroyed was his doorway to labyrinths of complexities and insights. No amount of cruelty could dissuade him that men were essentially good, but he clung to no simple dogma to explain why they were often the reverse. By the time Gorki wrote *The Life of a Useless Man* (1907) some of the compassion and much of the uncertainty were gone. He held the sources of human waste and destruction lay with the tsarist regime, just as he was certain that virtue resided with the revolutionaries who were trying to overthrow that regime.

His novel is a chronicle of such waste and an indictment of the destroyers. Yevsey Klimkov's father is shot when he is four, and his mother dies suddenly when he is seven. From that point on Yevsey is the superfluous man, unwanted and uncared for by all those he is thrust upon. Circumstances ultimately bring him to work for the security forces of the government police, who assure him that he has finally found a firm foundation for his life in the sacred duty to guard church and throne. Up to now Klimkov's life has been a series of beatings and cruelties by teachers, friends, and protectors. It is only a matter of time before he avenges this treatment by betraying friend, relative, and protector. For brief moments an innate humanity revolts against what he has to do, but Klimkov is too weak, and the system too strong, for anything to change. When the revolution of 1905 comes and he discovers he is of no use to the security forces, the revolutionaries, or to himself, Klimkov commits suicide by falling under a passing train.

Gorki mitigates our hatred of the man by showing the vise of circumstances that has made him what he is. Our repugnance for the others who work as spies and political informers is, however, unqualified. They are shown to be sadists, drunkards, homosexuals —stupid, dissolute, and brutal. Nothing lightens the blackness of the enemy or darkens the goodness of the revolutionaries—a moral inflexibility that had already afflicted Gorki's novel *Mother* (1906), and was increasingly to infect his work. He was an incorrigible romantic and what is often a natural consequence, a political *ingénu*. By 1907, Gorki had persuaded himself that men could and would reorganize their institutions and relations so that their essential goodness would express itself. This is why he was so repelled by the person and writings of Dostoevsky, whom he saw correctly as a propagator of the view that man was condemned to destroy himself and others. The revolution betrayed Gorki and justified Dostoevsky, and the police state and spies that Gorki believed would pass with the tsarist state reappeared in the one the revolution had built, exactly as Dostoevsky prophesied in *The Possessed*. The tragedy of Gorki began in 1928 when, after an initial disillusionment with the revolution, he returned to the Soviet Union to reap its bitter harvest. This great writer and good man worked furiously to disavow what was becoming increasingly apparent in Stalinist Russia. By 1936, his name and work were so useful to the Soviet government that he had been made a literary saint: the prototypal socialist realist writer and the prophet of the revolution. But as a person with his ineradicable romanticism and genuine honesty, he had become a useless individual, and his death followed, if not by direct edict of Stalinist power, at least with its blessing and relief.

Edward Wasiolek, who is professor of Russian and comparative literature at the University of Chicago, edited Dostoevsky's "Notebooks."

"I sold the cow for some beans; used the beans as collateral and bought tobacco warrants; unloaded the warrants and moved into hog futures, then land speculation and condominiums. . . ."

THE ROSE RABBI

by Daniel Stern

McGraw-Hill, 131 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Sanford Pinsker

■ The title of Daniel Stern's latest novel is taken from lines in Wallace Stevens's poem *"Le Monocle de Mon Oncle"*: "Like a rose rabbi, later, I pursued,/ And still pursue, the origin and course/ Of love. . . ." Stern's protagonist—a failed artist and onetime seminary student named Wolf Walker —begins his novel-length day as the Ethical Advisor to a highly unsuccessful advertising agency. He is a professional superego, the man who can fly through knotty moral problems with the greatest of Talmudic ease:

> Could one, with decency, handle both a beer and a soft-drink account? Was it permissible to advertise cigarettes at all? . . . They would sit around the long Board Room table, suits and spirits buttoned up to their chins, and wait for me to decide on the spot, or to return to my book-littered office and search out some Chasidic text. . . .

But life as the "special unofficial Rabbi to the business world" is not all Mogen David and mah-jongg. On his fortieth birthday Walker's quasi-ecclesiastical powers come to a screeching halt. A cryptic entry in his wife's diary—"late . . . if it's true I must do something about it right away . . ."—sets off a chain reaction which explodes ever backwards into the past. Walker's credo is a simple one: "All men are artists. After all, they have their lives." And so, on this day of days, he means to have it out with the ghosts of the heart, to "forcibly and actually recapture [an] earlier life."

In his pre-rabbinic years, Walker had developed a musical esthetic based on the twin poles of inevitability and surprise:

> You didn't go from one to the other: like *pianissimo* weaving a web of inevitabilities until a *fortissimo* surprise came in for purposes of contrast. All surprises, if they were valid, had to be felt as inevitable immediately.

The Rose Rabbi tests out Walker's theory with a comic vengeance. Grotesques from the past pop up everywhere, endlessly complicating what is already complicated enough. For example, from Henry Crown (a boyhood friend and winner of the high school music award for his "Dirge for Kafka") Walker learns that parody, rather than ripeness, is all:

> Didn't you know that forty is only a parody of twenty? (By the way, happy

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Not since the frontier days have the American Indians faced greater threats to their existence than they do today.

Malnutrition, disease and despair are rampant. The school drop-out rate is 50% greater than the national average. Unemployment is 10 times the rate of other Americans. The American Indian today has the shortest life expectancy of any group in the country.

Their desperate poverty is a legacy passed on from one generation to the next. The statistics show that few escape. Eight-year-old Lisa Redfox is one of the somber statistics. Or she will be soon, unless someone with $15 a month cares enough to do something about her.

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birthday.) And didn't you know that communism is a parody of socialism? That Henry Crown is a parody of Beethoven? There are no new forms, no new developments: we are living in the last days of Our Lord of Parody. Christianity is a parody of Judaism, sexual freedom is a parody of love; we hypnotize ourselves into believing we're onto something new. Only first things are worth anything, and there are no more first things, only parodies. All of modern civilization is based on that fact.

Although the results may be inconclusive, Walker's trip down memory lane (*à la* Proust) was worth the taking. Perhaps Walker is right when he suggests that "Only those who merely lived life out were condemned to pursue it as I had, along old streets which no longer led to the same corners, in old apartments which no longer contained the same passions. . ." And, yet, the novel ends with Walker's "Pastorale for Strings" reconstituted, each section played by the appropriate ghost.

Daniel Stern has a nasty habit of taking on the impossible. *The Rose Rabbi* is a mix of black humor, sci-fi, and yard goods Judaica. By all rights such stuff should not work. But it does—and with plenty of tour de force to spare.

Sanford Pinsker is an assistant professor of English at Franklin & Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

POCOCK AND PITT

by Elliott Baker

Putnam, 285 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Emmet Long

■ The protagonist of Elliott Baker's third novel, *Pocock and Pitt*, is an American *nebbish* who comes to London seeking assassination. He dangles between being and nothingness throughout the novel's very complicated action and in the flashbacks which illuminate his nausea with himself and the meaningless contemporary world in which he lives. The credentials of Wendell Pocock (later Winston Pitt) are not impressive. He is an autodidact who has nibbled at a twelve-volume compendium of world philosophy, languished in Chicago as an assistant sales manager with Rose Dale Packaged Foods, suffered a dismal marriage and three heart attacks by middle age. The heart attacks, like the mutilated ear he received in World War II, describe Pocock as a damaged soul. His third seizure, experienced at the London Hilton, is the culmination of a lifetime's despair; but it also sets him off on an odyssey of death and spiritual rebirth that is both weird and preposterous. Baker's black comedy has a very deep dye; his setting of present-day London seems like a house of gruesomely distorting mirrors.

It is not easy to describe what happens in *Pocock and Pitt* because the action is so involute, the turnings so strange and surprising. Yet all of the incidents have been prepared for in some way, are made to seem almost logical, leading like crooked corridors into other crooked corridors. One has the impression of a structured novel about the unstructured, disheveled, unreasonable world with which Pocock attempts to cope. It is highly unreasonable, for example, that he should find himself in the cross fire of Soviet and American Intelligence goons in London. But, in fact, he does. He is stalked by a CIA assassin named Adderly and his Russian counterpart, Richter, who eventually close together in a kind of love embrace of idiot fury and mutual annihilation. It is unreasonable that, seeking death in a menagerie of Soho tarts, Pocock should be offered life by Kikyanos, a human oddity and redeemer of lost souls; that he should be remodeled by Lady Ina Rhodes-Bunting into an authentic Englishman (in becoming Winston Pitt, Pocock acquires the name of two prime ministers); that he should find himself employed by an organ depository, where parts of the body are removed from newly deceased persons and pickled in jars; that he should become the agent of Mrs. Kemp-Wallis, dynamiting a construction site which threatens her favorite tree; that he should find an unlikely romance with Alethea Snow, who intends to hold back the Sahara by planting 8,000 saplings along its border. But all of these things happen. With Alethea, Pocock finds a constructive purpose in life; his heart heals as he finds his way out of the treadmill. *Pocock and Pitt*, which assimilates a combination of elements as unlikely as Henry James's *The Ambassadors* and Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* is essentially a cultural fairy tale, raising the question Can man survive as a *human* entity in an antihuman world he himself has created?

The best passages in *Pocock and Pitt* are those where reality lurches toward nightmare—moments when the reader is shocked into a recognition of the grotesque underside of reality. Yet, despite a gift for seeing life as a fine madness, Baker has not written a perfect novel. Too much of it depends on facility—on surprising twists of plot and a kind of farce that seems too easy to do. The central figure, Wendell Pocock, is treated as a foil, and the minor characters are all manipulated

(Continued on page 69)

Chess Corner No. 161

This year's sixteen-man international round robin at Wijk aan Zee, Holland, produced a best-played game on a par with the Anderssen-Kieseritzky immortal, played in London's Divan in 1851, and the Anderssen-Dufresne Evergreen of 1853.

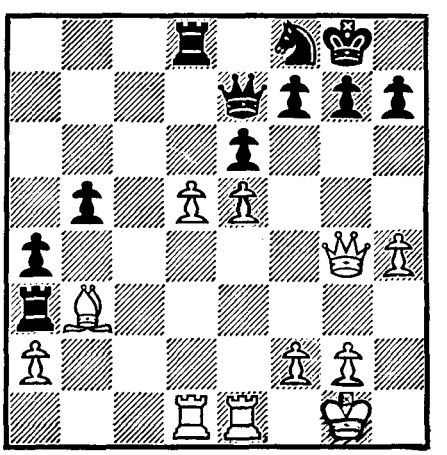
Viktor Korchnoi of the Soviet Union and Miguel Najdorf of Argentina, who holds the world record for simultaneous chess *sans voir*—forty-six games at one time at São Paolo, Brazil, around 1946—each share in this grandmaster-piece. The phenomenon is the well-chosen accolade for such brilliancy. Here, Najdorf's part is negative immortality, but, as everyone knows, a bit of immortality even though negative is better than no bit.

The strategic and tactical rationale involves the immolation of bishop. And, in turn, a motley of tactical, complex calculations are executed.

How, for example, will White win if 31 . . . RxP?

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Korchnoi White	Najdorf Black	Korchnoi White	Najdorf Black
1 P-QB4	N-KB3	14 QR-Q1	QR-B1
2 N-QB3	P-K3	15 B-Q3	R-K1
3 N-B3	P-Q4	16 Q-K3	R-B6
4 P-Q4	P-B4	17 P-K5	Q-B2
5 BPxP	NxP	18 N-N5	N-B1
6 P-K4	NxN	19 N-K4	BxN
7 PxN	PxP	20 QxB	R-Q1
8 PxP	B-N5ch	21 P-KR4	Q-K2
9 B-Q2	BxBch	22 Q-N4	R-R6
10 QxB	O-O	23 B-B4	P-QN4
11 B-B4	P-QN3	24 B-N3	P-QR4
12 O-O	B-N2	25 P-Q5	P-R5
13 KR-K1	N-Q2		



26 PxP	PxB	34 Q-KB4	N-B3
27 PxPch	K-R1	35 Q-B7	Q-N5
28 RxR	QxR	36 Q-B8ch	K-R2
29 PxP	Q-K2	37 QxR	Q-Q5ch
30 P-K6	R-R3	38 K-B1	Q-B5ch
31 P-B4	P-R3	39 K-K2	Q-K4ch
32 P-B5	N-R2	40 K-Q1	Resigns
33 R-QB1	R-R1		

—Al Horowitz.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Last Shall Be First

IF COOLER HEADS had prevailed in our film industry, the financial and, to a degree, the artistic success of *Easy Rider* would have been regarded as a fortuitous happenstance, perhaps as *The Sound of Music* of the head set. Instead, the boys involved with the making of the picture, notably Dennis Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson, were at once raised to prophetic status and handed the wherewithal to steer our films of the Seventies on the true and righteous path. All three have now turned in their pictures, and what, then, has been begotten? Jack Nicholson directed *Drive, He Said*, an ugly, meandering ode to a discontented basketball star. Fonda gave us a mystical little Western, starring himself, called *The Hired Hand*. And presently we have Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie*, which is claimed to be an allegory "concerning the destruction of innocence."

Just what or whose innocence is being destroyed in this sorry cinematic mélange is impossible to determine; my own guess is that the reference is to whoever allocated the million or more dollars required to mount what we might loosely call the production. Presumably there was a script, for credit is given to Stewart Stern for its writing, and presumably there was also a story to begin with, since credit for that is allocated to Mr. Stern and Mr. Hopper. What appears on the screen, however, all but defies linear description, and here I am deliberately playing into Hopper's hands, or maybe head, for clearly his intent is to be non-linear, to evoke a multileveled film experience having to do with the making of a stock Western in Peru and its effects on the natives and on one film cowboy (Hopper). But I find myself trying to straighten the film out, to clarify it, when what happens on the screen leaves mainly a residue of bewilderment.

At any rate, the time is presumably the past, present, and future, and there are flashbacks, dreams, flashforwards, and all the tricky stuff so beloved by the "new" moviemakers. Bits and pieces do now and then connect with the viewer, but whenever order is about to emerge from disorder, Hopper interrupts and flashes on the screen a title: SCENE MISSING. More appropriate would have been: SENSE MISSING.

But before we assume that *Easy Rider*'s flood has turned into a washout, there is account to be taken of another new film, coincidentally titled *The Last Picture Show*. By all means, beware of confusing the two, for the producers responsible for *Easy Rider*, a firm that calls itself BBS Productions, came up with a good film, *Five Easy Pieces*, and now has an even better one in *The Last Picture Show*, based on the Larry McMurtry novel of the same title.

Written by McMurtry and Peter Bogdanovich, and directed by the latter, the film takes us—more than that, puts us—into a small Texas town named Anarene. The time is 1951, and the attempt to capture both time and place has been eminently successful. Anarene is the kind of town one would generally pass through with a wary eye on the speed limit and the local cop, the kind that fills one with a sense of boredom and depression merely to glance at its unprepossessing exterior. But there is life in the town, nevertheless, and feeling, and drama, and tragedy. Bogdanovich made the decision to use black and white instead of color; the film is cast for appropriateness rather than star quality; and the ring is remarkably true, even to the songs heard on jukeboxes and radios.

Bogdanovich at thirty-one is a noted film scholar, a specialist in such as Ford and Hawks, and he has directed one previous film, *Targets*, which was so-so. This time out he is superb; he has probably deliberately sought for a style echoing those of his favorite masters, and his devotion has beautifully paid off. The story concerns two of the town boys, their friends, and their loves. They're taken over the course of two or three years. Both boys (played wonderfully by Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges) are from the wrong side of the tracks, but their athletic ability gives them enough status to associate for a time with the better folk. One of these is the rich girl of the town, another is the sexually frustrated wife (Cloris Leachman) of the high school athletics coach. What happens between these people and others makes one ache with recognition and remembrance. If there is a flaw, it is in the scanty detailing of the homeless background of the two boys. But overlook it. The people are there, and they are real, and there is nary a false note. And how good to know there is an American film tradition on which to build for the better.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Bermuda on Two Wheels a Day

YOU CAN TICK OFF all of Bermuda's assets—sun and beaches, clear water and sailing—but the one that drew me back for a second visit was its peculiar, and commendable, limitation on cars. I was in the mood for a last go at the outdoors before summer died away, and so, using the old thumb-and-forefinger compass to circle potential destinations within driving distance of New York, I began to zero in on Nova Scotia, with an outside nod to Cape Hatteras.

Then the realization that my driving credentials were not in perfect order (my license needed renewing) began to seep in, as did a general dread of driving East Coast roadways. At that point, the lovely isle of Bermuda and visions of its twenty-mile-per-hour-limit road signs washed across my mind. Cars were first introduced to Bermuda exactly twenty-five years ago, on September 1, 1946, and although the number has grown to 11,000 (one for every five residents), there are no renting facilities on the island. Visitors —and there are sometimes 10,000 at once—have to make do with feet, cabs, buses, ferries, and the popular motorbikes, otherwise known to islanders as mo-peds, wheels, putt-putts, and cycles. Anyone can ride a motorbike; a license is not required. My hunt was over.

Another advantage in visiting Bermuda, at least for folk on this side of the continent, is the relatively quick trip. From Washington, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston it's no more than two hours by air—about the time it takes the harried stewardesses to serve and snatch away a meal on a crowded 747.

What a return visitor to Bermuda has to appreciate is the resistance to change on the little sea-swept British colony. Two years ago, protectors of the landscape were worried about the coming of a seven-story bank building to Front Street in the capital city of Hamilton and of a Holiday Inn to a hillside in the parish of St. George's. Well, both have arrived. The bank doesn't look bad, and in fact serves Bermudians as a convenient landmark, and if the Holiday Inn detracts somewhat from the once lonely splendor nearby Fort St. Catherine enjoyed, at least it's far removed and not easy to find.

Among human changes, I immediately noticed that "coloured" has become "black," even in the conversation of Establishment whites, and that Bermuda's 65 per cent black population, long docile and second-class, has taken on fresh measures of soul and dignity —so fresh that at times the effort seems awkward. Certainly, the older blacks have been left behind, still half-wondering whatever happened to the comfortable colonial days. Outside the Princess Hotel one evening, a veteran black doorman was telling a young Bermudian in huge Afro not to park his motorbike so close to the building. "Dynamite," said the young man coolly and prepared to follow instructions. The doorman took that strange reply to be offensive and muttered something back. "No, man," said the other, "like it's good, cool, okay." But the doorman didn't dig, and probably never will.

No doubt Bermuda's young blacks are taking liberties they wouldn't have dared a few years ago, but tourists don't seem caught up in the quiet struggle. A local white girl told me that none of her friends will go to the Guinea Discothèque because, she said, it's too black and hostile. She doesn't fear Hamilton's other late-night dancing den, the Ace of Clubs, which is more racially mixed. Tourists and crewmen off the various cruise ships in port don't tend to make the same distinction. Perhaps the only anxiety a white man feels in the Guinea is about his dancing ability. The floor is crowded with the coolest outfits and biggest Afros on the island, and in the swaying, rocking movements you see none of the subjugation that has kept a people down for centuries. It's a wild, happy place.

A fact of island life that rankles many black Bermudians is that in order to work for a living they must serve the tourists. Almost the entire economy is based on tourism. Without the streams of visitors (Connecticut and Massachusetts send the most, per capita) during the salubrious months from April to October, Bermuda would suffer financial collapse. Europeans, trained in Swiss and German hotel schools, are imported to handle the more responsible service jobs. There is a small hotel school on Bermuda, and slowly, perhaps too slowly, island blacks are being worked into higher hotel positions.

Another new look on the horizon is a comical little three-wheeled vehicle that was recently introduced to make highway travel safer. No matter how expertly you learn to pilot a two-wheeler, a rain-slick road or sudden obstacle can send you soaring. Bermudians constantly wear bandages on elbows and knees to cover up what they call "road rash." I watched several accidents unfold before my eyes, read newspaper ads urging riders to use helmets, heard Bermudians them-

—*Sam Falk, Monkmeyer*

A high wind in Bermuda—"The whole landscape seems to be brushed clean."

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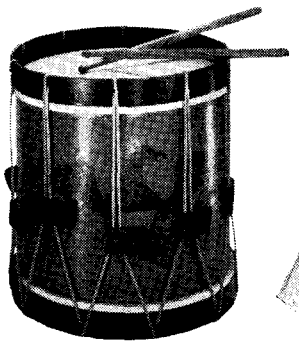

The music of the past knows no season in Virginia. And now's just the time to hear it for yourself, from the taverns and shops of Colonial Williamsburg to Richmond's Confederate Museum, where memories of a House Divided include this empty-headed little **doll that spied for Dixie.**

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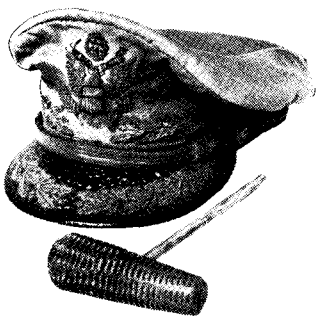
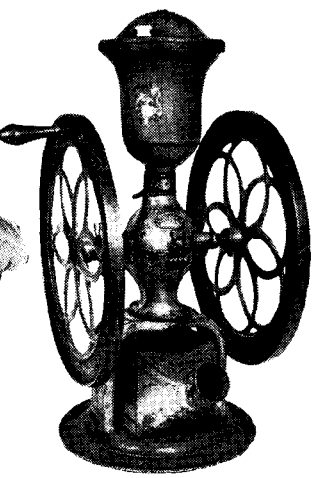
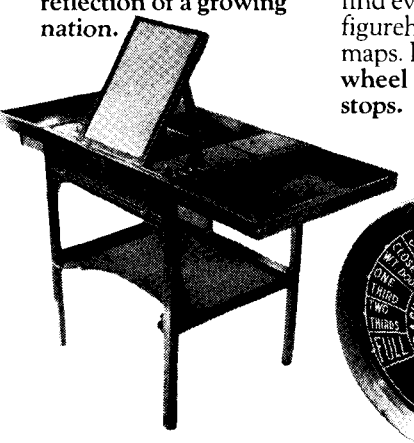
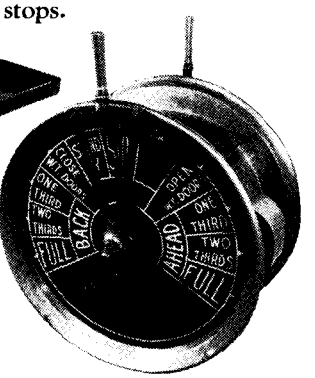


Hats off to the General at Norfolk's MacArthur Memorial, where Walter Cronkite narrates the life of America's most decorated officer. Or cross the state to Blacksburg's Smithfield Plantation. From Indian days to the age of the gentleman's dressing table, it's a fascinating **reflection of a growing nation.**



The turn of the century was a fascinating potpourri of coffee grinders and gramophones, corsets and bellows. See it all through Grandma's eyes at Stoner's Store in Fredericksburg. And if you love the sea, don't miss Newport News and the Mariners Museum, where you'll find everything from figureheads to ancient maps. In Virginia the **wheel of history never stops.**





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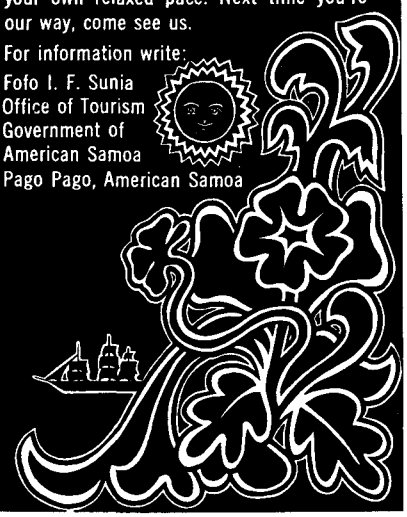

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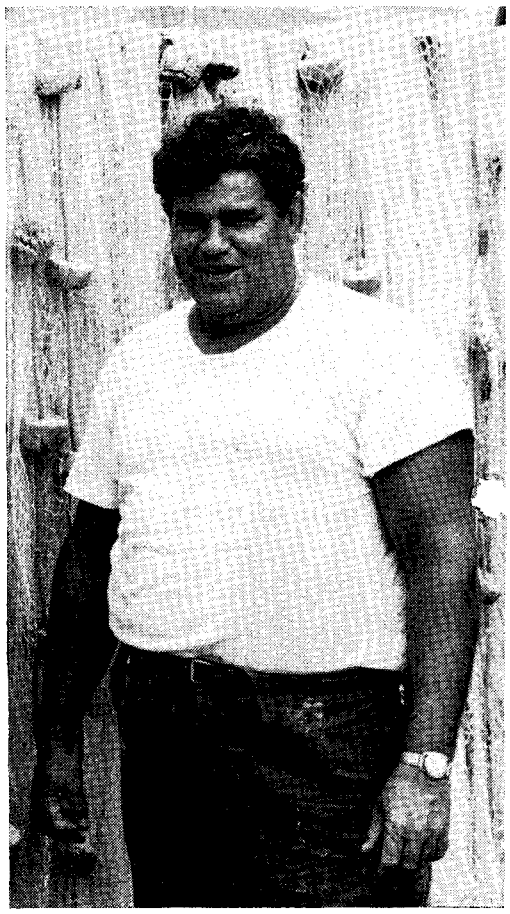
selves shouting instructions and warnings to passing cyclists—and somehow came away unscathed. When you have control of the machine, there is no better way to see Bermuda. A bike will take you down narrow lanes where cars can't—or aren't allowed to—go, across sloping green hillsides that end abruptly above hidden beaches, and beneath a relentless sun that will do half the tanning trick (shirts must be worn on the road) before you ever reach the shore.

Bermudians frequently boast of having no unemployment and almost no signs of poverty. Unless you pass through the back streets of Hamilton, where outdoor privies are still in evidence, you can't dispute the claim. Indeed, the whole landscape seems to be brushed clean. The tiny, pastel-colored stone huts are neat and freshly painted. Everywhere the land is decorated with the pink of oleander, the purple of morning-glory, the red of hibiscus. Perhaps the only blight within view is the deposit of sticky pitch that washes up on the shore in little globs, soiling flesh and bathing suits.

On an island totally dedicated to amusing the tourist there naturally is more to do than sit on the beach. And after a few days in the sun, which loses hardly a ray of its radiance until October, a man begins to welcome some variety. One breezy morning, with the wind up to twelve knots and threatening more, I went out sailing with Captain Howard Powell, whose thirty-foot sloop *Starling* has borne tourists over the waves since 1937. Powell, one of five skippers so employed in Bermuda (they charge $34 a load for a day at sea), is a Bermuda onion—a native who's never been off the rock. (Real Bermuda onions, in fact, have long been off the rock and are now grown mainly in Texas.) Powell is a strange black presence in a sport traditionally dominated by whites, but he is an old man not eager to make waves.

"People my age don't want independence," he said as the wind whipped us across the Great Sound and out toward the open sea. "This country"—as locals refer to Bermuda—"is running nicely. We should leave good enough alone. Independence will bring taxes. From a young child now to sixty, I get along well with white people. No trouble. Now the young people, they create problems. We never heard about this black power before."

Around noon we tied up at Cambridge Beaches, a resort on the far corner of the island that provided Bermudians with a weekend escape in the years before the tourists discovered it. In the 1880s the area was a settlement for freed slaves. When Hugh



Dennis Lamb of St. David's—"His conch stew and turtle steak are legendary."

Gray bought the property in 1924, he turned some of the old sheds into cottages, and Cambridge Beaches became Bermuda's first "cottage colony." Gray met a mysterious end at the foot of the stone steps leading to his private home called Windswept. Now the home is rented out to tourists, but as Bill Mulder, the manager, told me, "Our women employes are spooked by it. They won't go inside."

Mulder, a Dutchman well trained in European hotel management, has found it difficult to staff a resort in the middle of the Atlantic with high-grade personnel. Generally, he said, the Bermudians he hires are inexperienced, and the Europeans become bored. "We're a long way out from Hamilton and the city action, and our Italians get a little lonesome. Naturally, they will give more coffee to the fourteen-year-old girls than to the old grandmother with her teeth falling in the soup."

Another daytime event to occupy tourists is Hartley's Underwater Wonderland Reef Cruises. From the Coral Island Hotel in the little town of Flatts, Bronson Hartley takes out his fifty-foot diesel launch twice a day, morning and afternoon, to a nearby coral reef he has worked for twenty-five years. He leads helmeted passengers four at a time down a ladder to the floor of

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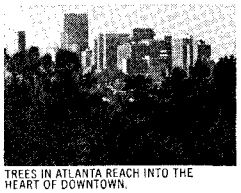
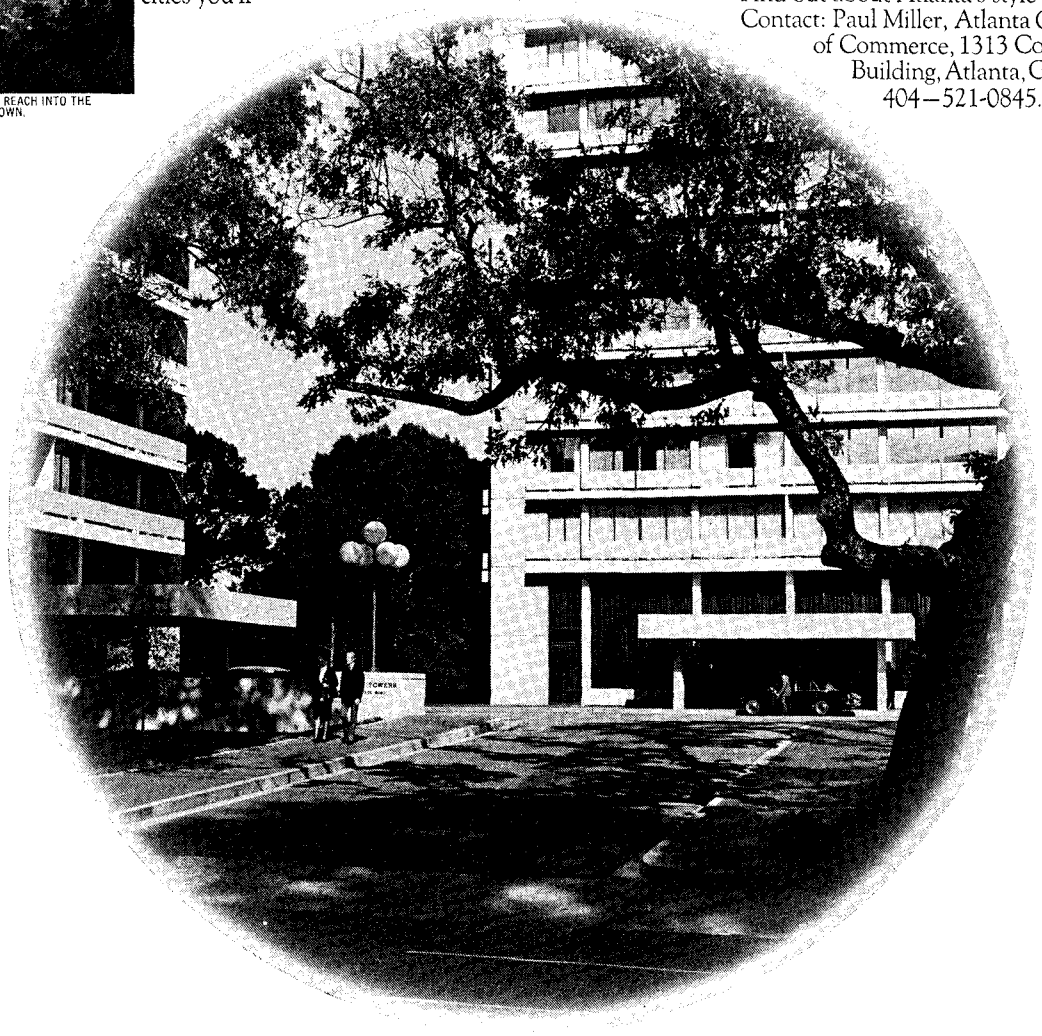


TREES IN ATLANTA REACH INTO THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN.



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the ocean and there introduces them to all forms of sea life, including a friendly red hind fish that loves to have its belly tickled. Hartley, the Lloyd Bridges of Bermuda, claims the excursion is so safe you won't even muss your hair. Mine did come up dry.

If a man could fault Bermuda's night life, it would be in the all-too-frequent coat-and-tie requirement. My idea of an island holiday is to unwind and dress down; on Bermuda, visitors seem to relish the opposite style. At the Princess Hotel, on the outskirts of Hamilton, guests on the gourmet plan ($82 a day for two in the high season) sit down to candlelit meals as though every night were the Captain's Dinner on the SS *France*. The food, prepared and served by a European staff, is perhaps the best "in the country." Close in quality is the Princess-owned Waterlot Inn across the Sound. Once a week, the hotel spreads out a splendid barbecue by the pool, but even that night, to my surprise, a few of the guests came formal.

It's one thing to dress up in your own hotel and go down to dinner, but to find yourself spinning along a darkened road on a motorbike, wearing a suit or long dress—well, they wouldn't believe it back home. It was on such a ride along the North Shore to the Clay House Inn, scene of the best island-type entertainment, that an eeriness overtook me for the first, and only, time on Bermuda. There was just the small headlight to cut the darkness; faces kept appearing out of nowhere on the roadside; tree frogs and crickets sang all around. On the map it had looked like a short ride, but the blackness seemed to stretch out for miles. Scared? Yes, but the change was welcome.

All week long I couldn't help wondering if I would indeed find anything distinctly Bermudian about Bermuda. The sand and sun are hers, but the limbo, calypso, and bobbie-like policemen—in fact, just about everything—are imported. On the last afternoon, I caught a cab for the airport and, with time to kill, asked the driver, Berkley Wilson, to head out to St. David's, the most remote of Bermuda's parishes. I had heard that the island's only distinctly local food was served at a place called Dennis's Hideaway near the tip of the parish.

We finally found the owner, Dennis Lamb, working with some neighbors on a new house just up the road from his tiny pink-stone restaurant. There was something in the look and speech of Lamb and the others I met in St. David's that suggested an old-fashioned, almost inbred insularity. "We all try to live this way of helping each other," said Lamb as he showed me into his café, closed for the afternoon and still a shambles from the preceding night's celebration of St. David's cricket victory over Flatts.

Lamb, a stout man in his forties with curly black hair, operates the restaurant four or five nights a week, spends many days pulling in 180-pound turtles and other sea creatures, and also tends the bridge leading to St. David's. His turtle steak and conch stew are legendary among the few who know his place. The Hideaway is, of course, anything but formal. "Why, you can come in here barefoot, no shirt on," he said, "and if you want to lay off on the bloody grass, we don't care." His son Graham, almost as big and just as friendly, nodded with a twinkling smile. They wanted to light the oven, unfreeze a turtle steak, and cook me a meal, but I had a plane to catch, so Lamb pulled a carton of conch stew from the freezer and wrapped it up.

"Come on back, mate," said the son. "If you can't be good, be careful," said the father.

Spoon

by Tom McKeown

Spoon
spoon

I like
the sound
of
spoon

The word
is never
empty

I carry
a spoon

in each
pocket

I am rich
with
spoons

of sound

Looking Forward

by Tom McKeown

Not all of us live
for tomorrow: a girl,

dressed in rags,
picks through
the garbage

as the church choir
begins to sing.

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"Pocock and Pitt"

(Continued from page 62)

for whatever bit of tragic farce can be squeezed from them. The elaborate business of the espionage agents who leave a rose or (in the case of the American) a Tootsie Roll, as calling cards on the broken bodies of their victims is amusing, perhaps, as a burlesque of Ian Fleming; but in the meantime Baker's serious theme has evaporated. Baker seems unsure of what kind of novel he is writing. His vision of contemporary bleakness is conveyed with authority only intermittently in *Pocock and Pitt*; the rest of the book is devoted to a facile giddiness.

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.

A START IN LIFE

by Alan Sillitoe

Scribners, 352 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John R. Clark

■ Alan Sillitoe's sixth novel, *A Start in Life,* lacks finish. Narrated, as so often in Sillitoe tales, by a first-person protagonist, the book details the delinquency of Michael Cullen, born a bastard in Nottingham. Michael's youth there—schools, jobs, scrapes with the law—ends when he abandons a pregnant girl and goes to London.

In the big city, Michael lazes when he can, takes on an assortment of odd jobs when he must, and copulates with a long queue of lasses whenever possible. Attracted to theft, he is eventually drawn into a smuggling ring that sneaks gold bricks out of the country. After being captured, and imprisoned for a mere eighteen months, Michael settles with his ill-gotten gains in an abandoned railway station he has purchased outside Upper Mayhem, keeping beside him Bridgitte, their children, and an assortment of down-and-outers. Placidly cultivating his garden rail, Michael resembles an indolent Candide; he may think England the worst of all possible worlds, but he likes being his own stationmaster, and has bought his own ticket.

Sillitoe's promise a decade ago was considerable. His first novel was highly acclaimed, and so was his first short-story collection. As one of the last of Britain's Angry Young Men, Sillitoe regularly portrayed the rage and despair of the Nottingham factory poor. But his anger and fictions have altered with time. In Sillitoe's early work there was something single-minded and intense in the actions and scenes, particularly in the shorter novels. The seventeen-year-old boy in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* and Arthur Seaton in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* graphically expressed moments of pain and pure rebellion. Later novels reveal a broader social and political horizon. Sillitoe's characters not only privately rebel but become dedicated to larger "movements," such as the Algerian FLN.

A Start in Life, however, lacks both politics and rebellion. True, the novel proposes evolution and change: Cullen supposedly learns to transcend mere selfish perverseness—until he accumulates at his stationhouse virtually a commune of derelicts and strays. But his alteration is hardly convincing; he himself concedes that he might abscond, "be on the wild" again when he reaches thirty-five. Cullen is deprived of intention or goal.

> My only positive act . . . was to let myself drift with events, out of curiosity to see where it would take me. . . .

He is "a man of all colors," thoughtlessly adrift. In somewhat garbled prose he pronounces:

> My natural move should have been to retreat. . . . But natural moves were already alien to me, and I was set on some course even more natural than my natural desires because I didn't think one bit about what I was going to do.

Drift he does—mightily. So does the novel. As picaresque hero, wafted along life's roads, Cullen lacks significant center, and the fiction wants control. One tires of Cullen's endless ego-tripping, rambling, and thought-defying meditations. The book groans with massive descriptions of foodstuff, drink, and fornication. Sillitoe mixes burlesque and comic scenes with moments of tragedy, romance, and pop Dick Tracy. Moreover, the fiction repeatedly halts, allowing some character, for many pages, to detail "the story of his life."

Under this load *A Start in Life* staggers. What Cullen observes about himself is true, alas, of the author and his book:

> . . . I still had my doubts about how suitable I was because . . . there's a certain idleness in me, an inability to think to the end of everything that starts for no other reason than that I can't be bothered . . . and the flashlight of a bright idea soon gets lost in the fog.

John R. Clark teaches courses on satire and the novel at New York University.

Medical Research

(Continued from page 29)

help underwrite the costs of medical education. Until they do, and if our medical schools are not to go into bankruptcy, some emergency funds must be found. Furthermore, since the population as a whole profits from medical education and research, the allocation of federal money for such support is more than justified.

Because research is an essential activity in maintaining and advancing the quality of teaching, some schools have been able to help pay the salaries of some of the teaching faculty from research funds, but now that these funds are in ever shorter supply, support of our teaching faculties becomes a critical matter. Some members of Congress have tried to offer emergency aid to medical schools, but the $100-million that had been earmarked for this emergency effort disappeared in the course of the Senate-House conference on the authorizing legislation, despite concerted efforts by various facets of the medical community to explain the plight of medical schools to Congress.

By its attitude and actions, the administration is magnifying the present jeopardy to an important American enterprise—medical research—the enterprise that holds the key to the future health of the nation. Congress, aware that the administration's health budget was creating a crisis and, indeed, was courting disaster, has restored some of the cuts, but what is yet to be determined is whether the administration will apportion the money and allow its full expenditure. Even these Congressional increases, however, will only mitigate, not completely remove, the threat to the research enterprise caused by several years of retrenchment.

At the moment, most of the increases recommended by Congress are still being withheld, and there are signs that the administration may frustrate the will and the efforts of Congress to resuscitate the health budget. According to the September 15, 1971, issue of *Drug Research Reports*, ". . . the biomedical community will have to fight for every penny it gets" from the government. The report further notes that "fiscal '73 is now viewed by the White House as another good year in which to cut back research," and suggests that the National Institutes of Health may be ordered to start these cutbacks "by nibbling away at ongoing projects."

The average citizen, who is both the potential victim of ill health and the potential beneficiary of medical research, can play a significant, positive role in maintaining the productivity of biomedical research and training. To

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do so, however, he needs to understand better some of our current health problems—for example, that some of the high cost of health care today is due to the often cumbersome and complex equipment, the lengthy hospitalization, and the extensive health manpower needed in palliative treatment and in the prolonged care and rehabilitation of patients with obscurely understood diseases. To restrict additional funds to the delivery of this same kind of empirical treatment, invaluable though it is at our present level of knowledge, is penny-wise and pound-foolish when we could simultaneously be uncovering the underlying causes of these disorders and eventually their prevention. The annual savings accrued as a result of the virtual elimination of poliomyelitis, for example, amounts to about one-third of a billion dollars, a sum that far exceeds the amount invested in the research that led to its elimination. Added to the tangible dividends that accrue from the conversion of polio patients to useful citizens are the intangible benefits of a happier, and therefore a more creative, society.

Prevention, whether by use of vaccines, diet, or pharmacologic agents, is always more economical to the nation than disability and treatment. We are spending $70-billion annually for sickness, disability, and death. According to a national health survey made several years ago, more than half the people in the labor force (71.3 million) had one or more chronic conditions. As a result, during one year alone, 250 million work days were lost because of acute illness of persons seventeen years of age and older. The loss in wages and productivity is enormous. Yet, we continue to skimp on funds to support the search for the cause of these illnesses and methods of preventing them.

From a purely economic standpoint, it is to the country's advantage to transfer as much of our population as possible from the ranks of the disabled and handicapped, where they constitute a tax burden, to the ranks of the productive and employable, where they can contribute as taxpayers. A report of a study undertaken at the request of Mrs. Mary Lasker indicated that more than two-and-a-half-million wage earners whose lives had been saved in 1967 as a result of the declining death rate paid $1.69-billion in federal income and excise taxes. By contrast, the appropriation for that year for the National Institutes of Health (which at that time included the National Institute of Mental Health) was only $1.4-billion. The figures for the period 1945-1967 similarly show that the federal government gains more in taxes from persons whose lives have been saved as a result of better health knowledge than it appropriates for the National Institutes of Health.

Most citizens would, if they knew the facts, consider as awry national priorities that expend about $400 per person for defense, $125 per person for the Vietnam War, $40 per person for highways, $30 per person for space exploration, but as little as $7 per person for all medical research. Our tax-dollar priorities seem ever more imprudent when we consider that it cost our nation $70-billion (7 per cent of our Gross National Product) last year to support all health activities, an amount exceeded only by the cost of our defense activities. In other words, our lack of knowledge of health matters costs us about $315 per person, but we have been willing to spend only about $7 per person on medical research to help rid ourselves of this economic burden. Mental health services cost our nation $4-billion, or $20 per person, but we spend only 70 cents per person on mental health research. Hospital, nursing home, and physician care, along with drugs and other health services and supplies, cost more than $6-billion for heart disease alone ($30 per person); yet we allocate less than $1 per person for heart research.

We should regard medicine as a large industry with an evolving research base. To remain viable, such a science-dependent industry must expend substantially more than 10 per cent of its total operational costs for research and development. The pharmaceutical and electronic industries, in fact, spend about twice that much, whereas medical research spends less than 3 per cent of national health costs on research and development.

Press accounts of "breakthroughs" during the past few years have suggested that a scientist, working in isolation, suddenly comes upon a miraculous discovery. As dramatic and exciting as this suggestion may be, it is simply untrue. New scientific knowledge involves years of laborious effort and the most disciplined perseverance; blind alleys, disappointments, and frustrations are numerous. The spectacular discoveries announced to the world at large are often a synthesis of accumulated bits and shreds of seemingly impractical information obtained from many previous years of basic and applied research. Findings that may be considered trivial or impractical today may provide just the fragment of knowledge that can be combined tomorrow with another fragment to advance human understanding or improve human life. An extremely esoteric contribution may be the crucial link in the synthesis of scientific data leading to a major discovery. Once the general populace grasps this, they will recognize the imprudence of demanding instant practical results from federally supported research projects and will support a policy of allowing scientists to pursue research freely and imaginatively.

Society obviously has many other needs and desires besides those relating to health, but fulfillment of the other needs and desires will be futile, if indeed it is at all possible, unless our population is healthy enough to enjoy our resources. We cannot afford to let short-term goals eclipse long-range benefits. Training and medical research are basically long-range projects, but unless something is done *now* to rectify the proposed drastic reductions in training funds and the crippling cutbacks in research money, we will have neither short-term gains nor long-term profits. Louis Pasteur aptly expressed the humanitarian goal of research when he said, "If conquests useful to humanity touch your heart, . . . take interest, I beseech you, in those sacred institutions that we designate under the expressive name of laboratories. Demand that they be multiplied and adorned; they are the temples of . . . the future. There it is that humanity grows, becomes stronger and better." If indeed our hearts are touched by conquests useful to humanity, we must turn from inspiring rhetoric to positive action—and *now*.

WIT TWISTER #239

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

With Thee, O — — — — — —,
shall I fear no ill.
Thou — — — — — — me with
Truth's bright sword and shield.
Though Satan's host should — —
— — — — against me, still
Thy presence will both strength
and comfort yield.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 91)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Li (*Kim*), 2Dk (*All Quiet . . .*), 3Bc (*Great Gatsby*), 4Il (*Red Pony*), 5Cb (*Pathfinder*), 6Jg (*Prisoner of Zenda*), 7Fd, 8Ee (*She Stoops to Conquer*), 9Hh (*Ramona*), 10Kf (*Sun Also Rises*), 11Aa (*My Antonia*), 12Gj (*Call of the Wild*).

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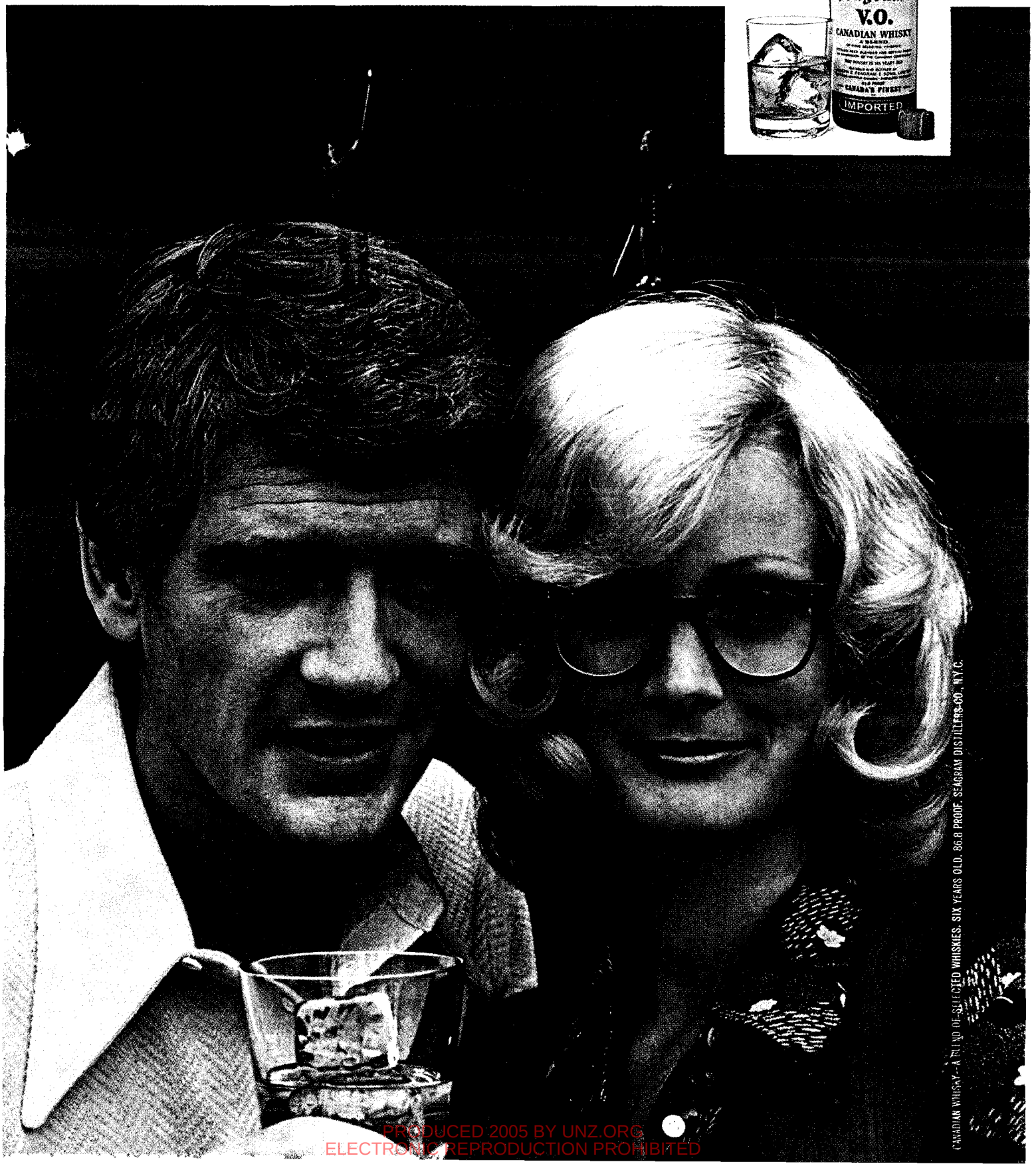

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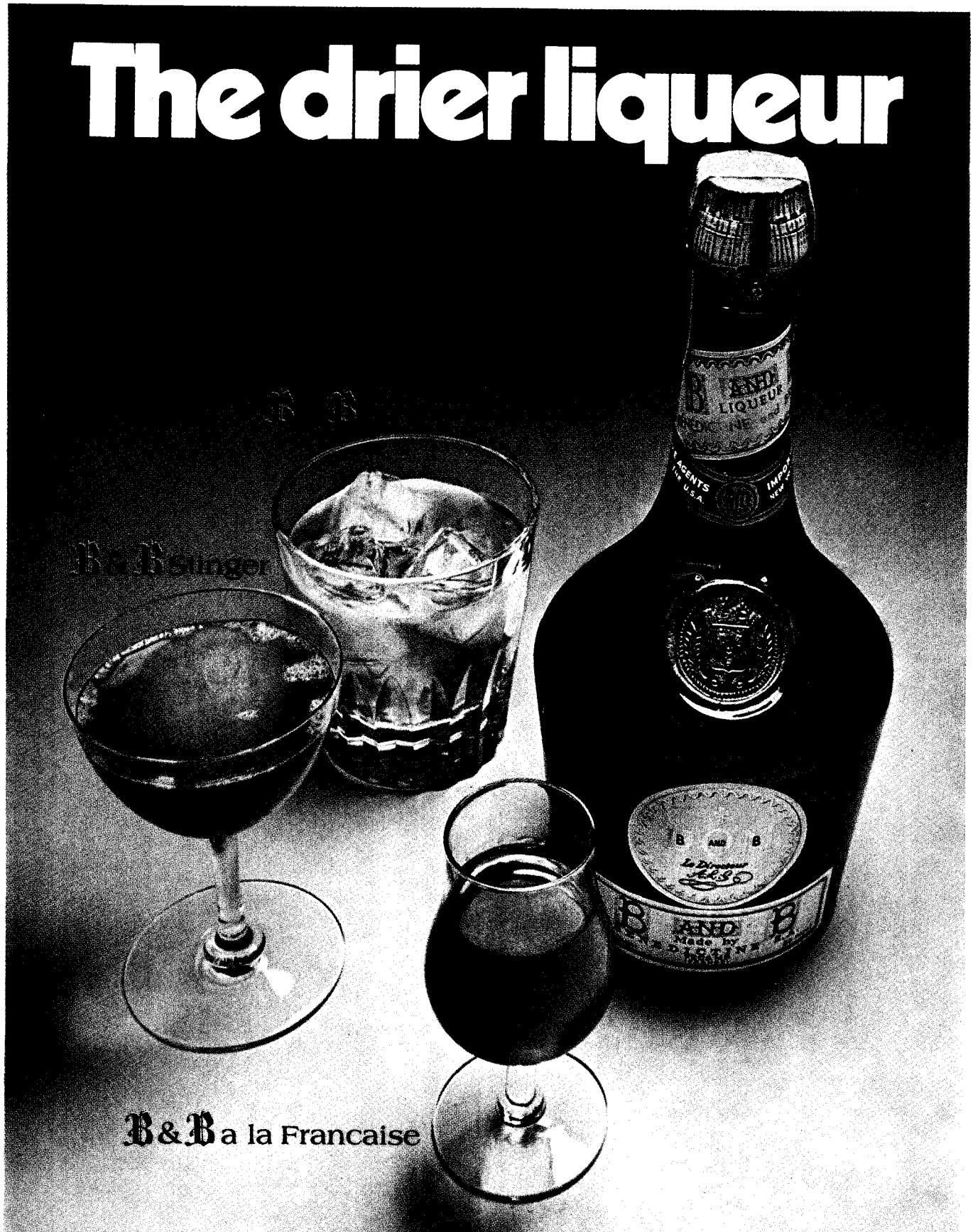

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Chickens and Foxes

THE U.S. Court of Appeals (District of Columbia) has before it two important cases involving the secrecy of program records and annual financial reports of broadcasters whose license renewals are challenged by citizen groups. This same court, in the famous 1969 WLBT-TV case (Jackson, Mississippi), gave such groups the right to intervene in license-renewal cases. More recently, it said that "one test of [a licensee's] superior service should certainly be whether and to what extent the incumbent has reinvested the profit on his license to the service of the viewing and listening public." The Court of Appeals has encouraged citizens to "take an active interest in the scope and quality of the television service. . . ." Experience has shown, however, that groups taking up challenges are greatly disadvantaged by not having access to records of public affairs and news programs or financial reports showing a station's potential to provide community-service programs in light of its profit margin and its competitive performance against other stations.

The FCC makes no provision for stations' keeping detailed program logs for public inspection. Also, in a very recent ruling, the commission denied the request of a Spanish-American group in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the annual financial reports of KGGM-TV, a CBS affiliate, which were needed by the group to help it evaluate that station's local program service to area minorities. The Alianza Federal de Pueblos Libres has asked the Court of Appeals to reverse the FCC decision. In denying the Alianza request, the commission said that it does not consider the reinvestment of profits in local programing to be a factor in judging a station's service to the public. It also said that, historically, a station's financial records have been confidential (although the FCC has disclosed such information in past cases). In effect, the FCC stood as a shield before the Albuquerque stations, even though neither the commission nor the stations in any way indicated how they could be hurt by public disclosure of their financial reports.

In another recent case, the FCC turned down the Republican National Committee's request for the ABC Television Network's program logs, which the committee wanted to use to prove that the network's programing had favored anti-administration views on the Indochina war. The commission, in a paradigm of absurdity, told the Republicans that they offered no evidence to support their allegations, but then refused to give them access to the evidence they needed to prove their charges. This case, too, is now before the Court of Appeals.

A third case (which may eventually come before the court) involves another CBS affiliate, WKBN-TV, in Youngstown, Ohio, which was challenged by the Black Broadcasting Coalition (BBC). The FCC dismissed the BBC's petition to deny because the facts supporting its contention that the station had not adequately served the needs of the black community were too sketchy. The citizen group, in asking the commission for reconsideration, argues that there are no means available to it whereby it can satisfy the FCC's demand for specificity.

The name of the game is "discovery," a legal tool whereby parties to a dispute may exchange information in advance of the actual adversary confrontation in order to cut down the tedium of that confrontation. The FCC refuses to grant discovery to citizen groups in pre-hearing pleadings. In so doing, it is guilty of a shell game, the object of which is "to discourage, impede, harass, frustrate, and ultimately defeat the efforts of citizen groups to improve the performance of broadcast stations." In the absence of access to program records, and considering the prohibitive cost of monitoring even one week of a station's programs, public groups can only generalize about a station's actual performance. A citizen group negotiating with a station that sits on its programing secrets is much in the same situation as "a chicken negotiating with a fox."

There is no valid reason why groups cannot have access to program records before the last-minute deadline when they must decide whether or not to challenge a station's license renewal. As of now, public groups have an impossible burden of proof placed on them by the FCC. Stations argue that disclosure of financial reports would disrupt their business; but they are not private companies, they are public trustees. The federal government makes its records available. Even business corporations that go public must make financial reports obtainable. The courts have even held that a broadcaster, by virtue of his government franchise, is a "state agency." The public interest easily outweighs any embarrassment to stations that may result as a consequence of disclosure of salaries, profits, etc., to neighbors, clients, or competitors.

The consumer movement in broadcasting now has reached a gut issue—the relationship of programing to profits. The surfacing of the issue of discovery (which followed the older issue of the right of citizen groups to intervene in renewal cases) is both a symptom of this new problem and a sign of progress. The FCC apparently still considers citizen groups as hostiles. The opportunity then is once again in the corner of that perceptive and spirited Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

"You shouldn't have done that, mister. There are only a few hundred left."

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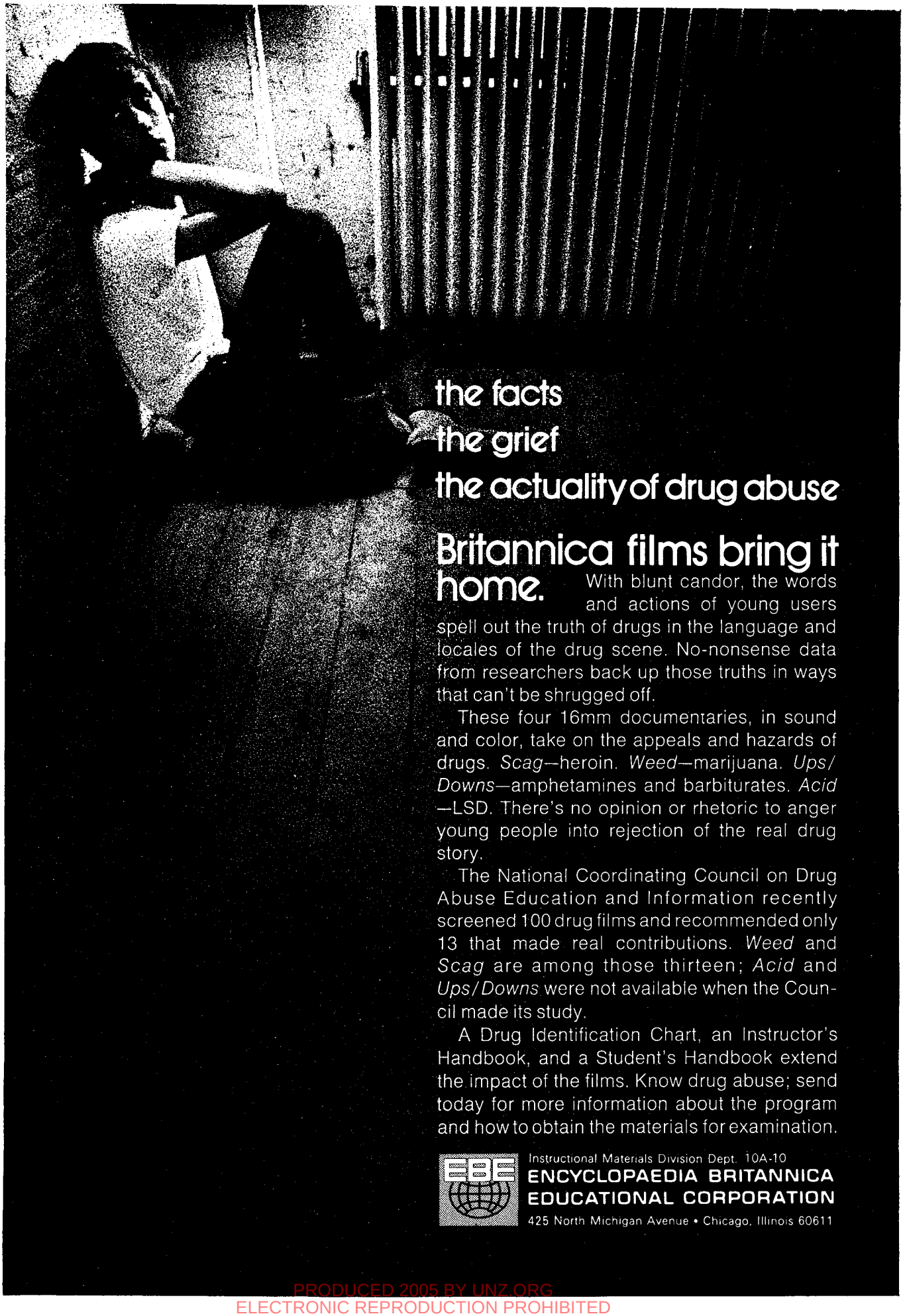

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the grief
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The National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information recently screened 100 drug films and recommended only 13 that made real contributions. *Weed* and *Scag* are among those thirteen; *Acid* and *Ups/Downs* were not available when the Council made its study.

A Drug Identification Chart, an Instructor's Handbook, and a Student's Handbook extend the impact of the films. Know drug abuse; send today for more information about the program and how to obtain the materials for examination.

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First Things First

Priorities in education, as in other areas of American life, sometimes get badly scrambled. There have been many examples in recent years, so it was with special pleasure that we discovered last month that the City of Brotherly Love still puts first things first. According to a *New York Times* report, the financially strapped Philadelphia school board announced last May that it would be forced, during the 1971-72 school year, to wipe out 600 teaching positions, eliminate all extracurricular activities (including art, music, drama, student publications, and varsity athletics), and close the schools four weeks early next spring.

The announcement met with an apathetic response from the community until September arrived and it became clear that one of the casualties of the financial pinch would be high school football. Sports enthusiasts were outraged and started mobilizing to counter the influence of the "stuffy people who are anti-sports." According to the *Times*, Mayor James Tate, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness, the Philadelphia Labor Committee, and the Public League Coaches Association all joined with parents and the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers in demanding the reinstatement of the sports program. Republican mayoral candidate Thacher Longstreth suggested that the schools close even earlier in the spring to save money for sports, but his opposite number, the Democratic candidate for mayor, Frank Rizzo, went him one better by persuading the owner of the Philadelphia Eagles to donate the $79,000 required to support football in the schools for the season. Finally, practice was able to begin.

Of course, the reason for the widespread community concern over the elimination of football stemmed from the historic role of competitive sports in developing character. Superintendent of Schools Mark Shedd was clearly confused when he continued to worry about those 600 teaching positions. Similarly, the acting president of the school board was equally wrongheaded when he refused to accept the $79,000 donation until each mayoral candidate had promised that if elected he would provide the funds necessary for the schools to complete the full year.

To be sure, this month's *Psychology Today* takes a spoil-sport attitude by publishing a report on the study by two psychologists who find that competitive sports do not build character. But all true believers will find more than ample reassurance in the ringing phrases of the late General Douglas MacArthur on the subject of athletic competition:

> It is a vital character builder. It molds the youth of our country for their future roles as custodians of the Republic. It teaches them to be strong enough to know they are weak, and brave enough to face themselves when they are afraid. It teaches them to be proud and unbending in honest defeat, but humble and gentle in victory. It teaches them humility so that they may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength. It gives them a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It gives them a predominance of courage over timidity, of an appetite for adventure over love of ease. Fathers and mothers who would make their sons into men should have them play the game.

It is unfortunate that those 600 teachers are not in their classrooms this fall. And it is still far from certain that the city's schools will stay open for the full year. But we can all take comfort in the knowledge that Philadelphia is busy building youthful character on the gridiron. —J.C.

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Sexual Stereotypes Start Early

—Fred Ward, Black Star

So long as those responsible for the education of children believe sexual stereotypes to be innate rather than culturally induced, so long will the conditioning continue.

by FLORENCE HOWE

"I remember quite clearly a day in sixth grade," a college freshman told me a year ago, "when the class was discussing an article from a weekly supplementary reader. The story was about a chef, and someone in the class ventured the opinion that cooking was women's work, that a man was a 'sissy' to work in the kitchen. The teacher's response surprised us all. She informed us calmly that men make the best cooks, just as they make the best dress designers, singers, and laundry workers. 'Yes,' she said, 'anything a woman can do a man can do better.' There were no male students present; my teacher was a woman."

Children learn about sex roles very early in their lives, probably before they are eighteen months old, certainly long before they enter school. They learn these roles through relatively simple patterns that most of us take for granted. We throw boy-babies up in the air and roughhouse with them. We coo over girl-babies and handle them delicately. We choose sex-related colors and toys for our children from their earliest days. We encourage the energy and physical activity of our sons, just as we expect girls to be quieter and more docile. We love both our sons and daughters with equal fervor, we protest, and yet we are disappointed when there is no male child to carry on the family name.

A hundred fifty years ago, Elizabeth Cady Stanton learned to master a horse and the Greek language in an attempt to comfort her father who had lost his only son and heir. No matter what evidence of brilliance Cady Stanton displayed, her father could only shake his head and murmur, "If only you were a boy, Elizabeth," much to the bafflement of the girl who had discerned that riding horses and studying Greek were the

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FLORENCE HOWE is professor of humanities at SUNY/College at Old Westbury. She was formerly chairwoman of the Modern Language Association's Commission on the Status of Women and is now second vice president of the MLA. She is co-author with Paul Lauter of *Conspiracy of the Young*. This article is adapted from an address to the Superintendents Work Conference, Teachers College, Columbia University, given at the invitation of Columbia Women's Liberation.

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activities that had distinguished her dead brother from her living sisters. Only thirty years ago, at family gatherings, I remember hearing whispers directed at my brother and me: "Isn't it a pity that he has all the looks while she has all the brains." Others could contribute similar anecdotes today.

The truth of it is that while we in the West have professed to believe in "liberty, equality, and fraternity," we have also taken quite literally the term "fraternity." We have continued to maintain, relatively undisturbed, all the ancient edicts about the superiority of males, the inferiority of females. Assumptions current today about woman's alleged "nature" are disguised psychological versions of physiological premises in the Old Testament, in the doctrines of the early church fathers, and in the thinking of male philosophers, writers, educators—including some who founded women's colleges or opened men's colleges to women. In short, what we today call the "women's liberation movement" is only the most recent aspect of the struggle that began with Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women* in 1795—a piece of theory that drew for courage and example on the fathers of the French and American revolutions. It is, of course, only one hundred years since higher education was really opened up to women in this country, and many people know how dismal is the record of progress for professional women, especially during the past fifty years.

How much blame should be placed on public education? A substantial portion, although it is true that schools reflect the society they serve. Indeed, schools function to reinforce the sexual stereotypes that children have been taught by their parents, friends, and the mass culture we live in. It is also perfectly understandable that sexual stereotypes demeaning to women are also perpetuated by women—mothers in the first place, and teachers in the second—as well as by men—fathers, the few male teachers in elementary schools, high school teachers, and many male administrators and educators at the top of the school's hierarchy.

Sexual stereotypes are not to be identified with sexual or innate differences, for we know nothing about these matters. John Stuart Mill was the first man (since Plato) to affirm that we could know nothing about innate sexual differences, since we have never known of a society in which either men or women lived wholly separately. Therefore, he reasoned, we can't "know" what the pure "nature" of either sex might be: What we see as female behavior, he maintained, is the result of what he called the education of "willing slaves." There is still no "hard" scientific evidence of innate sexual differences, though there are new experiments in progress on male hormones of mice and monkeys. Other hormonal experiments, especially those using adrenaline, have indicated that, for human beings at least, social factors and pressures are more important than physiological ones.

Sexual stereotypes are assumed differences, social conventions or norms, learned behavior, attitudes, and expectations. Most stereotypes are well-known to all of us, for they are simple—not to say simple-minded. Men are smart, women are dumb but beautiful, etc. A recent annotated catalogue of children's books (distributed by the National Council of Teachers of English to thousands of teachers and used for ordering books with federal funds) lists titles under the headings "Especially for Girls" and "Especially for Boys." Verbs and adjectives are remarkably predictable through the listings. Boys "decipher and discover," "earn and train," or "foil" someone; girls "struggle," "overcome difficulties," "feel lost," "help solve," or "help [someone] out." One boy's story has "strange power," another moves "from truancy to triumph." A girl, on the other hand, "learns to face the real world" or makes a "difficult adjustment." Late or early, in catalogues or on shelves, the boys of children's books are active and capable, the girls passive and in trouble. All studies of children's literature—and there have been many besides my own—support this conclusion.

Ask yourself whether you would be surprised to find the following social contexts in a fifth-grade arithmetic textbook:

1) girls playing marbles; boys sewing;
2) girls earning money, building things, and going places; boys buying ribbons for a sewing project;
3) girls working at physical activities; boys babysitting and, you guessed it, sewing.

—Bob Fitch, Black Star

"We encourage the energy and physical activity of our sons just as we expect girls to be more docile."

Of course you would be surprised—so would I. What I have done here is to reverse the sexes as found in a fifth-grade arithmetic text. I was not surprised, since several years ago an intrepid freshman offered to report on third-grade arithmetic texts for me and found similar types of sexual roles prescribed: Boys were generally making things or earning money; girls were cooking or spending money on such things as sewing equipment.

The verification of sexual stereotypes is a special area of interest to psychologists and sociologists. An important series of studies was done in

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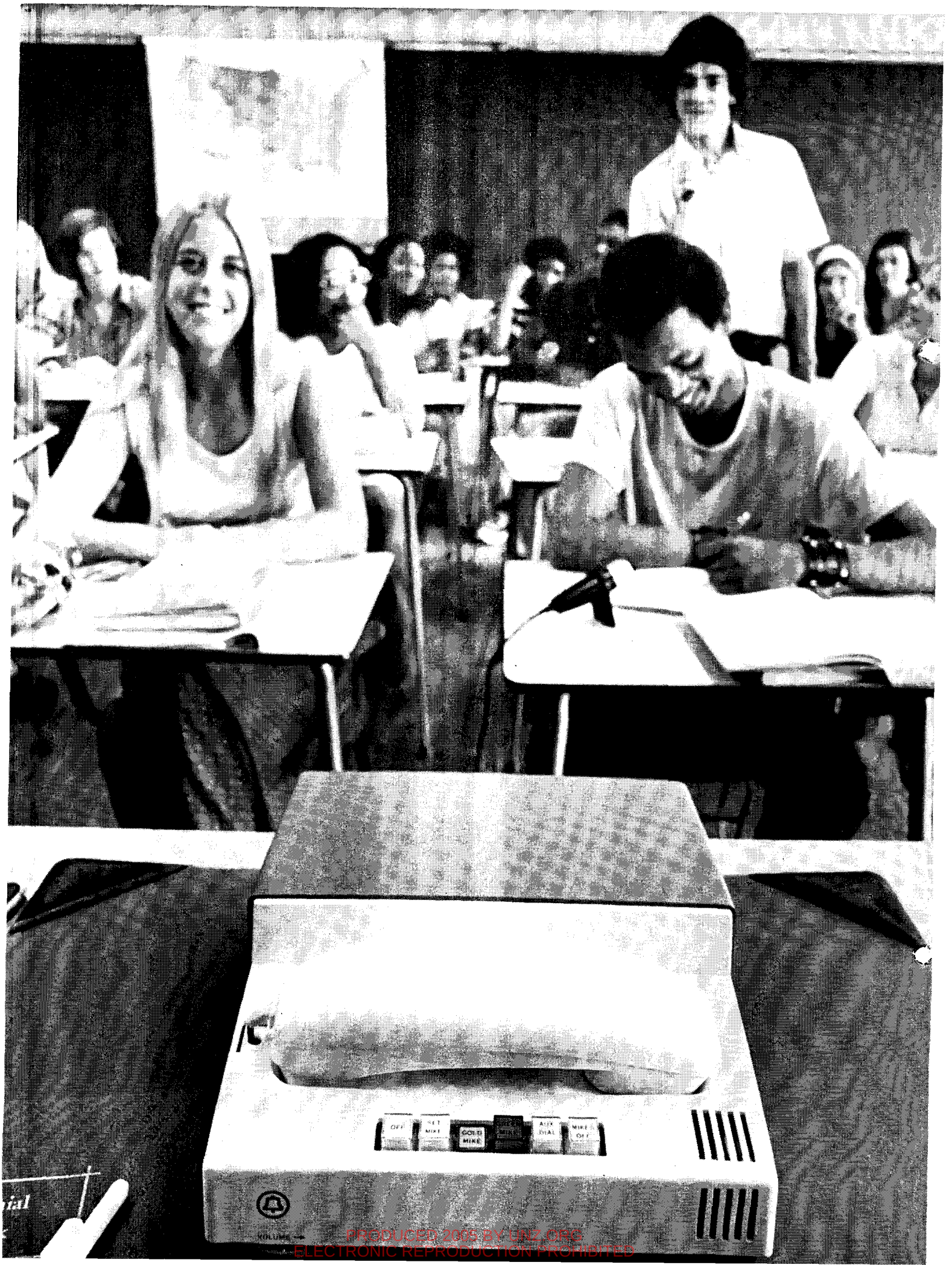

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1968 by Inge K. Broverman and others at Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts. These scientists established a "sex-stereotype questionnaire" consisting of "122 bipolar items"—characteristics socially known or socially tested as male or female. Studies by these scientists and others established what common sense will verify: that those traits "stereotypically masculine . . . are more often perceived as socially desirable" than those known to be feminine. Here are some "male-valued items" as listed on the questionnaire:

very aggressive
very independent
not at all emotional
very logical
very direct
very adventurous
very self-confident
very ambitious

These and other characteristics describe the stereotypic male. To describe the female, you need only reverse those traits and add "female-valued" ones, some of which follow:

very talkative
very tactful
very gentle
very aware of feelings of others
very religious
very quiet
very strong need for security

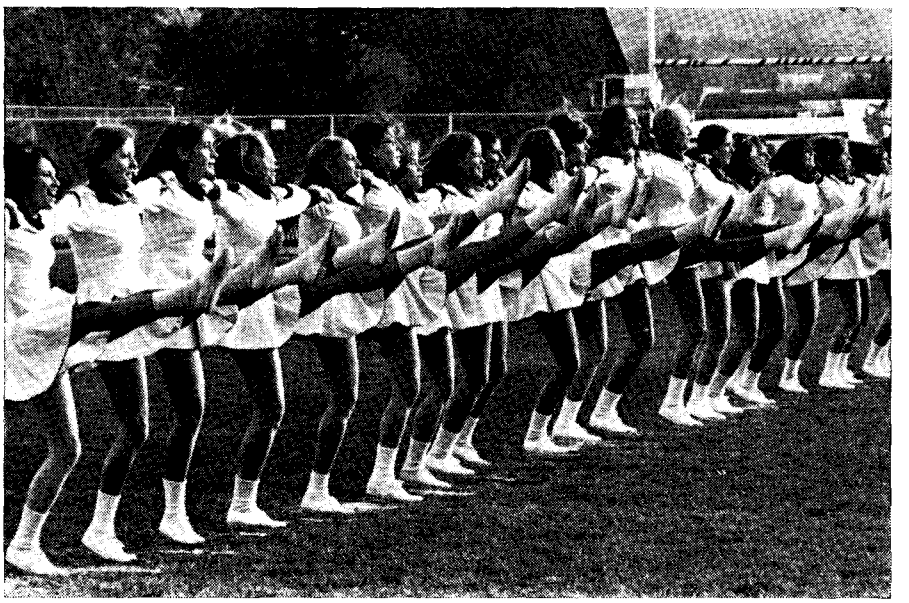
and the one I am particularly fond of citing to men who control my field—"enjoys art and literature very much."

The Worcester scientists used their 122 items to test the assumptions of clinical psychologists about mental health. Three matched groups of male and female clinical psychologists were given three identical lists of the 122 items unlabeled and printed in random order. Each group was given a different set of instructions: One was told to choose those traits that characterize the healthy adult male; another to choose those of the healthy adult female; the third, to choose those of the healthy adult—a person. The result: The clinically healthy male and the clinically healthy adult were identical—and totally divergent from the clinically healthy female. The authors of the study concluded that "a double standard of health exists for men and women." That is, the general standard of health applies only to men. Women are perceived as "less healthy" by those standards called "adult." At the same time, however, if a woman deviates from the sexual stereotypes prescribed for her—if she grows more "active" or "aggressive," for example—she doesn't grow healthier; she may, in fact, if her psychiatrist is a Freudian, be perceived as "sicker." Either way, therefore, women lose or fail, and so it is not surprising to find psychologist Phyllis Chesler reporting that proportionately many more women than men are declared "sick" by psychologists and psychiatrists.

The idea of a "double standard" for men and women is a familiar one and helps to clarify how severely sexual stereotypes constrict the personal and social development of women. Studies by child psychologists reveal that while boys of all ages clearly identify with male figures and activities, girls are less likely to make the same sort of identification with female stereotypes. With whom do girls and women identify? My guess is that there is a good deal of confusion in their heads and hearts in this respect, and that what develops is a pattern that might be compared to schizophrenia: The schoolgirl knows that, for her, life is one thing, learning another. This is like the Worcester study's "double standard"—the schoolgirl cannot find herself in history texts or as she would like to see herself in literature; yet she knows she is not a male. Many women may ultimately discount the question of female identity as unimportant, claiming other descriptions preferable—as a parent, for example, or a black person, or a college professor.

Children learn sexual stereotypes at an early age, and, by the time they get to fifth grade, it may be terribly difficult, perhaps hardly possible by traditional means, to change their attitudes about sex roles—whether they are male or female. For more than a decade, Paul Torrance, a psychologist particularly interested in creativity, has been conducting interesting and useful experiments with young children. Using a Products Improvement Test, for example, Torrance asked first-grade boys and girls to "make toys more fun to play with." Many six-year-old boys refused to try the nurse's kit, "protesting," Torrance reports, "I'm a boy! I don't play with things like that." Several creative boys turned the nurse's kit into a doctor's kit and were then "quite free to think of improvements." By the third grade, however, "boys excelled girls even on the nurse's kit, probably because," Torrance explains, "girls have been conditioned by this time to accept toys as they are and not to manipulate or change them."

Later experiments with third, fourth, and fifth-graders using science toys further verify what Torrance calls "the inhibiting effects of sex-role conditioning." "Girls were quite reluctant," he reports, "to work with these science toys and frequently protested: 'I'm a girl; I'm not supposed to know anything about things like that!' " Boys, even in these early grades, were about twice as good as girls at explaining ideas about toys. In 1959, Torrance reported his findings to parents and teachers in one school and asked for their cooperation in attempting to change the attitudes of the girls. In 1960, when he retested them, using similar science toys, the girls participated willingly and even with apparent enjoyment. And they performed as well as the boys. But in one significant respect nothing had changed: The boys' contributions were more highly valued—both by other boys and by girls—than the girls' contributions, regardless of the fact that, in terms of sex,



—*Rogers, Monkmeyer Press*

Extracurricular activities reinforce the stereotypes that children . . .

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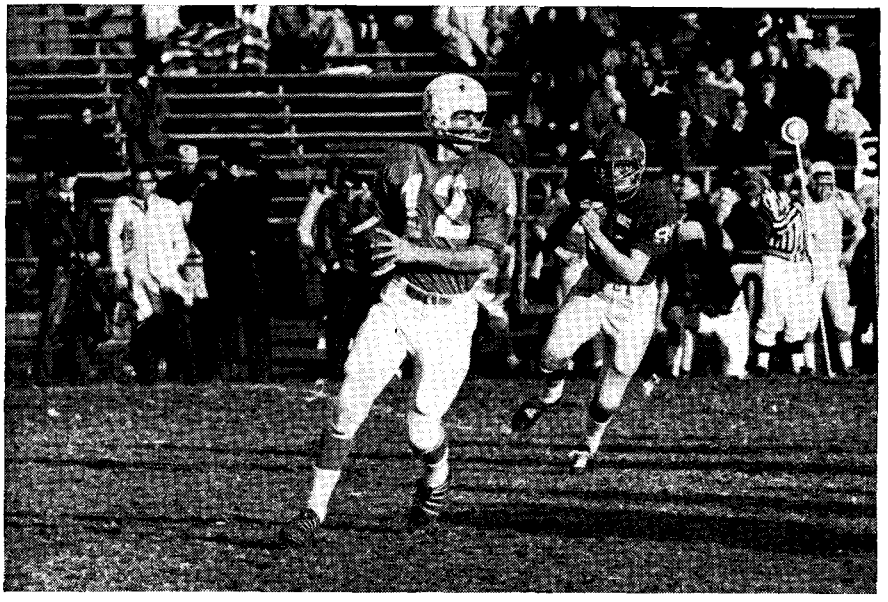
boys and girls had scored equally. "Apparently," Torrance writes, "the school climate has helped to make it more acceptable for girls to play around with science things, but boys' ideas about science things are still supposed to be better than those of girls."

Torrance's experiments tell us both how useful and how limited education may be for women in a culture in which assumptions about their inferiority run deep in their own consciousness as well as in the consciousness of men. While it is encouraging to note that a year's effort had changed behavior patterns significantly, it is also clear that attitudes of nine-, ten-, and eleven-year-olds are not so easily modifiable, at least not through the means Torrance used.



—Julian E. Caraballo, Monkmeyer Press

. . . have been taught by their parents, friends, and the culture we live in.

Torrance's experiments also make clear that, whatever most of us have hitherto assumed, boys and girls are *not* treated alike in elementary school. If we consider those non-curricular aspects of the school environment that the late anthropologist Jules Henry labeled the "noise" of schools, chief among them is the general attitude of teachers, whatever their sex, that girls are likely to "love" reading and to "hate" mathematics and science. As we know from the Rosenthal study of teacher expectations, *Pygmalion in the Classroom,* such expectations significantly determine student behavior and attitudes. Girls are not expected to think logically or to understand scientific principles; they accept that estimate internally and give up on mathematics and science relatively early. And what encouragement awaits the interested few in high school? For example, in six high school science texts published since 1966 and used in the Baltimore city public schools—all of the books rich in illustrations—I found photographs of one female lab assistant, one woman doctor, one woman scientist, and Rachel Carson. It is no wonder that the percentage of women doctors and engineers in the United States has remained constant at 6 per cent and 1 per cent respectively for the past fifty years.

Though there is no evidence that their early physical needs are different from or less than boys', girls are offered fewer activities even in kindergarten. They may sit and watch while boys, at the request of the female teacher, change the seating arrangement in the room. Of course, it's not simply a matter of physical exercise or ability: Boys are learning how to behave as males, and girls are learning to be "ladies" who enjoy being "waited on." If there are student-organized activities to be arranged, boys are typically in charge, with girls assisting, perhaps in the stereotyped role of secretary. Boys are allowed and expected to be noisy and aggressive, even on occasion to express anger; girls must learn "to control themselves" and behave like "young ladies." On the other hand, boys are expected not to cry, though there are perfectly good reasons why children of both sexes ought to be allowed that avenue of expression. Surprisingly early, boys and girls are separated for physical education and hygiene, and all the reports now being published indicate preferential treatment for boys and nearly total neglect of girls.

In junior high schools, sexual stereotyping becomes, if anything, more overt. Curricular sex-typing continues and is extended to such "shop" subjects as cooking and sewing, on the one hand, and metal- and woodworking, printing, ceramics, on the other. In vocational high schools, the stereotyping becomes outright channeling, and here the legal battles have begun for equality of opportunity. Recently, the testimony of junior high and high school girls in New York has become available in a pamphlet prepared by the New York City chapter of NOW (*Report on Sex Bias in the Public Schools,* available from Anne Grant West, 453 Seventh St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215). Here are a few items:

- Well, within my physics class last year, our teacher asked if there was anybody interested in being a lab assistant, in the physics lab, and when I raised my hand, he told all the girls to put their hands down because he was only interested in working with boys.

- There is an Honor Guard . . . students who, instead of participating in gym for the term, are monitors in the hall, and I asked my gym teacher if I could be on the Honor Guard Squad. She said it was only open to boys. I then went to the head of the Honor Guard . . . who said that he thought girls were much too nasty to be Honor Guards. He thought they would be too mean in working on the job, and I left it at that.

- We asked for basketball. They said there wasn't enough equipment. The boys prefer to have it first. Then we will have what is left over. We haven't really gotten anywhere.

Finally, I quote more extensively from one case:

MOTHER: I asked Miss Jonas if my daughter could take metalworking or mechanics, and she said there is no freedom of choice. That is what she said.

THE COURT: That is it?

ANSWER: I also asked her whose decision this was, that there was no freedom of choice. And she told me it was the decision of the board of education. I didn't ask her anything else because she clearly showed me that it was against the school policy for girls to be in the class. She said it was a board of education decision.

QUESTION: Did she use that phrase, "no freedom of choice"?

ANSWER: Exactly that phrase—no freedom of choice. That is what made me so angry that I wanted to start this whole thing.

* * *

THE COURT: Now, after this lawsuit

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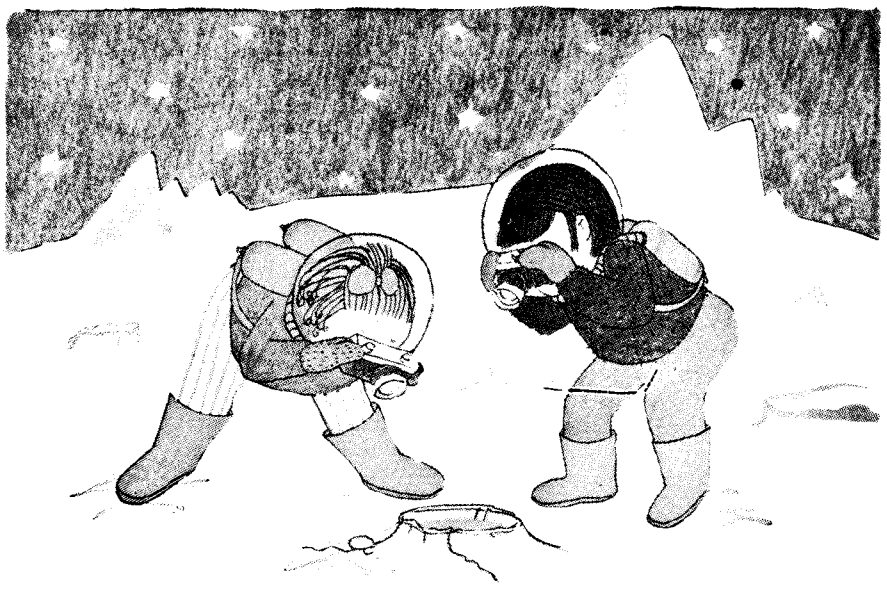
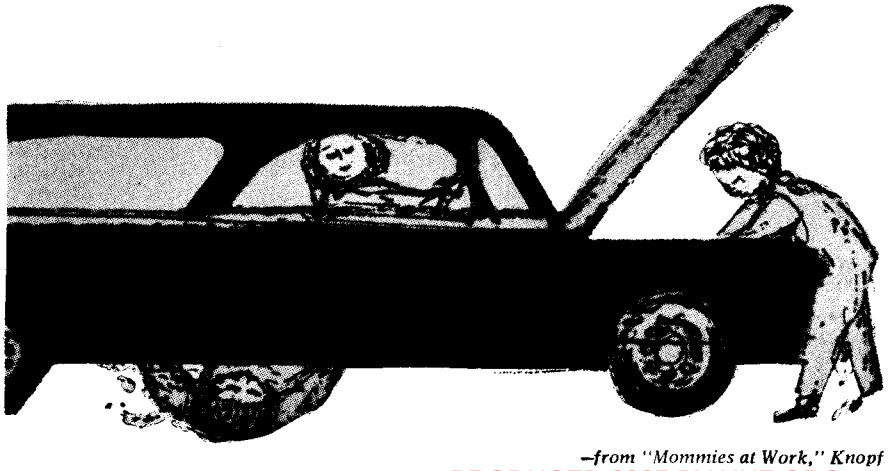


—from "Jellybeans for Breakfast," Parents' Magazine Press

—from "Challenge to Become a Doctor—The Story of Elizabeth Blackwell," Feminist Press

New books portraying children and women in non-stereotyped activities indicate publishers' growing sensitivity to feminist criticism.



—from "Mommies at Work," Knopf

was filed, they then permitted you to take the course; is that correct?

DAUGHTER: No, we had to fight about it for quite a while.

QUESTION: But eventually they did let you in the second semester?

ANSWER: They only let me in there.

Q: You are the only girl?

A: Yes.

Q: How did you do in the course?

A: I got the medal for it from all the boys there.

Q: Will you show the court?

A: Yes (indicating).

Q: And what does the medal say?

A: Metal 1970 Van Wyck.

Q: And why did they give you that medal?

A: Because I was the best one out of all the boys.

THE COURT: I do not want any giggling or noises in the courtroom. Just do the best you can to control yourself or else I will have to ask you to leave the courtroom. This is no picnic, you know. These are serious lawsuits.

Such "serious lawsuits" will, no doubt, continue, but they are not the only routes to change. There are others to be initiated by school systems themselves.

One route lies through the analysis of texts and attitudes. So long as those responsible for the education of children believe in the stereotypes as givens, rather than as hypothetical constructs that a patriarchal society has established as desired norms—so long as the belief continues, so will the condition. These beliefs are transmitted in the forms we call literature and history, either on the printed page or in other media.

Elementary school readers are meant for both sexes. Primers used in the first three grades offer children a view of a "typical" American family: a mother who does not work, a father who does, two children—a brother who is always older than a sister—and two pets—a dog and sometimes a cat—whose sexes and ages mirror those of the brother and sister. In these books, boys build or paint things; they also pull girls in wagons and push merry-go-rounds. Girls carry purses when they go shopping; they help mother cook or pretend that they are cooking; and they play with their dolls. When they are not making messes, they are cleaning up their rooms or other people's messes. Plots in which girls are involved usually depend on their inability to do something—to manage their own roller skates or to ride a pony. Or in another typical role, a girl named Sue admires a parachute jumper: "What a jump!" said Sue. "What a jump for a man to make!" When her brother puts on a show for the rest of the neighbor-

(Continued on page 92)

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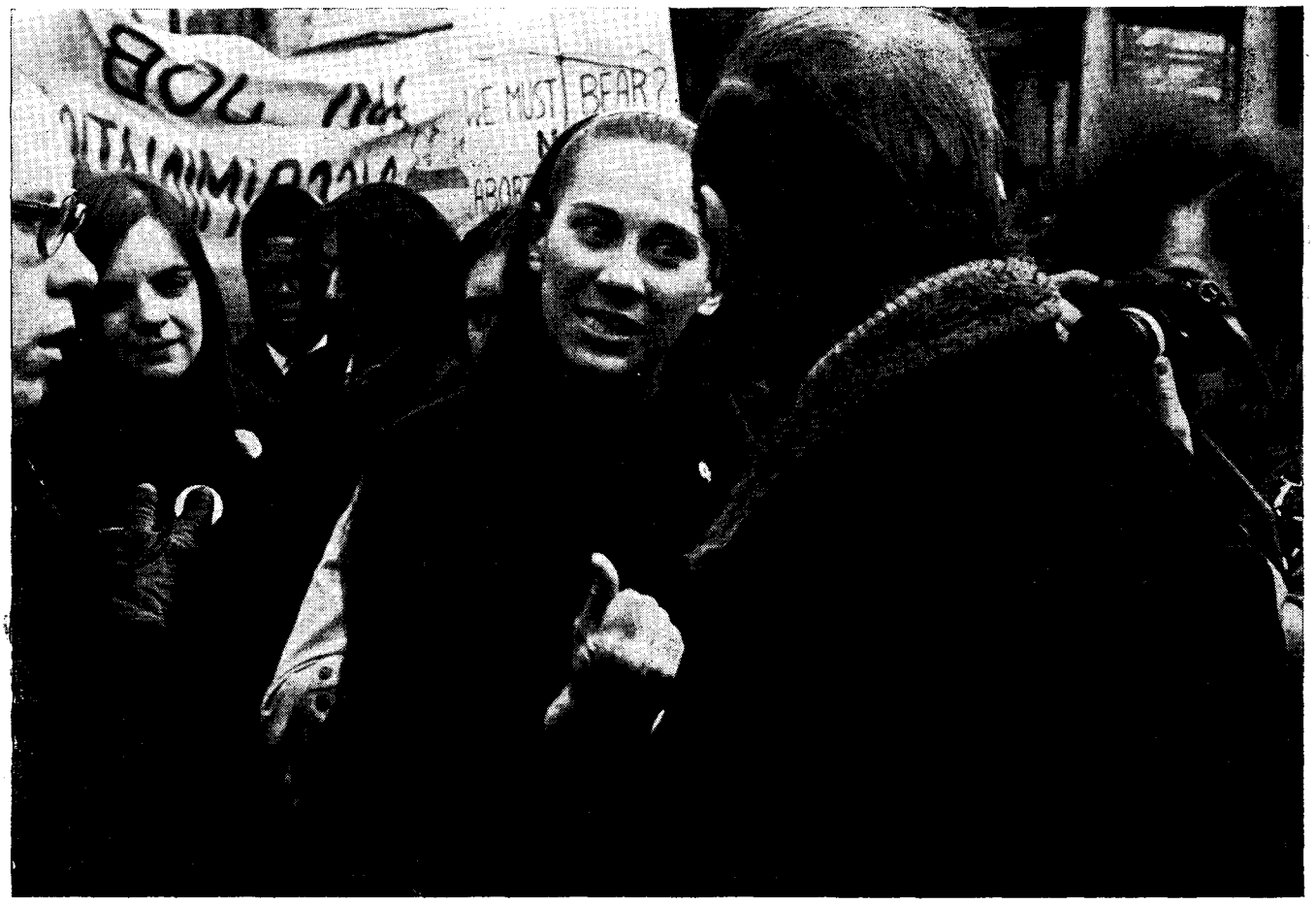

—Sid Sattler, Nancy Palmer

EDUCATING WOMEN: NO MORE SUGAR AND SPICE

Woman's Place Is in the Curriculum

by JANICE LAW TRECKER

Women on campus are beginning to end their long acquiescence to second-class status; they are challenging the structure, educational policies, and curricula of the nation's colleges and universities. Backed by new guidelines against discrimination by federal contractors, groups of women have filed charges with HEW against scores of universities, charging blatant discrimination in admissions, hiring, promotions, and tenure. In addition, campus women's groups have organized to demand day-care facilities, gynecological services, removal of restrictions on female students, and flexible scheduling for women with family responsibilities.

At the heart of the movement is the large pool of female talent in the lower echelons of higher education—graduate students, instructors, and faculty wives. A more stable group than the transient undergraduates, these women have begun to document their complaints against higher education and against the policies and practices that keep them in their "place" in the university system.

Increasingly, however, campus activists have begun to wonder if the removal of discrimination in the structure of higher education will end women's inferior position, or whether discrimination is not inherent in the curriculum itself: in American history courses that skim over the women's suffrage fight without any analysis of its political or social significance; in psychology courses that uncritically present Freudian views of women; in literature courses that blandly accept the female stereotypes of many modern novels. These academic women are asking how much is really known about women, about the structure of the family, and about the development of "femininity" and "masculinity." Are there really innate differences between the sexes, and is there any conclusive research on the subject? How much of what we assume about men and women is fact, how much is fantasy?

Their questions and their doubts have risen from examining the content and the assumptions of college curricula. Humanities courses have traditionally assumed that man (meaning male) is the measure of all things. In history, one studies the position of

JANICE LAW TRECKER is a free-lance writer who became interested in women's studies while researching the treatment of women in United States history textbooks for an article that appeared in *Social Education*, the journal of the National Council for the Social Studies.

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Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Carrie Chapman Catt

Edith Wharton

—Photos from Culver

Dr. Margaret Sanger

Academic women are demanding a re-examination of the curriculum to provide new information about women, their history, and their accomplishments.

Dr. Karen Horney

women in different cultures and periods, but never the position of men, because the male role in society and the activities of prominent men are seen as history itself. The very language of most history texts bears this out. Discussions of colonial America, for example, treat the early landowners and pioneers in exclusively male terms, ignoring the fact that single women also journeyed to the New World, took title to land, and set up farms, plantations, and businesses.

In philosophy, one studies the ideas of man's nature advanced by Aristotle, Rousseau, and Nietzsche, but one rarely notes that these men excluded 51 per cent of the world from full humanity. Clearly, the fact that few philosophers have had an adequate notion of femininity has not been considered any flaw in their philosophical systems.

Attitudes toward women are even more clearly marked in philosophy's latter-day child, psychology. Critiques of the assumptions of Freudian psychology and its descendants by Simone de Beauvoir, Karen Horney, and Betty Friedan are decades old, but only now are their works being taken into serious consideration. Women are beginning to ask if psychologies that assume that women are "defective" men, or that females have a more narrow range of possibilities than males, are adequate for the modern world. Women are beginning to ask for proof of their supposed inferiority, and when that proof is not forthcoming, they are asking for a revision of old beliefs and theories.

One of the first attempts to influence traditional curricula came at Cornell after that university's 1969 Conference on Women. After the conference meetings, a group of female faculty members devised a course entitled "The Evolution of Female Personality," which examined the history of women, presented various theories on socialization and sex-role development, and raised some questions about the nature and role of women. With such books as Leo Kanowitz's *Women and the Law*, Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*, and Eleanor Flexner's *Century of Struggle*, the course attempted to challenge contemporary complacency with information about women's legal status, about the assumptions of literary criticism, and about the long and bitterly fought "emancipation" of the American woman. In effect, this pioneering course proved to be a critique of traditional attitudes in sociology, history, and psychology.

The Cornell experiment, the contemporary San Diego State College program, and the many other courses in women's studies that have developed since have two purposes: to provide alternative ways of looking at women and at the assumptions of our culture, including our sciences; and to provide new information about women, their history, and their accomplishments. To achieve these aims, many of the new courses present both theoretical works and research studies. Such books as Friedrich Engels's *Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*, which opposes the patriarchal theory of so many reflections on human prehistory, appear on many reading lists, as does Philip Aries's *Centuries of Childhood*, which examines the history of the family and shows that the modern family is

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a recent invention. Controversial works such as Naomi Weisstein's critique of modern psychology find a place beside scientific papers on hermaphrodites and studies of sex differences, in an effort to discover whether masculinity and femininity are innate or conditioned.

Some courses have dealt with cross-cultural comparisons of sex roles, using materials such as Margaret Mead's classic *Sex and Temperament*, which demonstrates the flexibility of human nature and the importance of cultural expectations in the development of personality. Other courses concentrate on contemporary American problems through studies of marriage and the family in various social groups, examinations of the nature of prejudice, both sexual and racial, and analyses of the legal and economic position of the modern woman. To provide a historical perspective, the whole neglected story of the American woman—from the laws governing female servants in the colonies to the cultural pressures on women in the post-World War II era—is being unearthed.

In literature, women's studies most often involve examining women writers from new points of view to see how they differ from their male colleagues, how their male and female characters were conceived, and how they regarded themselves and their female protagonists. Two new courses on women in literature at the University of Connecticut are typical. One deals with women in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century novel, and the other with images of women in modern fiction. Like many of the women's studies literature courses, these attempt to present a critical picture of women's problems and of societal expectations, using such works as *Madame Bovary*, *Clarissa*, and *Vanity Fair*, and writers as diverse as Doris Lessing, D. H. Lawrence, and Jane Austen. Both courses are popular, even though women's liberation is not yet a significant issue on the Connecticut campus. Such courses give students an opportunity to discuss male-female relations, standards of morality, and social issues. "I thought," said Dr. Joan Hall, "that students would find Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* old-fashioned, but I was wrong. The sexual problems he discusses were still pertinent to the kids, and they took them seriously."

Another reason for the popularity of women's studies is that research courses often give students the chance to contribute new knowledge. Writing a term paper on the women's trade union movement or the work of women in the Freedman's Bureau is not like researching another paper on the Civil War. Much of the material about women in American history still resides in diaries, newspapers, census reports—in the raw material of history. Sarah Lawrence's Gerda Lerner is one of a number of teachers who has described the excitement of students who felt that they were participating in the process of "making history" as they began to explore the role of women in our nation.

Courses concentrating on women have appeared in almost every discipline except physics, chemistry, and mathematics, and even in these areas research is under way to determine, for example, whether lower-level mathematics texts contain anti-female bias. The number of such courses, the proliferation of research on women, and the formation of feminist presses and reprint houses represent a phenomenal growth of interest in women's problems, history, biology, and psychology. The courses and the demand for them by students, staff, and the university community show a deep-seated dissatisfaction with what one instructor described as the university's "conventional wisdom" about women.

Without doubt, the main impulse behind both this dissatisfaction and the new courses is feminism. "There's no doubt, women's liberation uncovered the need," said Barnard's Dr. Annette Baxter, who taught her first course in women's history in 1966. With students lined up outside her office to grab the last places in her fall course on women, there was no doubt that feminism had created considerable interest in the intervening years. Women's liberation has also created a new feeling of female solidarity on campus and a sense of confidence that is carrying over into the classroom. Young women are less reluctant to question stereotyped or biased material. They are asking to learn about Carrie Chapman Catt and Margaret Sanger as well as about Warren Harding, about Mary Cassatt and Georgia O'Keeffe as well as John Singer Sargent, and about Edith Wharton and Virginia Woolf as well as Norman Mailer.

Although individual courses and programs have developed in a number of ways, feminist sentiment has played a part in most of them. Many courses, like those at Cornell and the University of Connecticut, have grown out of the interests of faculty members. At other colleges and universities, there has been more grass roots support. Student groups sat in at Bryn Mawr to enforce their demands for women's studies, while at San Diego State College, which boasts one of the country's largest and most ambitious programs, undergraduates and staff collected petitions to support a women's studies proposal. As part of a plan to improve the status of women at Wesleyan University, a group of faculty wives and instructors asked for a course on women. On the eve of the university's venture into coeducation, they won support for an interdisciplinary course, as well as for a female administrator. Coincidental events also aided the program at Smith College, where a series of courses in history and literature was instituted, following the widespread student strikes of 1970.

The growth of women's liberation has also created anxiety lest this women's movement, like the long suffrage struggle, produce only token results. Well-trained academics are reexamining the women's movement of the nineteenth century to find out how its overall goals were thwarted, and

—Beverly Bikel, Smith Alumnae Quarterly

Northampton (Massachusetts) Women's Center—"A meeting place for area women, the center provides vocational and educational counseling."

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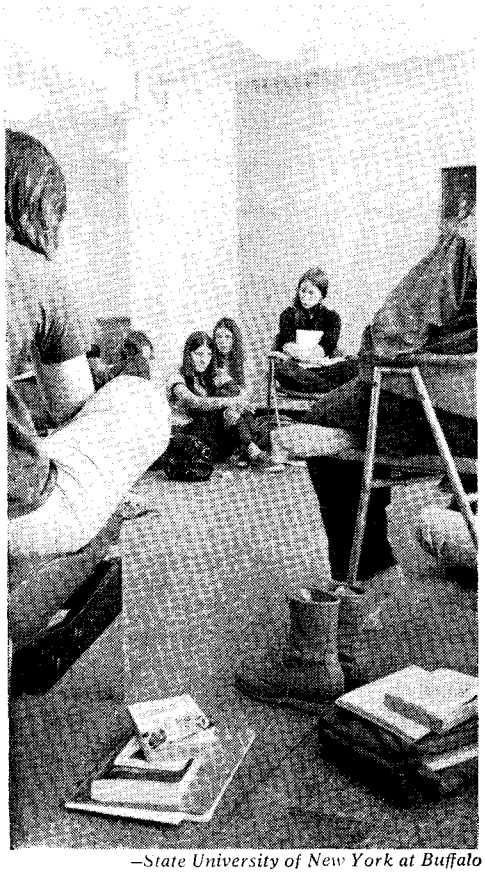

—State University of New York at Buffalo

Students at Buffalo (SUNY) examine economic and sexual exploitation.

why the vote brought only minor changes in women's status. They want to know how women acquired power, and to what extent they were able to influence their society even though denied access to formal political structures. The passion for women's history is more than just a desire for a female heritage; it is also a search for ways in which a successful female revolution might be constructed.

Many women faculty members are expressing deep concern about the problems and attitudes of undergraduate women. They are concerned that young girls on campus have few models to follow, that they are passive and unambitious. Explaining her somewhat unconventional approach to English composition at Goucher College, Florence Howe observed that her female students "consistently considered women writers [and hence themselves, although that was not said outright] inferior to men." She found that students' work improved once they were encouraged to discuss their position as women and to express their self-doubts. Like a number of other teachers who have worked with women, Dr. Howe has concluded that an understanding of women's peculiar social position and a willingness to challenge assumptions of inferiority may be prerequisites for superior achievement by female students.

Doubts about both acceptance and ability are particularly keen on campuses that have only recently begun to accept women undergraduates. The demonstrations and discontents that marred the initial year of Yale's experiment with coeducation and that ended with the disruption of the annual alumni luncheon by dissident coeds are an indication of the alienation of some young women at "male" colleges. In an effort to ease these problems, other newly integrated schools, such as Princeton, have instituted courses about women.

While most instructors agree that reaching their female students is of first importance, many feel that women's studies are as important to men as they are to women. "We're not teaching Women's Lib, we're teaching about women," notes Sheila Tobias, associate provost at Wesleyan, who feels that courses on women would be helpful to all students, but are essential for men who plan to work with women as teachers, doctors, and administrators.

One of the strongest impulses for instituting courses on women, however, has come from the needs and uncertainties of women faculty members, who are searching for an ideology that will justify their own growing rebellion against the status quo. While undergraduate women may have doubts about their self-worth, female teachers have questions about their acceptance in male-dominated colleges and about their chances for professional advancement.

Papers presented at the New York University Law School before the Conference of Professional and Academic Women in 1970 indicate a widespread feeling that many schools are willing to accept women as tuition-paying students but not as staff members and colleagues. Disgruntled women point to the noticeable decline in a woman's status after graduation, and to the failure of institutions like the Harvard Business School to make job counseling facilities available to female students. A survey of more than 400 colleges by the American Association of University Women (1970) showed that women nationally constitute 22 per cent of the faculties in higher education. However, the number of women declines sharply with academic rank. On the average, women hold fewer than three department chairmanships per institution, and they hold only 9 per cent of all professorships. Furthermore, data assembled by the professional women's caucus indicate that the more prestigious the institution, the fewer women are employed.

Dissatisfaction with the clearly inferior position of women in higher education and with the continued decline in the percentage of female faculty has led to political and legal action. In addition to suits against colleges and complaints to federal and state anti-discrimination agencies, campus women are beginning to build a political base of support, and they are beginning to look at the problems of women outside academia as well as within. Younger women, especially, are sensitive to women in the community outside higher education. Many are concerned that women's studies may concentrate too narrowly on the middle-class white woman, both in theory and in the make-up of the classes. Impatience with much of the available historical material on women has led to research into the history and position of working-class women of all ethnic and racial groups as well as to the inception of such courses as Buffalo's (State University of New York) examination of economic, racial, and sexual exploitation. This particular course, "Class, Race, and the Oppression of Women," is unusual in that it is highly theoretical, consisting of an examination of class, sex, and race from the standpoints of Marxism-Leninism, feminism, and black nationalism, respectively.

Non-college-affiliated projects such as the Northampton (Massachusetts) Women's Center are also popular. A meeting place for area women, the center provides vocational and educational counseling, offers information on contraception and abortion, and serves as a clearinghouse for information on women's studies in the Northampton Five College area. San Diego State College, which already sponsors a women's center, is experimenting with another plan for utilizing the community—a field work course examining the policies of various San Diego community agencies with regard to women.

All this activity has provided new outlets for female talent and has stimulated research into a number of neglected areas. American history has claimed the major share of interest in historical studies about women, but there is little doubt that the growing evidence of distortions and omissions in our history has implications for the histories of other nations as well. In this one discipline alone, the questions raised about the substance of history, the possibilities for objectivity, and the assumptions of its students reveal the revolutionary implications of women's studies.

Although most women hesitate to discuss the problems involved in beginning and maintaining women's studies courses, not all faculties have greeted the new courses with enthusiasm. Budget cuts and male administrative control threatened San Diego's program, and continued belt-tightening at the universities puts all new programs, including women's studies, in a vulnerable position. Faculty opposition may revolve around dislike of

(Continued on page 92)

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It's too late to reform the schools. School is dead.

We don't need "better" schools, says Everett Reimer, one of our foremost educational strategists; we need alternatives to the idea of school itself. SCHOOL IS DEAD is both an indictment of the system and a plan for revolutionary new techniques.

It is already being hailed by authors of previous books on the subject.

John Holt:

"Few books go as directly or profoundly as this to the heart of what is inhuman, oppressive, unworkable, and wrong in virtually all modern societies . . . few books suggest as well as this steps to social change . . ."

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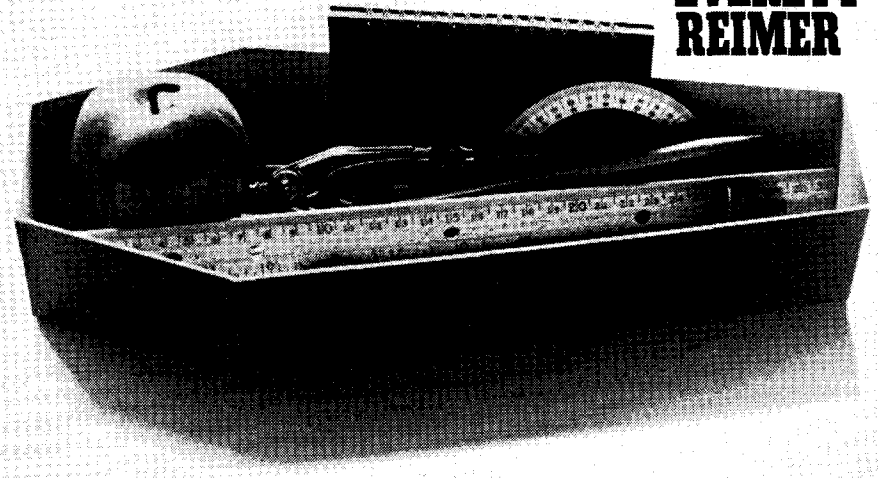

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All Schooled Up

DESCHOOLING SOCIETY

by Ivan Illich

Harper & Row, 116 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Colin Greer

■ Ivan Illich's new book, *Deschooling Society*, provides a very useful shorthand statement-of-direction for a society that is "all schooled up," a nice handle around which to get a grip on the modern relationship between school and society.

As Illich himself spells it out, "The public is indoctrinated to believe that skills are valuable and reliable only if they are the result of formal schooling." Consequently, the schools have a monopoly on access to opportunity in society and the capitalist functions of scarcity and selectivity are served by the school; meritocracy, the ruling ethos of modern technological capitalism, is served by schools in the same way that the doctrine of divine right was served by the Church. Nowadays, the school—the major single vehicle of social selection—replaces otherworldly promises of the good life with immediate promises of social mobility and prosperity. At the same time, it helps to maintain the age-old incongruity between humane democratic rhetoric and monumental social inequality. Just as with formal religious authority before it, the school's monopoly on opportunity goes hand in hand with its oracle status, sustaining the rhetoric of its promises and the conventions of privileged estates by becoming the judge and jury for those wanting "in" on those promises, while rationalizing the exclusion of millions. Jumping from pre-industrial to contemporary analogies, Illich likens the public school structure to "the advertising agency which makes you believe that you need the society as it is."

Everyone learns in school how America, from early in the life of the Republic, puts its schools at the heart of its democratic egalitarian promise. The very presence of public schools has become a testament to the glory of the American democratic genius.

Illich takes note of this commitment and its revolutionary origins, but since he makes quite different assumptions about the present, he draws rather different conclusions about the past. The symbol is the same, but the story line is of an entirely different order:

> Two centuries ago the United States led the world in a movement to disestablish the monopoly of a single church. Now we need the constitutional disestablishment of the monopoly of the school, and thereby of a system which legally combines prejudice with discrimination. The first article of a bill of rights for a modern, humanist society would correspond to the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution: "The State shall make no law with respect to the establishment of education." There shall be no ritual obligatory for all.

Illich restates the radical critique and then takes it one step further. Schools monopolize opportunity, he tells us eloquently; they standardize norms and deny individual differences; they delay gratification and kill creativity ("Instruction smothers the horizon of their imagination," he says); they repress love and encourage fear; they teach alienation and competition; and they discourage sharing and cooperation. What Illich calls the "hidden curriculum," the process and content of schooling that successfully ensures that the "products" of the school "have been taught to substitute expectations for hope," diametrically opposes the humane, democratic rhetoric of schools and schoolmen. From elementary school to university, Illich argues, the school apparatus "has the effect of imposing consumer standards at work and at home."

But Illich goes further. Too many critics of public education have failed to understand the subservience of the school monopoly to the social order; rather, they believe, schools have lost their way and can be redirected. "The free school movement," Illich points out, for example, "entices unconventional educators but ultimately does so in support of the conventional ideology of schooling." And so he believes that even many radical figures in the public debate about schools in this country are prisoners of a view of society that equates schooling with education. And to assume the necessity of schools is to assume the necessity of the world that creates them and other major public institutions. In this perspective, "the New World Church is the knowledge industry, both purveyor of opium and the workbench during an increasing number of years of an individual's life. Deschooling is, therefore, at the root of any movement for human liberation."

As Illich explains it, "Equal educational opportunity is, indeed, both a desirable and a feasible goal, but to equate this with obligatory schooling is to confuse salvation with the Church." The critical principle of educational reform is to return "initiative and accountability for learning to the learner or his most immediate tutor."

Unfortunately, when it comes to his vision of the future, Illich is by no means as cogent. He does present the reader with some guidelines for reform practices, but he does not explore the possibility of making those practices represent radical structural changes or take into account the fact that some men are satisfied by the promissory and competitive ethos of the public schools. Of course, for Illich an ideal educational system "should provide all who want to learn with access to available resources at any time in their lives," and technology, he points out, can be a liberating educational method. What he refers to as "skill exchanges," "peer matching," and "reference services"—all designed to make teachers accountable, learners autonomous, and every man a learning resource—should certainly supplement formalized universal access to accredited resources in order to break down exclusionary credentialing patterns and the objectification of persons through teacher/pupil roles.

And yet, reasonable and useful though these guidelines are, the danger of co-optation by the system he opposes, rather than the radical advance he seeks, is as close for Illich as for all the so-called "romantic critics" of schooling. With no theoretical vision of man, no new understanding of man's relationship to the institutions he creates, Illich's reforms can be made to serve the easy commitment to change of more system-oriented reformers. The major purpose of the system is to survive, and reform based on criticisms of current practice

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usually turns out to be merely a means of survival. Of course, there is a world of difference between Illich and such rationalizers of the system as Charles Silberman, who adopt popular clichés of dissatisfaction in the facile expectation that institutional goals and their outcomes can be changed simply by restating these objectives and what they are intended to achieve. The language of Illich's radical criticism has been easily adapted to the rhetorical platform of those who have constantly diverted our attention from the fact that there is almost no relationship between stated goals and real results.

Illich, aware of this disparity, understands that it is time to look at results in order to get some true notion of what the real—albeit implicit—goals are. But he is not sufficiently aware, at least not in *Deschooling Society*, of the ways in which such critiques as his can serve the system if they ignore the question of why man has created such an institutional structure and what it would really take to change it. There is no historical precedent in the annals of reform to justify hope in the clarion call of criticism and change. Rather, such calls presage future demands by the body politic, and provide the system with guidelines for reforming itself from the inside—so that it can continue business as usual.

The procedures for institutional reform that Illich suggests all add up to a vision of changed institutions, rather than an assessment of how we can—step by step—get from where we are to where he envisions us. The only time he looks at men from the point of view of present world strategy is in his reference to Paulo Freire's educational/political work with Brazilian peasants—at once raising consciousness about their political and economic exploitation and teaching them to read by making political ideology and economic reality the substantive base for literacy training. The only time Illich looks at men from a theoretical frame of reference that is broader than the cogent but limited school/society complex, he identifies it in terms of the tyranny of technological method and the increasing objectification of man since the victory of what he called Prometheus (consumer ethos, planned man-made environments) over Epimetheus (hope, love, and joy). The answer: "While we can specify that the alternative to scholastic funnels is a world made transparent by the communications webs, and while we can specify very concretely how these could function, we can only expect the Epimethean nature of man to re-emerge; we neither plan nor produce it."

Illich somehow expects the appropriate transformation simply because he senses—as many of us do—the urging of our moral and cultural breakdowns today. Something has to give, and fast. Now is the time to go one way or the other—humane progress or human holocaust—and Illich has faith in the former. "The mood of 1971 is propitious for a major change of direction in search of a hopeful future."

I am hopeful for the future too, and I believe that we have to make serious choices now. But I am concerned that we won't make the right choices unless we demand greater depth in our social analyses of and recommendations for the institutions we depend on to maintain or remake society.

That schools will change to accommodate new demands is really not in doubt. What is in doubt is whether enough contemporary men will be prepared to respond to new demands in radically new ways. My fear is not that man is dying, but that we will once again miss the opportunity to edit the social script differently. Now, more than ever, we need to examine carefully the relationship of established institutions and the men inside and outside of them to the particular characteristics that make the present unique.

Deschooling in Illich's sense means disestablishing the state, but nowhere is there an analysis of existing theories or the presentation of new formulations of why man has created existing forms of social organization. Without such insight we cannot hope to do more than continue to replicate the bloodiness of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary preening and prancing. Within the wide contours Illich considers essential to an understanding of the role of schools in society, it is dangerous to fall back for solutions on the same kinds of narrow school analyses school people have made for years now; however, instead of reforming them with more money, more personnel, more time, the call here is just as simply and just as narrowly to destroy them—as though somehow schools really were the cause of as well as an effect and an agency of the contemporary social order.

Clearly, Illich is one of the "hopeful brothers and sisters" he would call Epimethean men, who presently represent our best hopes for the future. But human history does not speak highly of the achievement of those marvelous men to date.

Colin Greer is senior editor of Social Policy *and director of the University Without Walls at Staten Island Community College. His book* The Great School Legend: A Revisionist Interpretation of American Public Education *will be published by Basic Books.*

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TIME'S CHILDREN: IMPRESSIONS OF YOUTH

by Thomas J. Cottle

Little, Brown and Company, 384 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Landon Y. Jones, Jr.

■ Thomas Cottle is a young sociologist who has spent the past several years working and talking with young people and writing down what they've told him. He is a sensitive listener, and his first book, *Time's Children*, is an extraordinary collection of a dozen essays on a subject that has recently been written into exhaustion.

Everyone who has lived through it knows that the landscape of adolescence is a dark and troubling place, full of twisting paths and uncharted wilderness. Yet, many of our growing numbers of writers on youth have roamed at will through kidland, mapping every variety of youth behavior according to their own theories. Too often, they leave us not with an understanding of what it is like to be young but rather with what the old want the young to be. Like all-too-perfect mirrors, the "kids" reflect our own biases.

How unusual and refreshing it is, then, to find that a writer has assembled an entire book on young people without once (that I can discover) using the words "idealistic" or "hypocritical." This is no small feat at a time when writers have been daily choosing up sides over the question of whether we should be hopeful or despairing about the future the kids offer us.

Unlike many writers on youth, Cottle is willing to accept the terrible ambivalences of the young: the anger and the compassion, the hate and the love, the reverence for the parent and the impulse to kill him. These are contradictions that hardly need to be impressed upon us. One remembers Ted Gold, less than a month before he would blow himself up in a New York City townhouse, joking with a friend that "I think I'll have to wait for Willie Mays to retire before I become a good Communist." Or, in Cottle's own example, there are the disillusioned "McCarthy kids," finished with politics, suddenly finding themselves transfixed before the television, "hundreds of them on their knees, exhausted, begging for California, Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri to 'come home to Humphrey.'"

This is not to suggest that *Time's Children* is about something called "campus unrest." Rather, it is Cottle's personal and often passionately written account of his explorations (he calls them "impressions") in the world of the young. He builds with two street children an imaginary "moonshot" far more real to them than the one on television. He creates with nine adolescents a family of understanding in what would now be called a "T-group." He witnesses suburban high schools cracking under the strains of racial and community tensions and—the contrast is striking—watches urban college students trying out on slum children their own ideas of reform and revolution.

There is a remarkable study of a fifteen-year-old girl who, despite (or is it because of) the inevitable "You knows" and "I means," throws into question all our ideas of what it means to be young:

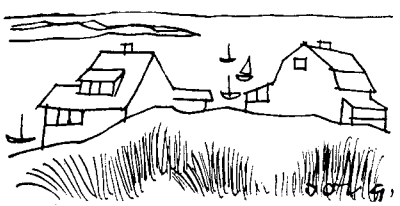
> "But if I got killed, you know, my parents and my friends would be all shook up, but who would come? If I were young, it'd make the papers and all that, especially if I got raped or murdered or something. But, well, you know. Hey, I've got a question for you. Just for once. If I got killed. I mean. Really. Listen. If I got killed, what would you do? Would you feel sad?"

Another kind of anxiety surfaces on "College and Career Night in Bristol Township." The working-class parents have led their children to the new high school for an annual rite of passage: the acquisition of college admission forms. But first they must hear from an obsequious college representative:

> "You know, years ago a high school education was sufficient. But no more. Now you must have at least a college degree and, pretty soon, if you really want to stay ahead of the game, a master's and Ph.D. degree as well. You know that people with college degrees live so much better; they travel so much. The other day I spoke to a man who had just come back from Rome. Think of that; he had been to Rome for only one week!"

The parents nod their heads, wondering if they will be able to secure loans for tuition. People with college degrees live so much better. All the scene lacks is a Frederick Wiseman in the corner taking it all down on film.

There is a temptation to label Cottle's insistence on the ambiguities of the young as something of a cop-out itself. He is harsh with the parents who place the "Come back home—all is forgiven" notices in underground newspapers ("a testament to what must be seen by the young as a crumbling structure or a tragic reversal of intentionality and interpersonal competence . . . a far worse social fact than 'hippie' farm colonies or pot parties"). A father confesses an extramarital affair to his devastated thirteen-year-old daughter. Student radicals mouth the conventional clichés about their understanding parents. ("I would have felt better if my father had opposed me right out. His siding with me only confused me more.")



One point where Cottle does lurch into excessive sentiment is in a discussion of what he calls the "special Harvard months" of 1969. Actually, it was a rather ordinary student uprising, distinguished primarily by the cosmic significance attributed to it and by the arrogance of nearly everyone involved. To Cottle, however, students released from jail seem "so active, so pure" and "were in fact like the soldiers back from some inexplicable and foreign war, and the people waiting behind, at home, equally brave, were saying, as best they could, be proud of your tears and your efforts."

In another context, he rightly observes that such fulsome sympathy usually embarrasses the students more than anything else. But then comes an intriguing passage: Cottle is one of the few writers who has talked to the police after one of their notorious "busts." He found them surprisingly sympathetic people who "hated anarchists, resented rich kids, but not as much as violence." The police are confused by what they have had to do, and Cottle is candid enough to say that he, too, is confused by the "forthrightness and sweet gentleness" he finds in them.

All of this emphasizes that the difficulty with speaking or writing about youth, as Cottle points out, is that it necessarily involves a confrontation with one's own past. It is as if one hopes that the decision of whether or not to side with the young promises acceptance by them and therefore grants re-entrance into a time we have forever lost. The point, of course, is that the young are "time's children," and we cannot hope to join them. Rather, we must learn to make room for their cruel ambivalences.

At one point, a Harvard student muses: "We're right at the center of everything. You remember when you're a child, and your older brother is the big star, or your big sister is doing all the things? Now it's us, we're right in the center, reading about ourselves in the newspaper. It's youth. Everything is youth and us."

One can only hope that he will find an easy passage into the land of the old.

Landon Y. Jones, Jr., is editor of the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Performance Contracting

I HAD DIFFICULTY sleeping after reading "Learning C.O.D.: Can the Schools Buy Success?" [*SR*, Sept. 18]. I keep envisioning endless rows of caged students propped up in front of learning carrels, each student with one hand on an IBM console and the other hand poised to receive a gumball for the proper spelling of Mississippi.

The "contractists" may produce "results," but the price society pays will be higher. I am confident that they can program second lieutenants to field-strip a rifle, blindfolded, but they can't claim the ability to teach moral decision-making in a battle. I doubt if they can robotize children to be creative, to trust, to be kind, to love, to be human, or simply to *be*. Morality can't be programed just as it can't be legislated.

I confess that the possibility of a computerized world worries me, but the prospect of Pavlovian-educated children should terrify us all.

JOHN CHAMPAIGNE,
Director of Financial Aid,
Community College of the Finger Lakes,
Canandaigua, N.Y.

INDUSTRY'S ASSERTION that teaching a child to read should be easy compared to sending a man to the moon is based on the assumption that learning is a product to be manufactured and that zero defects can be attained in education as well as in industry.

First, if the performances of the automobile industry and the military-space industrial complex are to be used as examples, we are still a long way from zero defects in industry.

Second, if educators could be as selective in the procurement of raw materials and as quick to reject defective components as industry has been, perhaps we could achieve zero defects. However, since our finished product is people, the raw material is people, and we cannot be selective, nor can we arbitrarily reject defective units at various stages of our processing.

The most serious deficiency of performance contracting is simply in its being based upon erroneous assumptions about public education.

OSCAR A. BECK, JR.,
Director of Instruction,
School Board of Madison County,
Madison, Fla.

I AM EVER SO gratified to learn that the computers will at last get a chance to do to young minds what they already have done to my bank statements, charge accounts, and bills.

DICK BRANDLON,
Riverside, Calif.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if, instead of buying education services from the education establishment (profit-making companies, research labs, and teachers), school districts were to buy the services from communities themselves? Wouldn't this be a way to restore control of education to communities while upgrading educational quality, the main thrust of performance contracts?

Here would seem to be a means for gradually decentralizing school systems without engaging in the traumas caused by topsy-turvy restructuring à la Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Your discussion of performance contracts misses a major point: at least as important as the variety of terms is the variety of possible parties to them.

MICHAEL P. GROSS,
Santa Fe, N.M.

Where Credit Is Due

WE VERY MUCH regret that through an oversight a statement by Donald Kendrick, quoted in our article "Learning C.O.D.: Can the Schools Buy Success?" was not credited to an article by Minnie Perrin Berson, "Texarkana and Gary: A Tale of Two Performance Contracts," which appeared in the March 1971 issue of *Childhood Education*. Our apologies to Professor Berson and to her publisher.

JAMES A. MECKLENBURGER,
JOHN A. WILSON,
Bloomington, Ind.

The "I" of Fourth Street

WE THE STAFF of *The Fourth Street i* are writing to you in reference to the article written by Susan Boyer about our magazine and our neighborhood ["An Eye on Fourth Street," *SR*, Aug. 21]. We appreciate the attention of a national magazine, but we, and most of the people of our neighborhood, resent the fact that we are called illiterate and our community is described primarily by negatives.

Numero uno, it is untrue that the majority of our people are illiterate. If we were, how could we produce a literary magazine? Besides, if any of us are illiterate, we are still able to express ourselves well. It is unfair to use a word that has only negative connotations.

We believe that our magazine should be publicized for what it *is*, and not because of the fact that it is a product of people who live in the ghetto. We are human beings and not world wonders. We are not happy with what Miss Boyer wrote; maybe because there is so much truth in it, we don't want to see it. We may be selling more magazines because of her help, but it is selling our feelings. What sells in the middle-class press is the pain of people and sorrows. We are certainly not happy that we are packageable glimpses for the middle-class world.

Outsiders coming into the ghetto always stereotype us. This can harm us. Even though we may tend to stereotype the Park Avenue businessman in return, he's got all the money and all the power so he really couldn't give a damn what we think. We don't have all the power or all the money, so we can't afford to be put in boxes. What we do have is the power of strength and hope. We develop something like scales on a fish, something to make us very strong to be able to be fighting every day and keep going. But outsiders only deflate it.

THE EDITORS,
The Fourth Street i,
New York, N.Y.

Protect the Open Classroom

MARILYN HAPGOOD'S article "The Open Classroom: Protect It from Its Friends" [*SR*, Sept. 18] was first-rate. She is quite right in her concern about the American tendency to want instant results.

She is also quite right in drawing the comparisons between the British and American cultures. I am convinced also that these are significant and have to be understood. We should not be discouraged by them or make the too easy response that just because there are these differences the Integrated Day will never work in this country.

EDWARD YEOMANS,
Associate Director of Academic Services,
National Association of
Independent Schools,
Boston, Mass.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 70:
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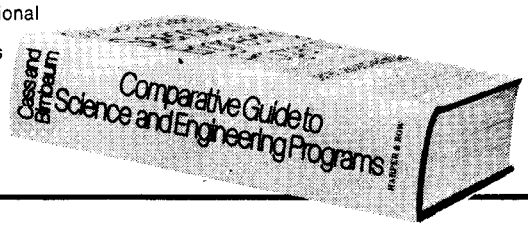

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Woman's Place Is in the Curriculum

(Continued from page 86)

women's liberation or uneasiness about academic innovation. For some male professors, material about women represents a weakening of scholarship, the fragmentation of the curriculum, or, worse, the enlargement of their specialty to include new and unfamiliar material. For others, the interdisciplinary approach and the use of team teaching are seen as threats to the authority of the individual teacher.

There has also been some student opposition, and occasional hostility, between radical and conservative female students. Opposition from black students is not uncommon. Many believe, at least at first, that women's studies is merely a ploy to distract attention from the problems of minorities.

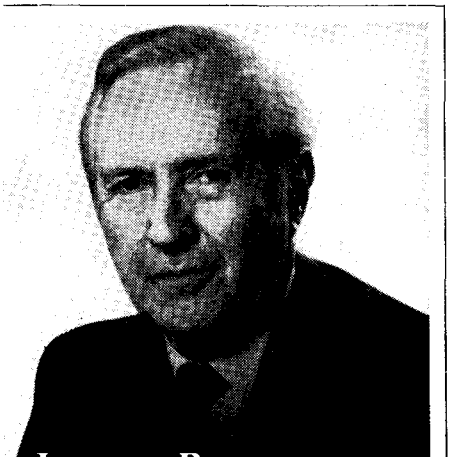
There is a more subtle question raised by women's studies as well: What is to be the relationship among academic activities, women's liberation, and educational reform? While even the most radical young women concede the practical advantages of stressing the academic rigor of the new courses, at least a minority feel that the first job of women's studies is to "raise the consciousness" of young women and to act as a lever for educational reform. At the Conference on Women in Academia held last February at the University of Pennsylvania, one young instructor criticized the idea that conventionally structured courses in women's history and literature could effect change. The only way to increase the awareness of undergraduates, she maintained, is to merge the classroom with women's liberation through such activities as personal rap sessions.

But few faculty members see the politicizing of courses as a major problem. Minority group studies have already broken down the wall between academics and politics. Dr. Baxter of Barnard, however, views the teaching of any controversial material as a special challenge to the teacher. "The basic problem with a controversial subject is how to keep the course relevant without becoming polemical. I think that you have a responsibility to the students and to the subject to see that discussion remains open."

Open discussion and investigation are not always easy, however. Most history texts, for example, treat women as comic relief, while criticisms of philosophy, psychology, and sociology by such writers as Simone de Beauvoir, Betty Friedan, and Naomi Weisstein have raised doubts about the existence of any value-free discipline. On the other hand, many women who are committed to women's studies as a responsible academic pursuit are concerned that the universities will coopt women's studies and offer token courses that are non-controversial and meaningless. For this reason, women such as Pat Sackrey of the Northampton Women's Center are anxious that control of women's studies courses and co-ordination of information about them be kept in the hands of women.

The structure of women's studies and their relation to the overall university program raise special questions: What form is an extensive program in women's studies to take; what, if any, degrees should it offer; how may it most effectively serve women on campus? Ultimately, what is the aim of women's studies? Should interested women aim for women's studies centers or colleges apart from the rest of the university, or should the long-range goal be to integrate material about women into the overall curriculum?

Both alternatives have their adherents, and each has certain tactical advantages and problems. Whichever way the programs develop, however, it appears that if the charges of academic bias and distortion raised by these courses are vindicated, and if the research developed by women's studies programs is sound, the rest of the academic world will face some serious self-examination.



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Sexual Stereotypes

(Continued from page 82)

hood, Sue, whose name appears as the title of the chapter, is part of his admiring audience.

The absence of adventurous heroines may shock the innocent; the absence of even a few stories about women doctors, lawyers, or professors thwarts reality; but the consistent presence of one female stereotype is the most troublesome matter:

> Primrose was playing house. Just as she finished pouring tea for her dolls she began to think. She thought and thought and she thought some more: "Whom shall I marry? Whomever shall I marry?
>
> "I think I shall marry a mailman. Then I could go over to everybody's house and give them their mail.
>
> "Or I might marry a policeman. I could help him take the children across the street."

Primrose thinks her way through ten more categories of employment and concludes, "But now that I think it over, maybe I'll just marry somebody I love." Love is the opiate designated to help Primrose forget to think about what she would like to do or be. With love as reinforcer, she can imagine herself helping some man in his work. In another children's book, Johnny says, "I think I will be a dentist when I grow up," and later, to Betsy, he offers generously, "You can be a dentist's nurse." And, of course, Betsy accepts gratefully, since girls are not expected to have work identity other than as servants or helpers. In short, the books that schoolgirls read prepare them early for the goal of marriage, hardly ever for work, and never for independence.

If a child's reader can be pardoned for stereotyping because it is "only" fiction, a social studies text has no excuse for denying reality to its readers. After all, social studies texts ought to describe "what is," if not "what should be." And yet, such texts for the youngest grades are no different from readers. They focus on families and hence on sex roles and work. Sisters are still younger than brothers; brothers remain the doers, questioners, and knowers who explain things to their poor, timid sisters. In a study of five widely used texts, Jamie Kelem Frisof finds that energetic boys think about "working on a train or in a broom factory" or about being President. They grow up to be doctors or factory workers or (in five texts combined) to do some hundred different jobs, as opposed to thirty for women.

Consider for a moment the real work world of women. Most women (at least

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for some portion of their lives) work, and if we include "token" women—the occasional engineer, for instance—they probably do as many different kinds of work as men. Even without improving the status of working women, the reality is distinctly different from the content of school texts and literature written for children. Schools usually at least reflect the society they serve; but the treatment of working women is one clear instance in which the reflection is distorted by a patriarchal attitude about who *should* work and the maleness of work. For example, there are women doctors—there have been women doctors in this country, in fact, for a hundred years or so. And yet, until the publication this month of two new children's books by the Feminist Press (Box 334, Old Westbury, N.Y. 11568), there were no children's books about women doctors.

In a novel experiment conducted recently by an undergraduate at Towson State College in Maryland, fourth-grade students answered "yes" or "no" to a series of twenty questions, eight of which asked, in various ways, whether "girls were smarter than boys" or whether "daddies were smarter than mommies." The results indicated that boys and girls were agreed that 1) boys were not smarter than girls, nor girls smarter than boys; but 2) that daddies were indeed smarter than mommies! One possible explanation of this finding depends on the knowledge that daddies, in school texts and on television (as well as in real life), work, and that people who work know things. Mommies, on the other hand, in books and on television, rarely stir out of the house except to go to the store—and how can someone like that know anything? Of course, *we* know that half of all mothers in the United States work at some kind of job, but children whose mommies do work can only assume—on the basis of evidence offered in school books and on television—that their mommies must be "different," perhaps even not quite "real" mommies.

If children's readers deny the reality of working women, high school history texts deny women their full historical role. A recent study by Janice Law Trecker of thirteen popular texts concludes with what by now must seem a refrain: Women in such texts are "passive, incapable of sustained organization or work, satisfied with [their] role in society, and well supplied with material blessings." Women, in the grip of economic and political forces, rarely fighting for anything, occasionally receive some "rights," especially suffrage in 1920, which, of course, solves all *their* problems. There is no discussion of the struggle by women to gain entrance into higher education, of their efforts to organize or join labor unions, of other battles for working rights, or of the many different aspects of the hundred-year-long multi-issue effort that ended, temporarily, in the suffrage act of 1920. Here is Dr. Trecker's summary of the history and contributions of American women as garnered from the thirteen texts combined:

> Women arrived in 1619 (a curious choice if meant to be their first acquaintance with the New World). They held the Seneca Falls Convention on Women's Rights in 1848. During the rest of the nineteenth century, they participated in reform movements, chiefly temperance, and were exploited in factories. In 1920, they were given the vote. They joined the armed forces for the first time during the Second World War and thereafter have enjoyed the good life in America. Add the names of the women who are invariably mentioned: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jane Addams, Dorothea Dix, and Frances Perkins, with perhaps Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton . . . [and you have the story].

Where efforts have been made in recent years to incorporate black history, again it is without attention to black women, either with respect to their role in abolitionist or civil rights movements, for example, or with respect to intellectual or cultural achievements.

Just as high school history texts rely on male spokesmen and rarely quote female leaders of the feminist movement—even when they were also articulate writers such as Charlotte Perkins Gilman, or speakers such as Sojourner Truth—so, too, literary anthologies will include Henry James or Stephen Crane rather than Edith Wharton or Kate Chopin. Students are offered James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* or the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, rather than Doris Lessing's *Martha Quest* or Anne Moody's *Coming of Age in Mississippi*. As a number of studies have indicated, the literary curriculum, both in high school and college, is a male-centered one. That is, either male authors dominate the syllabus or the central characters of the books are consistently male. There is also usually no compensating effort to test the fictional portraits—of women and men—against the reality of life experience. Allegedly "relevant" textbooks for senior high school or freshman college composition courses continue to appear, such as Macmillan's *Representative Men: Heroes of Our Time*. There are two women featured in this book: Elizabeth Taylor, the actress, and Jacqueline Onassis, the Existential Heroine. Thirty-five or forty men—representing a range of racial, political, occupational, and intellectual interests—fill the bulk of a book meant, of course, for both men and women. And some teachers are still ordering such texts.

It's not a question of malice, I assume, but of thoughtlessness or ignorance. Six or seven years ago I too was teaching from a standard male-dominated curriculum—and at a women's college at that. But I speak from more than my own experience. Last fall at this time I knew of some fifty college courses in what has come to be known as women's studies. This fall, I know of more than 500, about half of which are in literature and history. I know also of many high school teachers who have already begun to invent comparable courses.

School systems can and should begin to encourage new curricular developments, especially in literature and social studies, and at the elementary as well as the high school level. Such changes, of course, must include the education and re-education of teachers, and I know of no better way to re-educate them than to ask for analyses of the texts they use, as well as of their

Sexism in Children's Books

Feminists on Children's Media, *Little Miss Muffit Fights Back* (P.O. Box 4315, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017), 1971. Bibliography of forty-eight pages, recommending non-sexist children's books. 40 cents.

Frisof, Jamie Kelem, "Textbooks and Channeling," *Women: A Journal of Liberation* (3028 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218), Fall 1969, pp. 26-28. An analysis of five modern social studies textbooks for grades one to three. Annual subscription $5 for four issues.

Howe, Florence, "The Female Majority," *Conspiracy of the Young*, Paul Lauter and Florence Howe, World Publishers, 1970. Includes an analysis of textbooks used in Baltimore city schools.

Nilsen, Alleen Pace, "Women in Children's Literature," *College English*, May 1971. A survey of the 1951-70 winners and runners-up in Caldecott Award competition.

Spinks, Sarah, "Sugar and Spice," *This Magazine is about Schools*, Summer 1969. Discussion of socialization of female children.

Trecker, Janice Law, "Women in U.S. History High School Textbooks," *National Council for Social Studies*, March 1971; reproduced in *Report on Sex Bias in the Public Schools*, N.Y. Chapter of NOW, 1971.

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assumptions and attitudes. The images we pick up, consciously or unconsciously, from literature and history significantly control our sense of identity, and our identity—our sense of ourselves as powerful or powerless, for example—controls our behavior. As teachers read new materials and organize and teach new courses, they will change their views. That is the story of most of the women I know who, like me, have become involved in women's studies. The images we have in our heads about ourselves come out of literature and history; before we can change those images, we must see them clearly enough to exorcise them and, in the process, to raise others from the past we are learning to see.

That is why black educators have grown insistent upon their students' learning black history—slave history, in fact. That is also why some religious groups, Jews for example, emphasize their history as a people, even though part of that history is also slave history. For slave history has two virtues: Not only does it offer a picture of servitude against which one can measure the present; it offers also a vision of struggle and courage. When I asked a group of young women at the University of Pittsburgh last year whether they were depressed by the early nineteenth-century women's history they were studying, their replies were instructive: "Certainly not," one woman said, "we're angry that we had to wait until now—after so many years of U.S. history in high school—to learn the truth about some things." And another added, "But it makes you feel good to read about those tremendous women way back then. They felt some of the same things we do now."

Will public education begin to change the images of women in texts and the lives of women students in schools? There will probably be some movement in this direction, at least in response to the pressures from students, parents, and individual teachers. I expect that parents, for example, will continue to win legal battles for their daughters' equal rights and opportunities. I expect that individual teachers will alter their courses and texts and grow more sensitive to stereotypic expectations and behavior in the classroom. But so far there are no signs of larger, more inclusive reforms: no remedial program for counselors, no major effort to destereotype vocational programs or kindergarten classrooms, no centers for curricular reform. Frankly, I don't expect this to happen without a struggle. I don't expect that public school systems will take the initiative here. There is too much at stake in a society as patriarchal as this one. And schools, after all, tend to follow society, not lead it.

Music to My Ears

(Continued from page 38)

Rafael Druian to tuba master Don Butterfield.

In the context of so much done with so little, the little done with so much by the Metropolitan earlier in the week in its revival of Weber's *Der Freischütz* stood out all the more. The absence of Weber's melodic masterwork from the repertory over a more than forty-year span had left an almost physical hunger for it. What was served under the musical direction of Leopold Ludwig amid a scenic spectacle conceived by Rudolf Heinrich, who also inherited the stage when Otto Schenk could not fulfill his promised participation, was mostly unappetizing, lacking artistic vitamins.

In his first Metropolitan venture last season (*Parsifal*), Ludwig showed the kind of workmanship and solid background to justify his European reputation as a workmanlike, solidly grounded conductor. Temperament was in short supply, but *Parsifal* can survive neutral treatment. Not so *Der Freischütz*. It cries out for romantic ardor, poetic flair; all-out response to the diablerie and vivacity in the orchestration that make Weber's score a landmark document of German opera. In the pacing of this or that sinuous melodic phrase, Ludwig's way was staid and non-stimulating.

As for Heinrich's role of "Deutscher Zeffirelli," his costumes were better than his settings (symbolism studded with sentimentality), his settings better than his direction. Too many static moments, especially those involving the chorus, were indulged, too many conventional solutions for unconventional problems accepted. When Max's first try with the magic bullet brought down an eagle that fell at his feet like the sack of sand it was, the audience responded with laughter.

Another disability was the debut of Gerd Feldhoff as Kaspar in place of the injured Walter Berry. Those whose memories run to such a paragon as Michael Bohnen were obviously immune to the lure of Feldhoff's brand of malice; but even those who weren't found him vocally undersized and dramatically tame. The best singing was provided by Pilar Lorengar, whose Agathe had sweetness and strength to commend it. Edith Mathis was an overly aggressive Ännchen, Sándor Kónya vocally below par as Max. The hermit was the always excellent John Macurdy.

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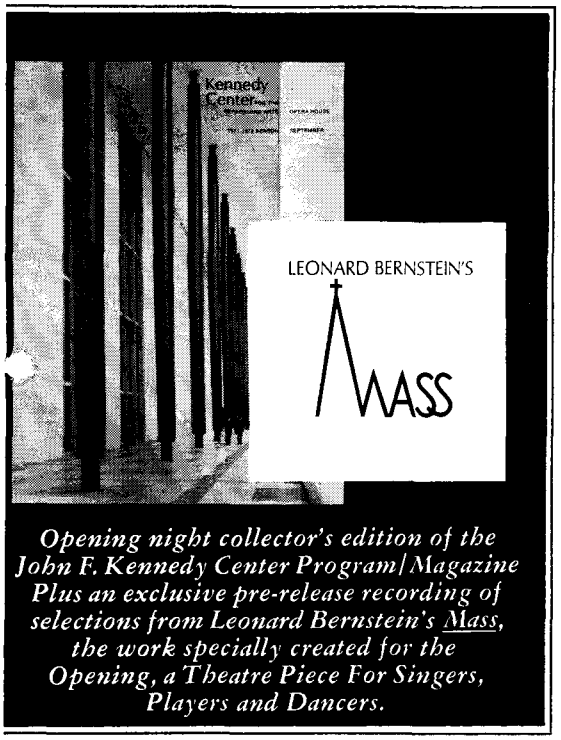

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(Continued on page 100)

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(Continued from page 99)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1958

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Crumbly, friable; pulverous	28 41 135 151 154 168 186
B. Approval, sanction	191 17 24 26 29 52 61 99 126 145 152
C. Determination, persistence	162 166 173 182 202 5 18 56
D. Blennoid fish of the family *Zoarcidae*	67 77 101 192 3 132 45
E. Somewhat reddish	81 88 96 129 148 156 170 179 189
F. Exact, precise	203 1 14 49 68 75
G. Am. painter (1849-1921; "The Virgin," "Caritas")	131 92 100 137 142 194
H. Emotionally intense (comp.)	22 57 15 48 196 94 118 130 141 176 6
I. Given to suspense of judgment	7 54 60 71 84 91 108 143
J. Hungarian admiral and statesman (1868-1957)	178 187 39 59 83 90
K. Joined, bound	102 121 175 185 31 157 199 10
L. V-shaped work, usu. projecting from a fortified line	35 38 66 104 111
M. Outrageous wickedness	12 122 159 165 172 180 44 144
N. Light, airy, or tenuous	193 21 107 13 89 32 63 114
O. Eng. author (1667-1745; "A Tale of a Tub")	117 4 11 74 87
P. Mode of procedure for gaining advantage or success	125 149 164 198 146 177 25
Q. Reduced to poverty (3 wds.)	30 86 116 103 20 64 80 47 42 40 98 155
R. The side of a hog, salted and cured	78 127 163 200 106 190
S. Booze	55 158 23 109 153
T. Grain alcohol	36 65 76 110 120 138 8
U. Devastated, ruined (2 wds.)	183 197 123 171 184 69 161 140 43
V. Using few words; concise	50 113 147 97 124 195 181
W. Labored	16 27 139 51 105 82 188 34 62
X. Practice or play idly on a musical instrument	58 73 79 70 128 93
Y. After a fashion; to some extent (3 wds.)	201 150 119 2 160 9
Z. Fragrant tropical evergreen of India	72 136 95 33 167 134 37 46 53 174
Z¹. Lunatics	19 133 112 115 85 169

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 F	2 Y	3 D		4 O	5 C	6 H	7 I	8 T	9 Y		10 K	11 O			
12 M	13 N	14 F	15 H	16 W	17 B	18 C		19 Z¹	20 Q	21 N	22 H	23 S	24 B	25 P		26 B	27 W			
	28 A	29 B	30 Q	31 K	32 N	33 Z	34 W	35 L	36 T		37 Z	38 L	39 J	40 Q		41 A	42 Q			
43 U	44 M		45 D	46 Z		47 Q	48 H	49 F	50 V	51 W	52 B	53 Z	54 I	55 S	56 C		57 H			
58 X		59 J	60 I	61 B		62 W	63 N	64 Q	65 T		66 L	67 D	68 F	69 U	70 X	71 I	72 Z			
	73 X	74 O		75 F	76 T	77 D		78 R	79 X	80 Q	81 E	82 W	83 J		84 I	85 Z¹	86 Q			
87 O	88 E	89 N	90 J		91 I	92 G	93 X		94 H	95 Z	96 E	97 V	98 Q	99 B	100 G	101 D				
102 K	103 Q	104 L	105 W	106 R	107 N	108 I	109 S		110 T	111 L	112 Z¹		113 V	114 N	115 Z¹	116 Q	117 O			
118 H		119 Y	120 T	121 K	122 M	_	123 U	124 V	125 P	126 B	127 R	128 X	129 E	130 H	131 G	132 D	133 Z¹			
134 Z		135 A	136 Z	137 G		138 T	139 W		140 U	141 H	142 G		143 I	144 M	145 B	146 P	147 V			
148 E		149 P	150 Y	151 A		152 B	153 S	154 A		155 Q	156 E	157 K	158 S	159 M	160 Y	161 U	162 C			
163 R	164 P		165 M	166 C	167 Z	168 A	169 Z¹	170 E	171 U		172 M	173 C	174 Z		175 K	176 H	177 P			
178 J	179 E	180 M	181 V	182 C	183 U		184 U	185 K	186 A		187 J	188 W		189 E	190 R	191 B				
192 D	193 N	194 G	195 V	196 H	197 U	198 P	199 K	200 R	201 Y	202 C	203 F									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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The Gardens of Shalimar really do exist.

They are in India.

They were built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

Jahan met Mumtaz in the year 1608. Hindu Tantrism had dominated the country for five centuries. Love was worshipped as the highest attainment of life.

Mumtaz knew all of the arts of love.

She read "The Perfumed Garden", the "Kama Sutra."

She wore intoxicating scents such as musk and attar of roses.

She bore him fourteen children.

On June 7, 1631, the Empress Mumtaz died in the arms of her loving Shah Jahan.

Two weeks later, Jahan's hair turned white. He would burst into tears at the mention of her name.

In memory of her love he built the Taj Mahal.

In memory of their love, Guerlain created the perfume, Shalimar.

Over the years, it has proven worthy of its name.

Shal[illegible]

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